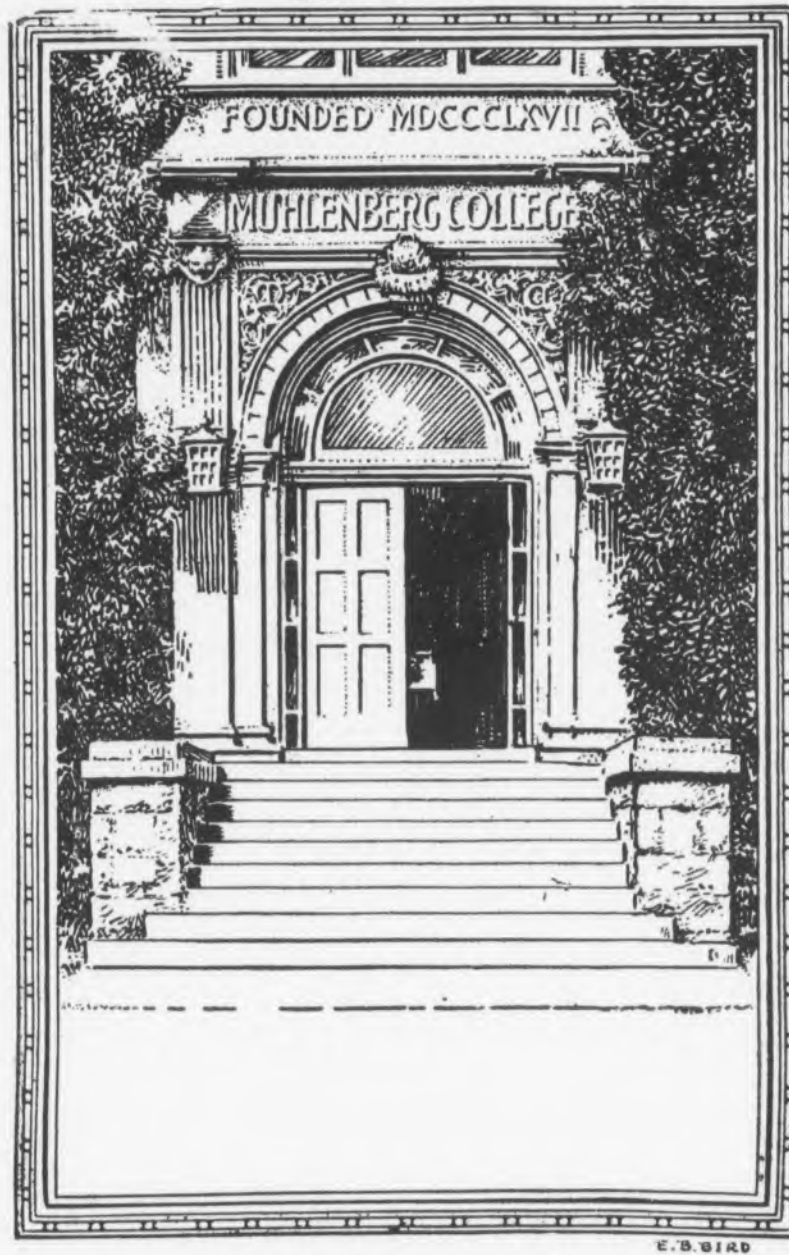


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OUR VETERANS



Literary.

Franklin the Philanthropist.



THE value of Franklin's autobiography does not lie in its literary excellence nor in its accurate account of his life, but it lies, rather, in the unequalled portrayal of character presented to us in it. Of the many biographies of Franklin, there is none that so clearly discloses his character as does that written by himself. Others, indeed, make direct statements alleging or proving that this or that element was in his make-up, but no assertion has the weight of the side-lights thrown upon his character by his own remarkable biography. In this, his honest discussion of his views, his straight forward method of narration, and, indeed, his very manner of expression, all lend their aid in giving us a fair and reliable impression of the man as he really was.

Franklin's purpose in writing the story of his life was philanthropic. He desired that through it his own family, for generations to come, might profit by the account of his experiences. Later, however, it is evident that he intended it for publication. It was begun when he was sixty-five years old, and looking back over his deeds and misdeeds, of which the later division was by far the lesser, he realized that by writing such a review of his life practical aid might be given to others. With this purpose in view he spared no efforts that it might fulfill his utmost desires. In it he indulged in exceedingly frank account of his youth and manhood, giving proper consideration to all the events of his life. His inmost thoughts are disclosed to our sight and he endeavors to show, by a discussion of his opinions, morals and politics, what is worthy of imitation and what should be rejected. His style is remarkable, being clear and to-the-point and thoroughly opposed to the stilted style of his day. His economy of words is in marked contrast to the unusually verbose nature of the productions of contemporary writers. This same feeling of economy was evinced by him as a lad, when he suggested to his father the saving and convenience of saying grace over the whole barrel of salt fish at once and thus doing away with that preliminary at each meal. And so it is that, paradoxical as the statement seems, Franklin unconsciously, yet purposely gives us an excellent and just sketch of his own character.

While Franklin was indeed a man with an exceedingly versatile character, nevertheless, all his actions and policies strike one keynote, namely, philanthropy. This attitude is exhibited in his moral teachings, his scientific investigations, his general publications, his ever-evident patriotism and his extensive dealings in the social life of the community.

His chief purpose in life was to promote the welfare of mankind. He tried to inculcate into the people the higher aims and virtues, and attempted to make all his own deeds exemplify his teachings. He was a great moralist and while not a true believer in Christianity from the really orthodox standpoint, yet he believed in the virtues embodied by that religion. He may here have been in error, because he did not establish them upon the same basis as Christianity, yet his principles were firm enough to make for him an enviable reputation. "He was desirous," his biographer Morse says "of seeing few men rich but all men well-to-do and believed that virtuous living had the best prospect in a well-to-do society."

Chief among his principles was that old maxim "Honesty is the best policy." In his estimation, justice of man to man was the keynote of success and we find that through this very quality he attained to positions entailing trust and reliability. He was a justice of the peace and was so highly thought of that he was successively chosen to represent the people in the assembly and was fully entrusted with the popular welfare. In private life, also, he was scrupulously honest as his conduct in discharging a debt to his friend Vernon clearly shows.

Another quality which he tried to inculcate into the people was ambition. Life was only made worth while by a desire for progress and without it was merely a vain and empty period of time. It was this ambition which blazed fiercely within him and made him struggle forever onward, until he rose from a poor soap-boiler's son to the foremost man in the colony. Moreover his education was limited to one year's instruction at Latin School, and the rest of his intellectual growth was due to his own untiring effort and struggling. This was for his own benefit, but the weal of the common people was nearer his heart and so he later devoted much valuable time to the establishing of schools for public instruction in order that the ambition of the younger generation might be fostered to the advantage of all the people.

Economy was, in his estimation, a matter of utmost importance to the private individual and the public at large. As was the case in other instances, he lived up to his principles himself and by dint of great effort and saving rose from an unknown stranger without money to the leading citizen and public benefactor of Philadelphia. Moreover this was a time when living was not a simple matter but one requiring hard work and patient labor. He applied his principles also to the public, giving vent to his philanthropic nature by showing them the economy of establishing efficient systems for supplying light, drainage, and fire protection in place of the inefficient make-shifts formerly employed.

In dealing with others Franklin was kind and sympathetic and we notice many instances of his generosity, as for example, his noble self-sacrifice and unselfishness in lending Ralph, an ambitious but unsuccessful poet, twenty-seven pounds sterling. Indeed, though he never received payment of this he felt that it was worth his while and even his money to make another happy or assist him when in need.

These virtues of Franklin's were not, however, all innate. They were the result of long effort and concentration. His method of procedure was novel and he describes it fully in his autobiography. He established a system by which a record might be kept each day show-

ing how faithfully he had practised the thirteen virtues which he considered all-important. This would, he thought, not only develop his character very greatly, but it would also tend to make him a worthy example and doer of his principles. Thus his entire attitude in morals and policies of living was one of philanthropy, the keynote of his entire character.

But I would not have you think that Franklin was a theoretical and not a practical man. Indeed, he was, on the contrary, intensely practically inclined. Evidences of this are his scientific investigations and his inventions. Franklin was no mean electrician, being exceedingly interested in that newly-discovered branch of science and having made for himself an enviable name as the founder of certain theories of electricity at that time unknown to others. This was the case as is proved by the fact that he was elected a member of the Royal Society. Moreover he endeavored to make his knowledge a benefit to mankind and so printed and circulated accounts of his investigations and even equipped a lecturer with all necessary material for performing his own experiments before the public. This enabled many people, otherwise ignorant of the subject, to obtain some idea of its nature and no doubt fostered many a young boy's hopes and ambitions for future eminence in science.

However, this more or less vague realm of electricity did not take all his attention, for, as he tells us, in order to make the houses more comfortable for the inmates in winter and in order to utilize all the heat given out by the fuel, he invented an excellent stove. This was highly successful and while the patent was infringed upon, as he interestingly writes, great benefits resulted both to himself and to the people for whose good it was primarily invented. It is merely another phase of Franklin's philanthropy cropping out again here and there and we are able to appreciate its importance more and more as we progress in the study of his character.

We have now reached that period in Franklin's life when more than at any other time he begins to devote all his efforts to the people's welfare. He abandons his own interests greatly for those of others. His writings are one of the products of this period and through them he exerted a powerful influence for good. For some years Franklin had, it is true, printed pamphlets and such minor productions. Now, however, he set himself earnestly to work in order to make his pen of real benefit to others and so, in 1729, began the publication of the "Pennsylvania Gazette." This he issued regularly and through it he was able in a general way to establish a bond of union between the people guiding them in their affairs and directing their attention to matters of importance. His policy was such as we might expect from a man of his type. No libel or personal abuse could in any way find a place in his paper, such matter strictly excluded by him. Due to the success of this paper, he began, three years later, his well known and widely-read Almanac published under the name of "Poor Richard's." Here at length he had an opportunity of instilling into the people the principles for which he fought so valiantly. Here he insinuated his theories in the form of pithy statements, drawn from homely sources yet each containing a world of truth and influence. Realizing that they were a power for good, he continued this almanac for many years, fulfilling by its publication the utmost of his philanthropic hopes and desires.

However, his autobiography, while of little value in his own day, has come down to us as perhaps the best product that his pen ever gave birth to. It has been more widely read than any other similar work and bids fair to live for years to come. The reason is simply that in it such a remarkable character is so excellently portrayed that the

reader cannot help but derive great benefit therefrom. It was indeed intended for the family but its influence has broadened very greatly and it is now so valued that a person, unacquainted with it, is hardly thought to have a liberal education in arts and is regarded as lacking certain essential points in the knowledge of real character development. Such was the scope of his writings that their influence was felt for years and even to this day we recognize in them principles and views of remarkable depth and value.

As a patriot Franklin was without a peer. While he was yet young, he exhibited a remarkable desire to be of real use to the people and so he begins by defending the cause of the Province of Pennsylvania against the proprietary despotism of his time. The governors acted in such a way that the people of the province who lacked influence with the governing party were forced to bear all the burden and taxation while the influential ones escaped. Franklin takes his stand against this and is chosen as representative to England to fight for their cause and its furtherance. He visits the mother country and after much difficulty ameliorates the conditions of the Colonies considerably. Here he was able to put into full working order his omnipresent philanthropic plans and desires.

But he did not limit his energies to the province of Pennsylvania. Ere long the union of the States was a matter of importance brought up for consideration, and Franklin, as was his wont, entered into the struggle with a will. He endeavored to unite in every way the interests of the colonies and their governments and proposed what is known as the "Albany Plan." Moreover, he was chosen a member of the Continental Congress, in which he did exceedingly efficient work. But his labors continue ceaselessly and so we find him taking an active part in the forming of the Declaration of Independence. Later he represented the newly-formed United States as ambassador to France. It is evident, therefore, that Franklin beyond a doubt did an inestimable amount of good not only to the province of Pennsylvania, but also to the United States by allowing his philanthropy to find expression in patriotism.

There is yet one more phase of his work, as related in his autobiography, which represents itself for discussion as an illustration of his undying desire to benefit mankind. This is his social dealings with the people of Philadelphia in particular. These had their beginnings in small undertakings which Franklin entered upon, and one of these, later of great importance, was the organization of the "Junto." The purpose of this society was to unite a few men in intelligent discussion of the topics of common interest, in order that, having threshed the matter out and having reached a definite conclusion, these men might, as a unit and as individuals, exert influence upon the general public opinion, representing, as they did, the more cultured element of the people. Its success was remarkable and thru the establishment of smaller clubs, connected directly with it, the philanthropic purpose was well carried out. The "Junto" became a power for good and is recognized as one of Franklin's most excellent undertakings. Somewhat similar to this was a society known as "The American Philosophical Society," which was designed by Franklin to give a common ground of association to those in the various American Colonies who were pursuing studies in science and philosophy. That its organization was desirable and beneficial is evident from the fact that it still continues.

Franklin, however, also realized that Philadelphia was sadly in need of a library. He therefore began privately to solicit subscriptions for it and succeeded so well that the library was established and became the mother of all the subscription libraries of America. It is still in existence, being known as the Philadelphia Library. Franklin,

speaking modestly of it, says "It is become a great thing in itself and is continually increasing. These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from the other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made in defence of our privileges." This is a clear statement of what immense value the philanthropic movement was. Likewise he began a hospital, at the urgent request of a certain Doctor Bond. This was indeed one of the most effective undertakings and was undoubtedly of great importance to Philadelphia. Lighting and paving were at his time very poor and Franklin realized it. Therefore he took measures to better conditions and with great persistence succeeded in his efforts and won the praise of many for his truly deserving work.

Of all Franklin's philanthropical doings, however, the establishment of the University of Pennsylvania has done more to benefit the people than any other. By publishing and distributing pamphlets Franklin aroused deep interest in the project of education. From a small beginning his work grew until at length the University of Pennsylvania was firmly established. Through this many youths were distinguished by their improved abilities and were serviceable in public life and ornaments to their country. Its establishment was therefore a great good and the instigator deserves all credit for his philanthropic energy.

We see then, that, although Franklin's autobiography is of value for its style and for the accurate account of his life, its greatest value lies in the fact that it excellently discloses the character of that remarkable statesman, inventor, practical moralist and public benefactor. Indeed Morse declares that if all the virtues and good deeds of man were to form a circle, Franklin's life, when placed within the circumference, would more nearly complete it than any other, for never has there been any noted person more philanthropic than was our great statesman, Franklin.

"Agonistes." '15

Gambling with Souls.

"Well, how are you, Bob?"

"Eh!" I exclaimed, rather startled.

"I say, how are you?"

Withington repeated the question very slowly as he lifted the slender stemmed glass containing a "Manhattan" to his lips.

We were seated in an uptown cafe in New York, where I unexpectedly ran across my friend. It was a joyous meeting, for since we had left Harvard, I had not set eyes on him until the present moment. While we sipped our cocktails and smoked choice Havanas, Withington told me what a tremendously happy man he was—how he prospered as one of America's leading scientists.

In answer to his query, I pulled from my pocket some small change, all that I possessed in the coin of the realm.

"This is all that stands between me and the bread line," I said coolly.

"You're just the man I'm looking for. I've got a proposition to make. You can make a large sum of money, but you will have to risk your life.

This was the weirdest kind of a proposition ever made to me, but I thought there might be something in it. Beggars must not be choosers. Needless to say my curiosity was aroused. I told him I was willing to take a chance, so he asked me to accompany him to his house. As we passed along Fifth Avenue I wondered in vain what adventure—perhaps my last—was in store for me.

When we arrived, I was shown into a large and luxuriously furnished library.

"Now, I am sure you are curious to know what I wish of you?"

"Well, since it is a question of gaining money, or losing my life, and as I have determined not to exist longer without the former, I am glad to be able to take a chance."

"Then," with a smile, "we will get to the matter. I want to try an experiment. If I am successful, we will revolutionize the scientific world. I have discovered that I can bring about an exchange of souls."

"An exchange of souls," I echoed.

"That is exactly what I mean. I can free the soul from its bodily prison."

"Incredible!" I exclaimed.

"I am in earnest. My invention makes a transfer of souls possible. My proposition is this: consent to let my soul inhabit your body for a short time, and your soul be in mine for the same period. Then we'll change back again and be none the worse for the experience. Of course, there is some risk, but you said you were ready for that. If all goes well I'll write you a check for two thousand dollars."

He struck the right note there. That sum would give me another chance in the game of life. Only a man who is clean of ready cash can realize the dignity of dollars.

"I have decided," said I, "to be entirely at your services."

Withington jumped to his feet. Instantly he left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a stand on which was placed an instrument which I will not attempt to describe. All I could see was a bundle of gleaming silver wires and shining handles at the ends of the apparatus.

"Take a grip on this," he commanded, and I obeyed without a word.

As my fingers touched I felt a slight vibration. Withington took hold of the other handle and his face turned as white as a sheet.

To be frank, I was afraid. My mouth became dry, my heart beat faster and the blood passed through my veins like quick silver. All at once the vibration increased. Objects in the room seemed to float about me. Gradually I lost consciousness. Then came a great blank space!

After what seemed like a long sleep, I came to, and found myself as before—seated in this strange room, feeling quite as if nothing had happened. Indeed, it all seemed like a mad dream.

I was about to talk to my friend, when I was startled as I never was before. When I looked at my hand, I saw one of the fingers bore a seal ring. It was not my hand, but Withington's. Then I saw "myself" seated on the other side of the apparatus.

So there had really been a transfer of souls! I spoke, but it was not my voice. It was that of the man into whose body my being had been changed.

"I congratulate you on the success of your experiment."

"Many thanks," came my own voice, "for helping me out."

I began to feel anxious to get back into my own body. It was awful to think if some accident should prevent the second exchange. The inventor assured me there was no fear. He said:—

"To-morrow afternoon we will perform the second operation."

"To-morrow afternoon! Why do you desire to wait until then?"

"I have found my experiment successful, but the world will not take my word for it. I must prove it."

This placed me in a strange situation. To all intents and purposes I was imprisoned in the body of Jack Withington.

I was given free use of the house that night. I thought some fresh air would cheer me up before I went to sleep so I strolled down the avenue. Here I walked—as far as earthly things went—one of the country's leading scientists, while my friend went about as Bob Burton, one of those mortals who has failed to emerge from obscurity. I was suffering from a slight cold so I went to a hotel and imbibed a little of old Rye, and I mention this fact, apparently so insignificant, because it is not without its bearing on the adventure I am about to relate. I then continued my ramble without passing anyone. At the terminus of the avenue I came to a handsome dwelling of frame and brick. A brick wall surrounded the premises, on which I climbed to rest a little. I was just about comfortably seated when suddenly I heard a swishing sound in the shrubbery below. In my haste to jump to the ground, I lost my balance and fell on the wrong side of the wall.

When I scrambled to my feet I found myself confronted by a young lady.

"Oh!" she cried, "did you fall?"

Now, if she had screamed in trembling tones who I was and what I wanted, it would have seemed natural. But such a query quite took me aback.

"Yes," I managed to reply, while I brushed myself off, "there is no doubt about it. I certainly did fall."

"But you're not hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt. But I'm afraid I've knocked a few bricks off the wall."

She gave a little trill of laughter.

"Never mind! If that's all the damage done, we needn't worry. But where did you get such a cold; you're quite hoarse."

"Well it's the fashion to have a cold at this time of the year."

There was a pause. Then she remarked: "It's awfully good of you to come to-night, Jack."

Jack! Now I began to understand. So I was supposed to be Jack. Indeed, my situation was becoming quite complex.

"I'm afraid you'll catch more cold out here," she continued. "It's terribly damp."

As she spoke she came a step nearer, extending her hands as she did so. Of course I couldn't help clasping them in my own. Then most unexpectedly she drew back, exclaiming:

"Jack, you've broken your promise."

The devil; what promise was I supposed to have made?

"I don't understand," I faltered.

"Yes, you do! You promised me faithfully not to touch a drop of liquor for a year; and now you've gone back on your word."

"I simply had to take something for my cold," I protested, keeping up the comedy.

"There are plenty of things one can take for a cold!"

"I know it, but—"

"But you don't care!" she flamed. "Well, if you couldn't keep one promise I doubt if you could keep any."

After an embarrassing silence she announced:

"I believe it's too damp for either of us here. Good-night, I'm going in."

"Good-night," I said as I saw her move slowly towards the house.

There was nothing else for me to do, for as matters stood, I, in my character of Jack, had to go back to the house. What would Jack say when I told him of this comedy?

Late that night I slipped between my sheets, and in a few moments I was gathered to the breast of Morpheus, and I knew no more.

Early in the morning I awoke with the sensation of a fierce heat.

I knew instantly the house was on fire. Smoke filled my room, so I struggled to throw open the window for fresh air. The fire was already well under way. At that moment I had no thought of my past life; my only desire was to exist until help came. I felt myself slipping into unconsciousness and with all my strength I struggled against it. As I was giving up I heard a voice from out of the darkness. I could not answer—instead I fainted in the arms of a huge fireman, who carried me down.

Afterwards I discovered I was the only one rescued.

The efforts to save the house were in vain. It burned to the ground, the invention that made possible the transfer of souls was destroyed, and a man, Bob Burton by name, perished in the flames.

However absurd it may seem, I was dead—yet alive!

E. E. F. '15

Charles Dickens.

S. S. Fox '13



It is generally agreed that a writer is influenced by the characteristic conditions of the age in which he lives and by the circumstances of his life. Just to what extent such influences control the channel of an author's productions is perhaps not so easy to determine. But in a study of such a popular writer as Charles Dickens it is important and interesting to note that when he appeared upon the stage as a literary man the famous romantic group—Shelley, Byron and Coleridge were names of the past; and the "mighty constellation" of the Victorian age—Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson and Browning—was just appearing on the horizon. In the field of fiction Scott's place was still vacant despite the effort of Bulwer, Disraeli, and others. The second quarter of the nineteenth century was a period of remarkable progress in English History. It is especially noted for its advancement in the industrial world and its far-reaching political and social reforms. The introduction of the steam railway, improved industrial machinery, the electric telegraph, the safety lamp, gas, and the friction match soon worked a veritable revolution in the ordinary customs of the time. It is also marked the period during which people began to think more for themselves. The common people began to feel their oppression more keenly and claimed greater freedom and new rights. The value of the individual among the masses was recognized. The immense momentum of this general awakening manifested itself in such peculiar reforms as the "Reform Bill" of 1832, factory reforms, an improved penal code, the abolition of slavery and the repeal of the Corn Laws. It was a sort of "humane intoxication and expansion,"—an encouraging of any—body to be anything.

Into such an age Charles Dickens was born at Landport, in Portsea, on February 7, 1812. His father was a clerk in the Navy pay-office and apparently in tolerable circumstances. After removing several times the family settled down in Chatham where the happiest impressions of his early life were formed. In a letter to Washington Irving, Dickens gives the keynote of his home training in describing himself as having been "a very small and not-over particularly-taken-care-of boy." He received the first rudiments of education from his mother and the last two years of their residence at Chatham he was sent to Clover Lane Academy. During this period he enjoyed his father's small collection of such famous books as "Roderick Random," "Humphrey Clinker," "Tom Jones," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," "Gil

Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Knights," and "Tales of the Genii." Even at this early age he became famous among his playfellows for his attempts at writing—having written a tragedy called "Misnar," the Sultan of India, founded on one of the "Tale of the Genii." He was also distinguished for his remarkable ability in story telling and singing comic songs, and his father, otherwise rather indifferent about his son, found pleasure and amusement in having him perform in this way on chairs or tables. He once said of himself that he had been "a writer from a mere baby and an actor always."

A sudden and decided reverse of fortune in the Dickens family changed everything. Young Charles, as a boy of his position naturally would be, was enthusiastic in his ambition to go to college, to do something and become a famous man. But now everything had been struck down—his father was a bankrupt and in prison; his mother anxiously but vainly trying to open a girl's school, and he himself, instead of going onward and upward towards the realization of his fond hopes, found himself among a ragged row of boys in a dreary blacking factory pasting labels on pots of blacking. The experiences of the Dickens family during this period are vividly portrayed in "David Copperfield." The terrible anguish through which he now passed is best described by himself. "No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship; compared these every-day associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; and of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery in my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back anymore cannot be written." When he saw his sister, Fanny, take a prize at the Royal Academy of Music while he was in abject misery he must have been almost overcome by his feeling for he says, "I could not bear to think of myself—beyond the reach of all such emulation and success. The tears ran down my face. I felt as if my heart were rent. I prayed when I went to bed to be lifted out of the humiliation and neglect in which I was, I never suffered so much before." From this we see that it was not only the external adversity of factory drudgery, with insufficient food and rest but also a keen mental anguish—a most complete humiliation caused by an "internal depression" and an "external oppression." That this period was painful and horrible to him is evidenced by the fact that it always remained a sort of dark spot of which he avoided to speak. It was only through a kind of accident, about twenty years later, that he was led to disclose a real picture of this distressing period.

Upon Dickens this real test of the world had a different effect from what it usually had upon ordinary youths. In speaking of this period later on he says, "I know that I worked, from morning to night with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I have lounged about streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber, or a little vagabond." The result of it all was that he learned to know and feel as no one else ever did, the real life of the common people of London. To him the street became a school, a theatre,—his world; and the men and boys in it whose heart-throbs he keenly felt became his heroes. How much longer the miserable little fellow could have endured the strain we cannot tell, but relief came, when, after a quarrel between the head of the factory and his father, he was dismissed. His father was out of prison by this time and for the next two years (1824-'26) he attended Wellington House

Academy. During this time he again lived more like a normal youth and especially delighted in toy theatres. This again shows his instinctive love for acting which characterized him throughout life.

Dickens now again enters the world. This time it was as a solicitor's clerk, a decided promotion in comparison with his former position in the blacking factory. However miserable his lot had been all its worst humiliation had not succeeded in drowning his ambitions,—to be and to do something. He decides to become a reporter and after a period of hard and tedious work, indicative of a spirit of application and concentration which he practised throughout his career, we find him a reporter in the House of Commons at nineteen. No doubt while in this capacity he developed the Radical spirit which he afterwards showed. His diligent application soon made him an effective journalist. As a newspaper man he developed a "news sense"—knowing what people want and how to get it and how to give it, the value of details and other "tricks of the trade" which he used to good advantage later on. The value of this training is confirmed by his own word, "To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work, when I was a young man, I constantly refer my first success."

From his boyhood on Dickens had delighted in writing sketches of persons and places. In 1833 he published some of these sketches in the "Old Monthly Magazine," and later in the "Evening Chronicle." The publication of these pieces in 1836 as "Sketches by Boz" gained quite a reputation for him. In the early part of 1836 he was asked to write something to accompany monthly illustrations by the caricaturist Seymour. He agreed on condition that he should have control of the story, and the plates should be made from the characters and incidents of the story. In this way originated the famous "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," the first number of which appeared March 31, 1836. The success of Pickwick was at first a little doubtful; but after the fifth number, in which Sam Weller made his appearance, it became immensely popular and Charles Dickens had taken his place among the English novelists. He had a wonderful creative ability, and from the appearance of his "Sketches" to the end of his life in 1870, every year witnessed notable and lasting contributions to English literature from his pen. He was the first English writer who took up fiction as a sole vocation and remained in it all his life. Scott took up novel writing because Byron had beaten him in poetry. And the earlier novelists were men and women who wrote novels mostly for a diversion. He was purely an English writer in the "spirit and scope" of his work. With one or two exceptions all the scenes of his stories are English. He writes about things familiar to every Englishman and in a style for all.

One of the first things with which a student of Dickens's work is struck, is the immense stream of material which is passing before him. We meet such a number and variety of characters as we could hardly expect to see at a railway station—sixty distinct situations and three hundred and fifty characters in "Pickwick" alone—a quantity and variety of material sufficient to start up a big daily newspaper. This shows that Dickens possessed an extraordinary power of observation. And having struggled through the eddies and main currents of London life he had gained an endless store of "human detail." Although his descriptions of city life are the more numerous and the best executed he was also at home in painting picturesque scenes of country life.

However Dickens was not a great writer simply because he had such a particular faculty of observation, but he also knew how to use the material before him—how to pick out some peculiar traits of a person and use them in such a way as to make a character out of them.

Herein lies his peculiar power of characterization—a continental repetition of mannerisms. The hypocrisy of Uriah Heep is always before us by the fact that Uriah scarcely ever speaks without "I'm very 'umble" or Mrs. Micawber always expecting "something to happen," or Mr. Barkis with his "Barkis is willin.'" His professional men continually allude to their particular occupations—as Mr. Mould, the undertaker, or Mrs. Gamp, the nurse and others. It is perhaps a good method to make characters but he used it to such an extent that it becomes only an idealization of some profession or trait and results in a caricature. When we contrast these characters with reality we are at once struck with the exaggeration which they seem to present. Dickens certainly has a tendency to exaggerate his characters. In his book we see the world through "Dickens's Eye." Mr. Chesterton suggests that perhaps his early years "in their mixture of morbidity and reality may have increased in him his tendency to exaggeration. But we cannot lament this in a literary sense; exaggeration is almost the definition of art—and it is entirely the definition of "Dickens's art." His characters are exaggerated as personalities are exaggerated in real life by their fellows. If we stop a minute to think that Mr. Murdstone is described as he really appeared to a boy who hated him and Steerforth is described as he appeared to a boy who admired him, the exaggeration does not seem to be overdone. Young David pictured them not out of his imagination but out of his real feeling towards them. The characters in Dickens who appear to be the most reasonable are the ones we least remember because we feel that they really do not exist such as Dombey and Florence. While on the other hand such characters as Major Bagstock, Dick Swiveller, Mr. Toots, the Marchioness and scores of others who are greatly exaggerated seem to have quite natural existence for us. As soon as we read about such a character we associate him with our experience in real life, and he lives and lingers long in our memory. While we may be able to find evidences in his later works that show an attempt to confine exaggeration it is also interesting to consider Dickens's reply to some adverse criticism from Taine. "It does not seem to me to be enough to say of any description that it is the exact truth. The exact truth must be there; but the merit or art in the narrator, is the manner of stating the truth. As to which thing literature, it always seems to me that there is a world to be done. And in these times, when the tendency is to be frightfully literal and catalogue-like—to make the thing, in short, a sort of sum in reduction that any miserable creature can do it that way—I have an idea (really founded on the love of what I profess), that the very holding of popular literature through a kind of popular dark age, may depend on such fanciful treatment." Dickens worked as a conscientious servant rendering a needful service to society.

Humor is the medium through which Dickens made his way into the minds and hearts of the people. In commending on Dickens's humor Mr. Benson says, "It is as indefinable as red or green. It is laughable as the parrot is laughable, as a very large hat on a small head, is laughable. It is a sort of wilful, irresponsible extravagance, which just corresponds psychologically to laughter. "Dickens can best show us the humane side of a character by making us see the character through the humorous. This appears to have been his supreme genius. He was anxious to show all the phases of life at once. For this reason we can really find "manufactured pathos" in his books. He seems to have made an effort to please everybody by creating all sorts of characters. When he made a bad character he also had to make a good character. It is shown that the character of the benevolent old Jew in "Our Mutual Friend" (an unnecessary character as far as the real story is concerned) was simply introduced because a certain Jew com-

plained that Fagin, the bad old Jew in "Oliver Twist," conveyed the impression that all Jews were bad. The difference between Dickens's characters and the characters in the comic section of our Sunday newspapers is, that Dickens places his characters, whom he created by a repetition of mannerisms, into situations where only the most rational or complete human beings can act properly. The newspaper shows ridiculous characters in ridiculous situations and so they become tiresome while the Dickens characters remain alive and interesting.

Mr. Bagehot classes Dickens as a man of an irregular or unsymmetrical genius—that he lacked a definite proportion of faculties and qualities suited to the particular work in hand. This seems to form a basis upon which to account for the rather loose construction of his plots. After reading one of Dickens' books it is often a rather difficult task to give the story of the plot. Most of his stories seem to be only a rambling sort of portrayal of characters and incidents. It has been claimed that Dickens's work should not be reckoned in novels; but by characters, or groups of characters or episodes. And that his books are only lengths cut from the flowing and mixed substance called Dickens, any length of which contains a given proportion of "brilliant and bad stuff." He treated realistic material in a romantic fashion. His characters and incidents are all selected from real life but we see them in romantic situations. Many of his stories can hardly be said to have a beginning or end. Nobody reading the last pages of "Pickwick" could tell by the story itself whether it was the end or whether a second volume would follow. After he has a story fairly well started he brings in other characters who become so interesting that the plot (if there is any) is altogether abandoned and the whole structure falls. In "David Copperfield" the Micawber family is brought in again and again. When they have moved away and apparently dropped out of the story for good you will soon find them making their appearance again even though there seems to be absolutely no reason for doing so. It is only after a character dies or is killed that we know for certain his part in the story is ended. The story seems to exist for the parading of characters. In "David Copperfield," which has perhaps the best constructed plot of all his books, we have the story of David and two melodramas. It contains enough material for three distinct novels of the ordinary size. The one melodrama ends in a tragedy and the other finally ends happily. The story of David could have been written satisfactorily alone. In this novel we also have Dickens's best love story. But in this line he seems to fall short. The story of David and Dora would hardly be considered a "good love story" by our readers of today. He described every detail so minutely that there is nothing left for the reader's imagination. Without doubt his defect of plot is mainly due to the method of writing for monthly publications. And Dickens did not really plan any such serious plots as we would expect. In the introduction to the original edition of "Pickwick" he says "that no ingenuity of plot was attempted, or even at that time considered very feasible by the author in connection with the desultory mode of publication adopted; and that the machinery of the Club, proving cumbrous in the management, was gradually abandoned as the work progressed." In the publishing of monthly series each number had to be a sort of short story of a certain length. This meant that each number should have one or a few principle characters and several minor characters to make up the story. Sometimes it might happen that more characters than really necessary had to be introduced to make the story of a certain desired length, or perhaps it had to be unduly compressed. If we consider these factors and the fact that his novels are to-day still widely popular we have very little ground to lament his defect of plot.

In style, Dickens also shows a master hand. He had a method of effectively blending narrative, description, and dialogue in a remarkable manner, as the story "Polly" in "Mugby Junction." He was a master of dialogue and his description of the storm and wreck in "David Copperfield" is not surpassed. However, we also find here and there needless complexities, and occasionally he errs by falling into a monotonous regularity—a kind of prose poetry. "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, etc."

But the host who admired and loved Dickens was mainly composed of people who were not so much affected by his style or literary art but because he was "their man" in spirit and sympathy. In Dickens we have perhaps the best exponent of the spirit of his age. During his early years as a reporter he was swept away by Radicalism, and the period of agitation and reform which followed found Dickens a master in the field of "humanitarian" literature. The experience and training of his early life seemed to have fitted him especially for this work. He had developed a rare insight and an unbounded sympathy. From his first important work on through all his works we have remarkable pictures of the unsatisfactory conditions of the day. He handled with equal excellence the streets of London with their varied bits of human drama, the counting house of Dombey, the law offices of Dodson and Fogg, the blacking factory of Murdstone and Grinby's, and the debtors' prisons; outside the city, Pegotty in his hut at Yarmouth, Mr. Grandgrind's school, and Nell with her grandfather in the churchyard. The fact that he is in intense sympathy with the sufferings of human life gives his work the real humanitarian touch. Dickens was a reformer far different from many of his time. He simply wrote novels picturing conditions in their glaring truth. Instead of upbraiding the people in strong language he quietly instilled a reform sentiment into public opinion while everybody thought they were only enjoying "up-to-date" stories. It was his optimistic way of treating his material. In spite of the unsatisfactory conditions all around he never makes us feel gloomy, but rather like Browning's Pippa,

"God in His heaven—

All's right with the world!"

His poor people seem happy in their worst conditions. Mark Tapley certainly gets a great deal more out of life by keeping on the "sunny-side" through all his misfortunes.

By this we do not mean that Dickens attempted to "whitewash" evil. But to show the real truth in such a way that people would read it and be impressed with the real conditions. He knew that it would bring desired results. His stories are also crowded with the worst kind of villains. In such characters as Squeers, Bill Sykes, Uriah Heep, Jonas Chuzzlewit and scores of others no "redeeming point" is to be found even. In the introduction of "Oliver Twist" he comments on such characters. "It is emphatically God's truth, for it is the truth. He leaves in such depraved and miserable breasts; the hope yet lingering there; the last fair drops of water at the bottom of the weed choked well. It involves the best and worst shades of our nature; much of its ugliest hues, and something of its most beautiful; it is a contradiction, an anomaly, an apparent impossibility; but it is a truth."

It is true that there is not much—scarcely any—character development in his characters, but at the same time his unfortunates are still men. A character introduced as a thief usually remains a thief all through the story and at the end is about the same as in the beginning. Oliver Twist is not affected by the influence with Fagin

and his gang. In the introduction of "Nicholas Nickelby," Dickens gives us his own view of Nicholas. "If Nicholas be not always found to be blameless or agreeable, he is not always intended to appear so. He is a young man of an impetuous temper and of little or no experience; and I saw no reason why such a hero should be lifted out of nature." He also is the first writer who seems to understand the "psychology" of the child. Little Nell and Paul Dombey are immortal characters in literature. His most exquisite work is found in his description of the childhood of David Copperfield and Pip.

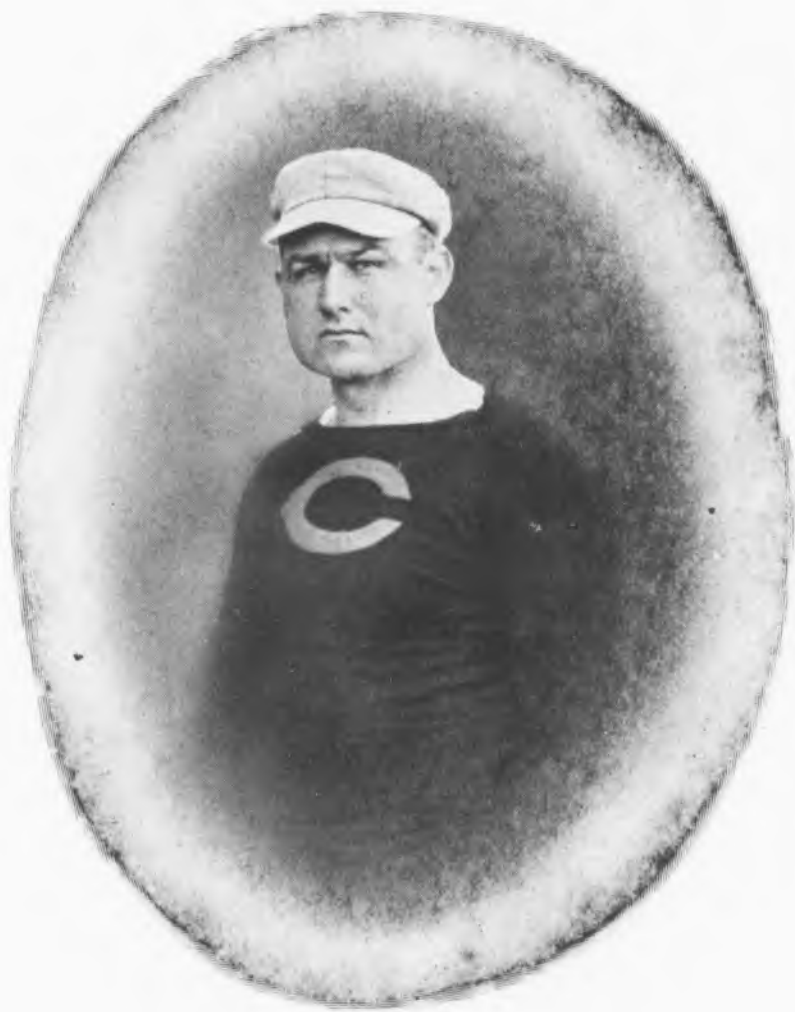
Each author is great "in his way"—excels in some line or method of work. Dickens had faults and limitations but he was really great in his way. He was a voluminous writer—much of it bad—but much more good. It is not the quantity of bad things a man writes (nobody wrote solely good things), but the quality of the good things, which determines the place of an author. His sphere of work was in the common and lower class of society. This class is after all, even more so to-day, the most important and most interesting class. He wrote in such a way that his characters seem to be really alive and after you read a book once you will feel like reading it again, just as you long to meet a friend again whose acquaintance you made yesterday. It is this particular ability which once made Charles Dickens the "Prince of Novelists" for England and America. And today, more of his characters seem to be alive than of any other author, and promise to hold their position in coming generations.



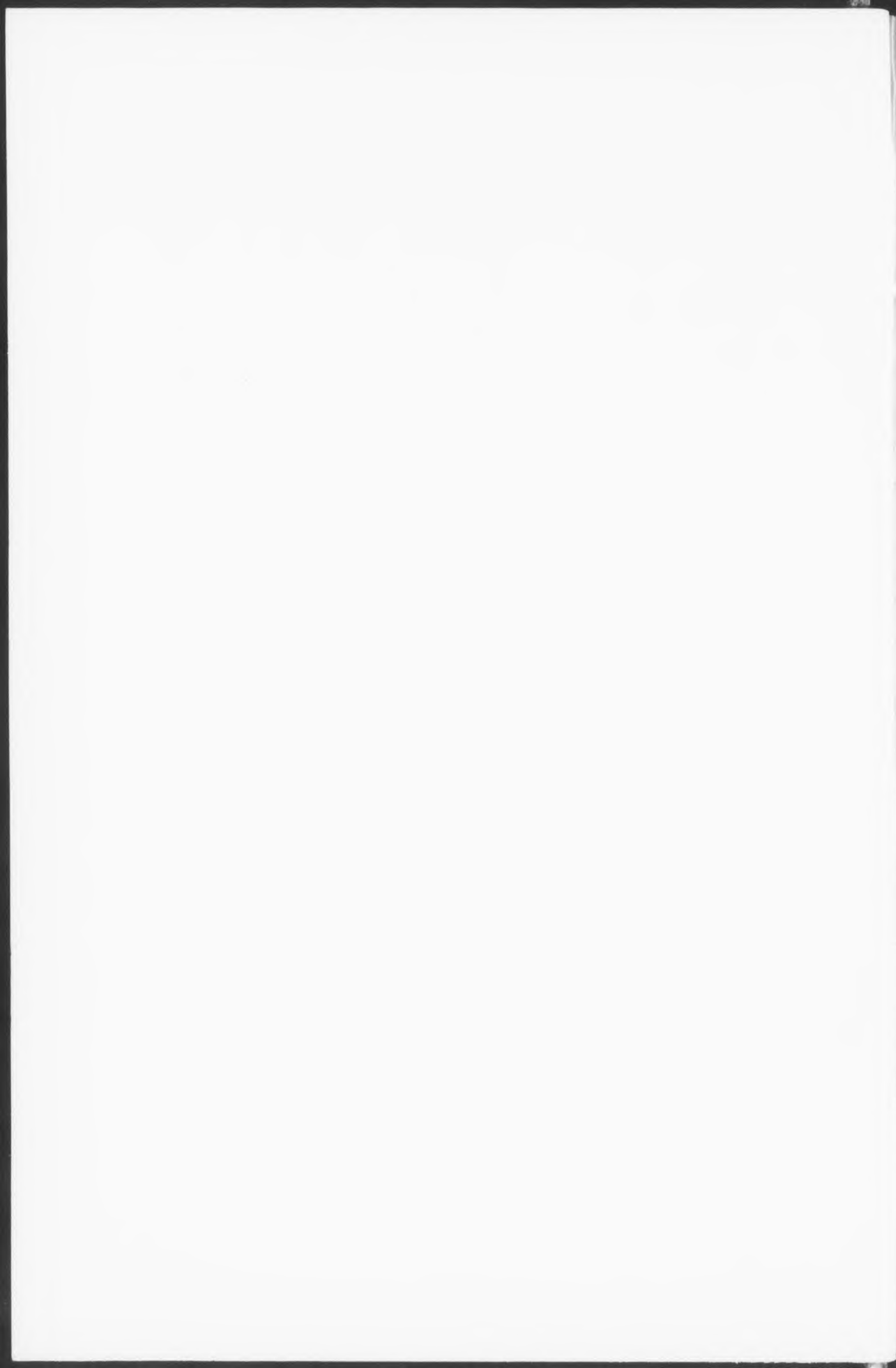
Athletics.



THE new Athletic editor welcomes the alumni and friends of Muhlenberg into the midst of her activities. Never before in all her history have her prospects looked brighter. Coach Kelly's call for football candidates was responded to on Labor day and the following week. The schedule is one that becomes the fair name of an institution like ours. Even though it may seem rather hard a string of victories must result from the hard work of such a team. Never before has the Cardinal and Gray been donned by eleven men of such calibre, to say nothing of a formidable team of second string men. On the squad are such men of last year's team as Captain Bixler, end and punter; Reisner, quarterback and placement kicker; Wacker, hero of the F. & M. game; Katz; a strong guard; E. Loser, a light but agile halfback; P. Loser, a heavy center; Sermulin, an aggressive guard; Skean, a hard working tackle; Groff, quarterback; Fetherolf, a second team fighting center; Quinn, a fast end; Zeiner, Walters, Yiengst and Potts. The new men



COACH KELLY



are: Copley, a giant tackle from Conway Hall; Heuer, a speedy half-back from Central High's sensational team two years ago; Roderick, a guard and tackle from Bellefonte Academy; Hubbard, a scrappy end from Bethlehem Prep; Cumfer, a clever backfield man from Hazleton High; Vreeland, star all-around athlete from Bethlehem Prep; Laudenslager, a promising quarterback from Allentown High; McDermott, a lineman from Hazleton High; Kester, a guard from Allentown High; Brubaker, a full back from Lancaster eleven and other promising men who may develop under Kelly's coaching.

The editor pays his respects to Kelly as a wonderful coach and field marshal, having developed a winning team last year from green material, and nothing is impossible with the experienced men he has at his disposal this year. Muhlenberg can feel proud in having a coach who can inspire men with such confidence and get out of his team its maximum ability. Watch us grow.

The New Muhlenberg Field.

The splendidly equipped athletic field will be the surprise of every staunch Muhlenberg rooter. A high fence has been constructed around the field and additional stands put up, so that they now afford comfortable seating capacity for seventeen hundred people. The field is the finest small college gridiron in the country. A large space has been reserved on the inside of the fence for autos, so that our loyal "speed boys" can see their team in action while they are back of the wheel. With such accommodations we should have at least five thousand people at our big games to cheer their team to victory. The oval on the inside of the track is also enclosed so that nobody but players will be on the field. We ask all of you to come to see the field and in addition be afforded such a treat that you will come next time to show your friends around. Meet us half way by coming and we promise to deliver the goods by giving a grand exhibition of Autumn's greatest college game.

The thing which every athlete appreciates most is the support that he gets from the sidelines. It is interesting and encouraging to note how this support is growing each year for it seems our alumni and student body have received an inspiration to lend a helping hand to bring Muhlenberg on the map in the eyes of the athletic world.

Alterations in Rules.

The football rules for 1912 were changed considerably by the football "solons" as one may notice in the official guide. The changes can be thus briefly summarized:

Four downs, instead of three, to gain 10 yards.

Length of field is 100 yards, instead of 110 yards.

Forward pass can be made any distance, even ten yards across goal line.

The kickoff is made on the 40 yard line, 60 yards from the toward which it is kicked.

Intermission between quarters, one minute, instead of two.

Three officials instead of four, consisting of Referee, Umpire and Linesman.

A kicked ball must be touched by defensive player before the offensive team is on side.

Schedule.

Sept. 28—Lafayette, at Easton.

Oct. 5—New York University, at New York.

Oct. 12—St. Stephen's, at Allentown.

Oct. 19—Webb Academy, at Allentown.
 Oct. 26—Delaware, at Newark.
 Nov. 2—Gettysburg, at Allentown.
 Nov. 9—Franklin & Marshall, at Allentown.
 Nov. 16—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.
 Nov. 28—Ursinus, at Allentown.

Fresh—Soph Bowl Fight.

In the midst a driving rain and a sea of mud the Sophs met the "Greenies" in the annual bowl fight. The Sophs were slightly outnumbered and seemed to use their experience of last year to disadvantage. The freshmen, well coached and trained, beat them to the tune of 45-20. The fight was the hardest fought contest in years and was practically the first time a freshmen class ever beat the Sophs. The freshman chose as their bow man Davidson for both halves while Geiss and Fried, respectively, represented their class. The first half ended 0-0, even though Sophs put up a game fight. Football men were debarred, which resulted in a heavy loss on the part of the Sophs as they lost three of their best fighters while the Freshmen lost only two.

Despite the rain the fight was witnessed by most of the upper classmen and several professors and visitors.

Summary—Referee, Leisey; Timer, Katz; Scorers, Cressman and Nenow. Time of halves, 10 and 5 minutes. Score, 45-20.

Fresh—Soph Game.

The annual game between the first year men and the wise guys was played on Saturday, Sept. 14, resulting in a score of 19 to 0, in favor of the Sophs. The game was replete with fouls and penalties as the men were not well acquainted with new rules. Fumbling was the great error of the freshmen team and probably cost them the game, for the first touchdown seemed to encourage the Sophs and turned the Freshmen into a disheartened crew. Witmer, Schlechter, Brubaker and Affleback put up a plucky fight for 1916, while Reisner, Macadam and Yiengst, were the Soph's star performers. The game consisted entirely of line bucking and the only attempt on an open formation was a failure. The Sophs were repeatedly penalized for offside play due to the fighting spirit which they manifested. The editor, however, wishes to say, that all those who participated in that game will be entirely welcome on the varsity squad. Let us do for the college what we do for the class.

The line-up was as follows:

Sophs.		Fresh.
Laury	R. E.	Witmer
Bagger	R. T.	Moesser
Werner	R. G.	Moebling
Walters	C.	Lazarus
Fried	L. G.	Frankenfield
Macadam	L. T.	Barrett
Smeltzer	L. E.	Schlechter
Reisner	Q. B.	Parker
Yiengst	L. H. B.	Brubaker
Geiss	R. H. B.	Legg
Royer	F. B.	Afflerbach

Officials—Referee, Bixler; Umpire, Hubbard; Time-keeper, Heuer; Head Linesman, Leisey; Linesmen, Mohr and Loch. Touchdowns—Reisner, 3; goals from touchdown, Reisner, 1. Times of quarters, 8 minutes.

The Muhlenberg

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Assistant Editor-in-Chief	-	Matthias Richards, '13
Alumni Editor	- - - -	Robert C. Horn, '00
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Personal Editor	- - -	Harry Cressman, '13
Athletic Editor	- - -	Elmer L. Leisey, '14
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Editor's Sanctum.

Once more a new staff must take up its task with many misgivings. Our talk is new and our experience will no doubt lead to many errors, which may be pardoned on that ground. We can do no more than put forth our most untiring efforts to equal the record of last year's eminently successful paper and earnestly hope for the hearty cooperation of the whole student body. The staff cannot do the work alone. Let everyone get behind "The Muhlenberg" and this year even greater heights can be attained.

Even before college opened the football season was under way. Our fellows are doing finely and deserve better support from the rest of the students. Instead of a handful being on the sideline let every loyal son of Muhlenberg turn out every afternoon and cheer the team to victory. With even a harder schedule than last year we need even greater spirit than was manifested then. Everybody out and root hard!

At last the Commons is a reality. Perhaps it is too early to fully realize what this much needed innovation means to us, but let it suffice to say that a larger common interest, a greater sense of unity and loyalty to our Alma Mater and less narrowness and selfishness of spirit are sure results of our college boarding house.

Another long-dreamed for improvement took place this summer when the two society libraries were merged with the college library. The whole has been recatalogued and placed in the hands of efficient men who are ready at any time to lend assistance in securing desired books. There will be no more shameful waste of time hunting thru three card indices for a book and no more useless duplication in the purchase of up-to-date books. The change ought to result in a much greater use of the library than hitherto and the student body owes much to Mr. Simpson for the excellent manner in which he conducted the work.

Historic Lehigh.

Silvery gleams Historic Lehigh,
Winding neath Sol's silver rays,
Summoning for recollection
Red-Skin legends of past days;
Which through long forgotten ages
Stirred the quick blood of our father;
Passing for dead tales of sages,
Fiction-born by stagnant waters.
Centuries died and long are buried
Since those thrilling times of you
Yet the beauteous Lehigh tarried
Never—rolling, sparkling, evermore;
And the bright beams which then lighted
Soft o'er wigwanes' deadly store,
Still shine on in peace on whitened
Cottages along the shore.—F. C. W. '11



PERSONALS



On Thursday, Sept. 12, 1912, Muhlenberg College officially opened its portals to the intellectual world.

The religious service was conducted by Rev. William Wackernagel, D. D., chaplain and professor of Modern Languages and Literature. In the absence of Dr. Haas, who had not returned from his trip abroad, Dr. Ettinger introduced the speaker of the morning, Prof. Wm. B. Owen, Ph. D., professor of Latin at Lafayette College. In a short address, Dr. Ettinger expressed his appreciation of the honor, especially so since both are professors of Latin, and Dr. Owen's teaching years have numbered forty-four and Dr. Ettinger's forty. Furthermore, both are doctors of philosophy and proofs of the theory that a large mind can dwell in a small body.

"Conditions and Possibilities of College Life," was treated in a very able manner by Dr. Owen. He told us that only three of the big colleges had reached the acme of intellectual work, i. e., have some of their alumni manage moving picture shows. (We are sorry to state that in spite of Muhlenberg's rapid progress we have not reached that high standard). The importance of a Freshman's diary to portray college life was also shown and the department is pleased to see that Freshies are good for something else than to wear a green button, carry suitcases and be the cynosure of a hazing bee. Having spoken of the ridiculous phases of college activities, Dr. Owen turned his attention to the qualities required in a good teacher, who the real college man is, and likened the progress of the human race to the ebb and flow of the tide, leaving stranded the failure, the suicide and the indolent. Progress is easier than retrogression, but it is no dis-

grace to go down if by so doing the man reaches his plane and becomes an expert there instead of a failure higher up.



We have been told that the real college man is one who pays no attention to the social whirl and the gay life but to ideals, but we cannot see how that is possible, since the ideals of so many college men are encased in a shirtwaist and skirt.



The student body was both pleased and grieved to see, on the bulletin board, the following notice, on opening day:

LOST—"Im Vaterland," Paul Taylor.

Pleased to see that "Red" had eventually reached the "Vaterland" and grieved to see that he had wandered from the path while there. To relieve the anxiety of the world we wish to say that Paul has returned and promised to follow the water wagon so closely next time that they won't lose him "Im Vaterland" again.

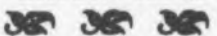


We would respectfully suggest that those people who are so anxious to have people look at them take seats on the rostrum during a lecture and not get up, make as much noise as possible, and then walk out during the lecture, disturbing both the speaker and the audience. It may be due to ignorance and they will learn, or to conceit which will not learn, or "the dog in the manger" spirit, I don't like it so I won't let you hear it. Whatever it is, use a little common sense, if you have any, of course, and either stay out or sit quiet, while you are in the room.



The dreams of alumni and students were fulfilled this year when "The Commons" opened its doors to the student body. The dining hall is neatly furnished with dark wood furniture, harmonizing with the decorations, and is connected to the kitchen, which is equipped with the latest boilers, dish washing machinery, dryers, stoves, etc., by means of heavy swinging doors which keep out the unpleasant cooking odors. The building is supplied with its own light and heating apparatus and far surpasses the ordinary college dining hall in appearance, ventilation, decorations, accommodations, service, etc.

This addition to our college life opened a way for students to earn money while at college and all of the work, with the exception of that of the head chef, a Jap, is done by students and their proficiency handling the large number of diners is to be commended.



Could you call LAZARUS a DAVID-SON? Whow! LEGG it KIDD!



This year's record of new men far surpasses all of Muhlenberg's previous records and we can see only a prosperous year before us. To the Junior Class, Frederick P. Hener of Mt. Airy, Pa., has been added, while the Sophomores rejoice in two additions, Theodore K. Finck, who is the representative from Augusta, Georgia and Monroe W. Sloyer, of Easton, Pa.

The Freshman Class presents the following line-up to the admiring gaze of students who were, who are and who profess to be, also to friends and foes of Muhlenberg:

Gurney F. Afflerbach, Quakertown, Pa.—Ph. B.

Malden E. Barner, Kutztown, Pa.—A. B.

John F. Barrett, Catasauqua, Pa.—B. S.

Harry J. Billow, Herndon, Pa.—A. B.
 John S. Brobst, Allentown, Pa.—B. S.
 Geo. G. Brubaker, Lancaster, Pa.—B. S.
 Leland Brunner, Carbondale, Pa.—Ph. B.
 Melville J. Boyer, Neffs, Pa.—A. B.
 John G. Davidson, Coopersburg, Pa.—A. B.
 Richard Duerschner, Troy, N. Y.—A. B.
 Clifford Eichner, Freemansburg, Pa.—A. B.
 Norman R. Frankenfield, Easton, Pa.—B. S.
 C. Luther Fry, Catasauqua, Pa.—A. B.
 Harry W. Hepner, Herndon, Pa.—A. B.
 David G. Jaxheimer, Allentown, Pa.—A. B.
 John A. Kuder, Lehigh, Pa.—A. B.
 George B. Lazarus, Vinemont, Pa.—B. S.
 Geo. Luther Legg, Kingston, N. Y.—Ph. B.
 Paul S. Lindenstruth, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—A. B.
 Claude F. Miller, Reading, Pa.—A. B.
 Henry Moehling, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A. B.
 John N. Mohr, Alburtis, Pa.—B. S.
 John W. Noble, Allentown, Pa.—Ph. B.
 Homer M. Parker, Philadelphia, Pa.—B. S.
 William C. Rapp, Allentown, Pa.—B. S.
 Earl V. Schantz, Allentown, Pa.—Ph. B.
 Edward W. Schlechter, Allentown, Pa.—B. S.
 Matthew D. Schugar, Catasauqua, Pa.—B. S.
 Robert N. Taylor, Allentown, Pa.—A. B.
 Homer A. Weaver, Coopersburg, Pa.—A. B.
 Ernest A. Weber, Boyertown, Pa.—A. B.
 Ralph Wetherhold, Allentown, Pa.—B. S.
 Earl E. Witmer, Quakertown, Pa.—Ph. B.
 Edward Zimmerman, Allentown, Pa.—B. S.

In this age of specialization, when everybody and everything works toward one definite goal, Muhlenberg has drifted into the rush and offers specialties to the waiting world. We respectfully submit the names of the following special students, special in course only, however:

Harry C. Blank, Allentown, Pa.
 Willis Biehm, Allentown, Pa.
 Thomas J. Brennan, Mackeysburg, Pa.
 Orwin E. Boyle, Allentown, Pa.
 John P. Creveling, Jr., Allentown, Pa.
 Charles Copley, Mahanoy City, Pa.
 Harold S. Cumfer, Hazleton, Pa.
 Benjamin A. Hubbard, Coleshill, Eng.
 Earl Kester, Allentown, Pa.
 Claude Laudenslager, Allentown, Pa.
 Michael McDermott, Shenandoah, Pa.
 Aaron R. Mosser, Allentown, Pa.
 Charles Luther Poust, Allentown, Pa.
 Ralph Raker, Shamokin, Pa.
 W. S. Ritter, Allentown, Pa.
 Arthur D. Roderick, Stockton, Pa.
 Herbert D. Shook, East Bangor, Pa.
 Floyd W. Uhler, Stockertown, Pa.
 Fred D. Vreeland, Easton, Pa.



A college man may be safe when he has a dominating ideal, but we think if some men had ideals that were less dominating we would have fewer henpecked husbands on this terrestrial globe.

Alumni Notes.

'88. On June 16, Rev. James E. Lambert, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate at St. Paul's Church, Catasauqua. At the same time the congregation celebrated its sixtieth anniversary.

1902. At the last commencement of the University of Pennsylvania, the degree of Ph. D. was granted to Professor Quincy Adams Kuehner, of the faculty of the Allentown High School. The title of his thesis is "Evolution of the Modern Concept of School Discipline." Prof. Kuehner was the salutatorian of his class at Muhlenberg; at the University he was the holder of the Harrison Fellowship.

1905. Mr. Dallas H. Bastian is the field secretary of Temple University, Philadelphia.

Rev. Charles H. Bohner former pastor of Ebenezer Church of this city, was installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Ocean City. According to a newspaper report Mr. Bohner has been named as chaplain of the Ocean City Yacht Club.

The Chronicle and News of August 10 reported the sad death of Mr. Joseph Tallman as follows:

News was received in this city of the death early this morning at Pottsville, of Joseph R. Tallman, Superintendent of the public schools at that place. He was a member of the class of 1905, of Muhlenberg College, the first class to graduate from the new Muhlenberg and was the valedictorian of the class. Prior to his entrance to Muhlenberg College he attended the Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown. After leaving Muhlenberg, Mr. Tallman became principal of the Hamburg public schools which position he held for a period of two years after which he went to Pottsville becoming one of the principals of that place until the death of the Superintendent of Schools, when he received the appointment and filled the position with distinction and with great satisfaction to the citizens of Pottsville.

Two weeks ago Mr. Tallman was stricken with typhoid fever at his rooms at the Allen House, Pottsville. His condition became alarming and although given the best of medical attention he expired at 4.30 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Tallman was born 33 years ago at Tower City, Schuylkill County, the son of Mrs. and the late Henry H. Tallman. He is the first of eight sons to die. Besides the mother Mr. Tallman is survived by Oscar Tallman, proprietor of Tallman's Cafe, Allentown; Henry and Edward Tallman, Lebanon; Charles Tallman, Schuylkill Haven; Frank, Andrew and William Tallman, Tower City, and two sisters: Miss Lulu Tallman and Mrs. J. R. Reinhardt, Tower City.

1907. A cablegram from Japan announced the birth of a daughter to Rev. and Mrs. Edward T. Horn, on August 14th.

1908. Rev. Alfred M. Stump, pastor of the Lutheran Church of Washingtonville, was nominated by the council of St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Easton, to succeed Rev. F. H. J. Seneker, who will go to Pottstown.

1909. On June 12th Mr. Warren J. Fritsch and Miss May G. Helfrich were wedded at Morristown, N. J. Mr. Fritsch was graduated from the Allentown High School in the class of 1905 with first honor and from Muhlenberg College with high honors in the class of 1909. Mr. Fritsch has been a teacher in the Allentown Preparatory School and an instructor in languages in the Perkasio High School; next year he will be in the faculty of the Allentown High School.

On June 6th, Rev. Rufus E. Kern and Miss Florence M. Haring

were married in Allentown. Mr. Kern was recently graduated from the Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy. He is now pastor in Marion, Virginia; he is also instructor in German and Church Literature in the Marion Lutheran College for Women.

Rev. Ralph R. Rudolph and Miss Gertrude Ruth Carter were wedded on June 19th. Mr. Rudolph is now pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, at Lemoyne, Pa.

Announcement was made of the marriage of Rev. Walter K. Hauser, a recent graduate of Mt. Airy Seminary, and Miss Louis C. Klump, of this city. Mr. Hauser's residence is at Selin's Grove; he is the pastor of a Lutheran charge consisting of three congregations Selin's Grove, Kratzerville and Middle Creek.

Rev. Dallas F. Green was installed as pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Zion Church, Kriedersville.

1910. Mr. John M. Aberly was recently married to Miss Elsie Kepner, of this city. Mr. Aberly is in the lumber business with his father in Newbern, N. C.

1911. Mr. Warren L. Eberts, of the faculty of the Bethlehem High School, and Miss Edith Wilson, of Reading, were married on August first.

Harry G. Stuart, of No. 242 North Tenth St., formerly instructor of Chemistry in the Johnstown High School, has been elected head of the Department of Science in the High School at Oakmont, a suburb of Pittsburgh.

1912. Messrs. Brobst, Savacool, Snyder and Wertz will go to the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary. Mr. Shock has accepted a position as teacher at Hamburg; Mr. George P. Stump will teach at Perkasio; Mr. Luther Waidelich was elected Assistant Principal of the Sellersville High School. Mr. Roland Leiby will be an assistant at Cornell University. Mr. Keever is employed by the N. Y. Telephone Company, at Utica, N. Y. Mr. Brossman is a district superintendent for an aluminum ware company. Messrs. Frederick, Henninger and Kleckner are going to study law at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Adam F. Miller will study law in his father's office at Lebanon. Mr. Henry is teaching at Blair Academy. Mr. Reiter is at Yates Academy, Lancaster.

Non-graduates. Mr. Cluade T. Reno is one of the officials in the new Penn Counties Trust Company, which is about to open for business in the Haas building. Mr. Reno is the Republican nominee for Congress.

Rev. Claude R. Allenbach has resigned as pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran congregation at Easton; the resignation is not to take effect until next year.

Dr. M. E. Kuehner, a graduate of the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania, will open an office in this city and will give all his time to the practice. He will be at the office of the sales stables of J. George Snyder, on Chew Street.

William Kistler Huff, of Sellersville, a former student at Muhlenberg and graduate of Harvard, 1910, has accepted an offer to become the head of the English and History Departments at Barnard School, New York city. During the past year Mr Huff established a reputation as instructor in English and dramatics at the University of Maine. His many friends will no doubt recall that Mr. Huff graduated with honors at Harvard.

It will be of interest to the alumni to know that Chew Street is soon to be paved with asphalt as far out as 24th Street. We are also looking forward to the extension of the trolley track to the same point; the improved service will be a great convenience to those who attend lectures and football games.

Exchange Department

It is with a feeling of great pleasure that the new editor of this department undertakes the duties connected with our exchanges. "The Muhlenberg" has made great strides toward advancement during the past year and it would be well at this time to offer our congratulations to the members of last year's staff upon their untiring efforts. There is, however, room for improvement and it is the intention of the new editor to give a great amount of attention to this department.

The Exchange Department of a college journal is a very important one for it is through this medium that our publications meet on a common ground. The relationships between them should be close and friendly in order that good may result. Criticism plays an important part and let it be emphasized that this paper will encourage just, wholesome and unbiased criticism. Such criticism tends to instruct and elevate.

It is a pleasure to see that our list of exchanges approached sixty collegiate publications last year and an effort will be made to include more this year. Not all college journals carry an exchange department.

Space will be sought in the reading room to display our exchanges and it is wished that all of our students become familiar with the different publications.

Following is a list of exchanges received May and June, 1912:

American Economist, New York City; Albright Bulletin, Myers-town, Pa.; Argus, Findlay, O.; Bethany Messenger, Lindsborg, Kas.; Blue and White, Pottstown, Pa.; Breeze, Blairstown, N. J.; Buchtelite, Akron, O.; Budget, Boyertown, Pa.; Buff and Blue, Washington, D. C.; Canary and Blue, Allentown, Pa.; College Breezes, St. Peter, Minn.; College Chips, Decorah, Iowa; College News, Annville, Pa.; College Folio, Allentown, Pa.; Sollege Student, Lancaster, Pa.; Comenian, Bethlehem, Pa.; Crescent, Moorhead, Minn.; Delaware College Review Newark, Del.; Echo, Hazleton, Pa.; Farnum Tatler, Beverly, N. J.; High School News, Lancaster, Pa.; Junto, Easton, Pa.; Leavitt Angels, Turner Centre, Me.; Lenoirian, Hickory, N. C.; Lincolnion, Lincoln, Ill.; Lutheran, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lutheran Messenger, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lutheran Companion, Rock Island, Ill.; Lutheran Normal School Mirror, Sioux Falls, S. D.; M. A. S. Monthly, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mercury, Gettysburg, Pa.; Midland, Atchinson, Kas.; Mirror, Bethlehem, Pa.; Mirror, Philadelphia, Pa.; Narrator, Reading, Pa.; Normal Vidette, Kutztown, Pa.; Old Penn, Philadelphia, Pa.; Otterbein Aegis, Westerville, O.; Perkiomenite, Pennsburg, Pa.; Purple and White, Allentown, Pa.; Red and Black, Bethlehem, Pa.; Red and Black, Reading, Pa.; Reflector, Germantown, Pa.; Res Academicæ, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Scout, Fergus Falls, Minn.; Shamokin H. S. Review, Shamokin, Pa.; Sketch Book, Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Sorosis, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Spectator, Columbus, O.; Susquehanna, Selinsgrove, Pa.; Tatler, Bethlehem, Pa.; Thielensian, Greenville, Pa.; Ursinus Weekly, Collegeville, Pa.

The editor greets everyone with a hearty welcome and expresses a hope that all will be with us this year.



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November, 1912.

Vol. XXXI, No. 2.

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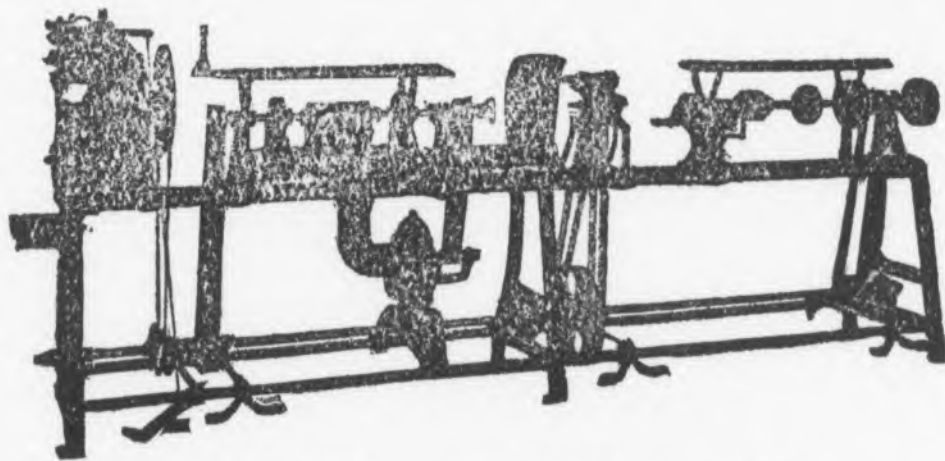
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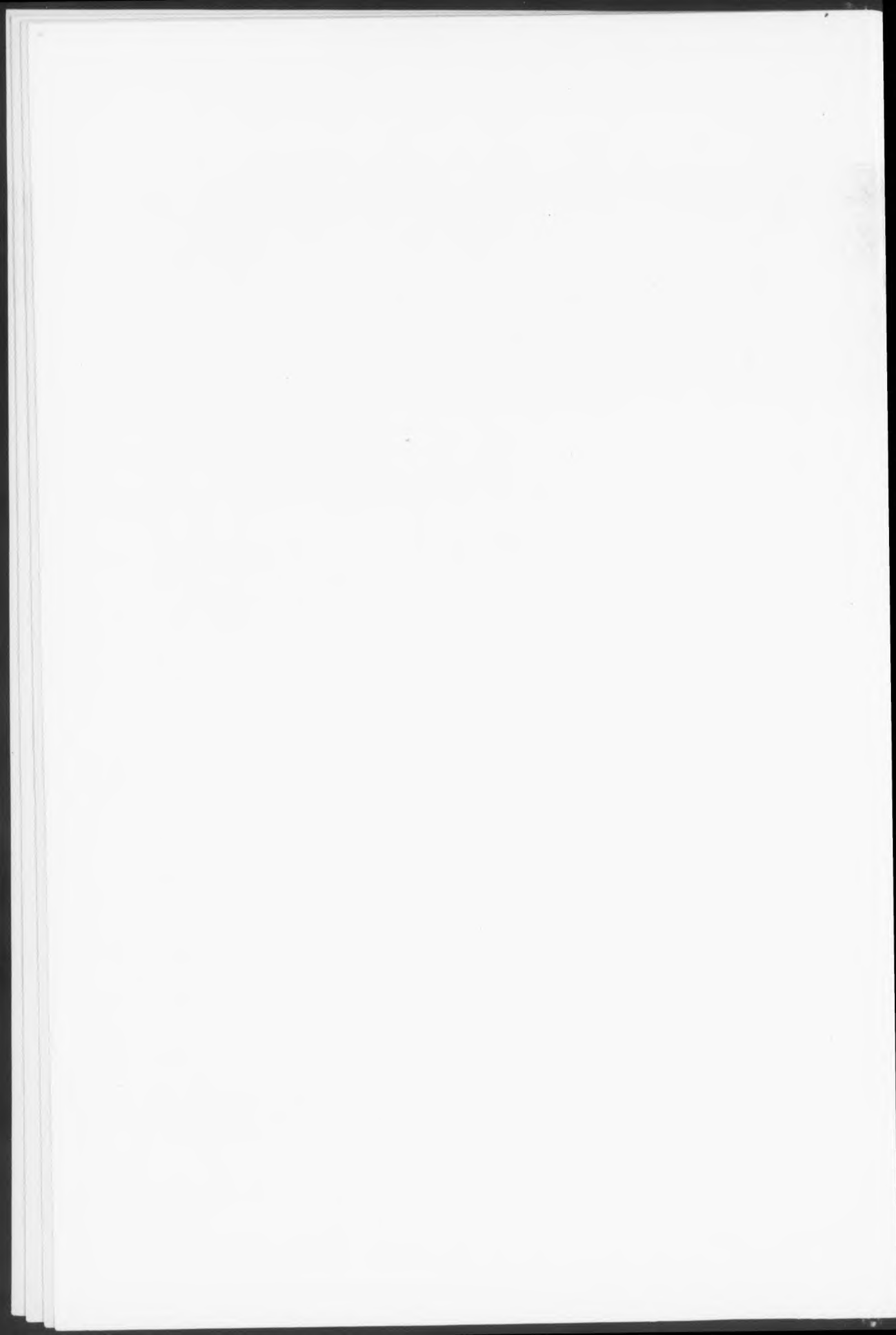
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THE NEW REFECTORY.





Literary.

A Lucky Stroke.



ES," remarked my friend Smith, the Customs House detective, "to tell the honest truth, Waring has stumped me. He has the jewels, all right, I'm sure."

"Absolutely?" I interrupted.

"Absolutely. I've not only had a wireless from one of our men in Belgium that he had them in his possession, but on the first day out I searched his room while he was on deck and found them in the cuspidor. Since then I've not even been able to stop in front of his door without causing that d— dog of his to make enough noise to raise the dead. The little brute growls every time anyone passes, so that, tho I'm sure he has the diamonds, I can't discover how he intends to get them thru."

"But are you sure," I again interposed, determined to put the most charitable construction on the man, tho' goodness knows I didn't like him, much less his dog, "that he intends to smuggle them?"

"Reasonably," replied my friend, rather wearily, "we know that twice before he had smuggled extraordinarily valuable gems, but his clever headwork always kept him from being captured. To save our heads we couldn't locate those stones. He's an old fox, and being watched only makes him foxier."

"And tomorrow at 11 o'clock we dock," I said, rather dismayed at the prospects of finding the jewels.

"Yes, and I'm still in the dark. If only that chewed up specimen of a pup were out of the way, I might do something."

After discussing at some length and rejecting several unfeasible

plans, my friend finally left, and I went to bed. In my berth I reviewed the entire affair from every side. Here was my old friend Smith, an official in the employ of the government, a man as prosaic as his name implied, dogging the footsteps of Waring, as clever a rascal as ever graced the decks of an ocean liner, a model of politeness and suavity, who had in his possession \$500,000 worth of jewels. There he was presumably about to carry into the United States without paying the required duty, there to dispose of them at enormous profit. Tho he was known to be a smuggler, he had never been caught, and apparently enjoyed the discomfiture of the U. S. Civil Service. In fact, poking fun at the Customs House and boasting about his pedigreed Irish terrier and its value, were his favorite pastimes on board ship. And that terrier! All I could see was a bewhiskered, broken-tailed, surly mongrel, who took great delight in snapping and snarling at everybody, and had once nipped the calf of my leg, but Waring was continually sounding his praises to friend and foe alike. To my fastidious mind in one respect only did he justify the praises of his master—he was an excellent watchdog as Smith had learned to his sorrow.

In such a frame of mind I at length fell into a light sleep from which I awoke rather early next morning. Finding myself unable to again close my eyes, I got up in disgust, and, after dressing, went up on deck. Here I very quickly lost my grouch in wonder at the beautiful view. The sun had just risen and its slanting rays tinted the entire surface of the ocean in exquisite colors. Far ahead on the horizon I could already see land, and the thought of again coming home filled me with joy. Everything was calm and serene and an air of peace seemed to rest over all.

However I did not long remain alone in the enjoyment of this magnificent spectacle. Hearing a footstep behind me, I turned and was surprised to see Waring pulling his sulky dog along at the end of a leash. "Now," thought I, "if Smith only were awake he would have an excellent chance to examine Waring's room, and possibly to find the place of concealment of the gems." Rack my brains as I would, however, no plan for informing Smith presented itself.

"Good morning," said my friend Waring in his politest manner, taking his stand beside me at the rail.

I returned the salutation with the addition of a "Fine day."

"Yes, it is," he replied. "Well, I guess we again touch 'terra firma' today, and I won't be very sorry either, even tho this ship is as fine as the Waldorf."

"Yes," I assented, "it feels good to get home again."

"Have you made out your declaration papers yet?" he asked.

"Why no, not yet. There's still—"

I stopped abruptly, for I had seen Smith come up, catch sight of us, and again descend.

Recollecting myself, I hastily finished the sentence, "There's still time till almost noon, and I'd rather do it later than just now."

Realizing that every minute I talked with him now meant a minute more for my friend, I strove desperately to keep up the conversation. But I quickly found that no effort on my part was necessary, for he was quite willing to talk.

"Well," he continued, "I've already made out my list. But, do you know, I'd have had a fine chance smuggling if I went in for that sort of thing. Just the other day I discovered a false bottom in my trunk."

This bald faced confession from such a man was a surprise, to say the least, but I managed to say, "Indeed! Then it's lucky for the U. S. Government that you're not a smuggler."

"Oh, the false trunk bottom they say is an old trick. I'd try something original if I wanted to smuggle. And yet, I don't know. Those customs officials are nothing but a bunch of boneheads. The last two times I came across, they insisted on making a search of even my person—I, who they might know would have nothing to conceal or smuggle. You know, even on this voyage I feel as if I were watched and I suppose I'll have to endure another such personal search by those idiots. You're lucky if you escape it. The old lunatics never found anything on me, nor ever will, yet they insist on almost pulling me to pieces."

This kind of talk from Waring was nothing new, and seeing Smith again come upon deck, I terminated the conversation as quickly as I could without giving offence, and sauntered down to my stateroom where I was quickly joined by my friend, for each of us had news.

Smith spoke first:

"Well, I believe I'm on to his little game."

"A false trunk bottom!" I exploded.

"Yes, you're right," replied my friend, his smile suddenly vanishing, "but how did you guess it?"

"I didn't guess it. Waring just told me that several days ago he discovered a false bottom in his trunk and suggested that if he were a smuggler an excellent chance offered itself to get something in duty free."

My friend's face was a brown study.

"Fool! I might have known that no old stager like he would attempt such an old worn-out trick," I heard him mutter, "and now it's too late to try again for I hear that little brat of a dog barking over in his room."

He again relapsed into deep thought. Finally rousing himself, he said:

"Well, it seems as if he had me treed. I guess there's nothing else to do but wait until he's examined at the Customs House."

Seeing that he wished to be alone with his thoughts, I left my friend and again went on deck. As I passed Waring's door a snarl from my canine enemy greeted my ears and I shook my fist at its unseen source, having not yet forgotten nor forgiven that bite in my

leg, and determined to have revenge at some future time. Waring himself was still on deck, and the sight of him reminded me that my declaration was yet to be made out and going down to my room again, I started on this duty.

I had just finished when there was a light tap on the door and my friend Smith entered with a gimlet in his hand. Seeing him with this weapon, I looked askance.

"Come over to my room which is next to Waring's and I'll explain."

I obeyed, wondering.

When we reached our destination, my friend spoke:

"I have another idea. I got this gimlet from the ship carpenter by a tip and now I'm going to bore a hole thru the partition between our rooms. There's a chance that Waring will come into his room before he goes ashore to take a last look at the place where the diamonds are concealed, and thus give me a clue to the hiding place. I know there's a mirror right opposite, so that I'll have a view of practically his entire room.

Quickly climbing upon a step ladder hastily improvised from a table and a chair, he bored a small hole through the wall close to the ceiling in such a way that it slanted slightly downward, and, as he had said, gave a view of the entire room. During the operation Waring's dog had made a good deal of noise, but when we became quiet, he likewise relapsed into silence.

We now took up our vigil. The minutes passed wearily away in silence. At last, however, we were rewarded for our patience. Waring entered his room, and I watched my friend's face anxiously. First there was a look of eager expectation and hope written on his features, but gradually there succeeded a look of blank disappointment as Waring again left the room.

Smith came down in silence.

"Well?" I asked.

"Nothing doing. He came in, got his baggage together to be taken up, and left with his dog. Unless I'm mistaken they're removing his luggage now."

Once again we were beaten. Our only hope now was that during the search in the Customs House the jewels would be found, a chance slim enough, since twice before Customs officers had failed to discover anything.

Completely puzzled and disappointed—for by this time I had taken as much interest in the affair as my friend—I had my own luggage carried on deck, preparatory to having the Customs officials make their search, for even now the little tugs were taking our mighty vessel to its appointed pier. Waring was again walking up and down the deck with his dog barking or snarling at something every few minutes. He wore an extremely unconcerned air, as if to show that nothing he had would be concealed from anybody. His peaceful calm irritated me

and I fervently prayed that he would be brought to justice.

But by this time the gang-plank had been dropped and people were already entering the Customs House. I had my own baggage placed near Waring's in order that I might keep an eye on him during the inspection and note any suspicious movement that should indicate the position of the jewels. His manner was apparently frank and open and I heard him loudly declare that a false bottom existed in his trunk, of the emptiness of which the officials quickly assured themselves. It was plain that my friend Smith was not the only one whom Waring had "guessing." The minutest search was made of all his belongings, but the closest scrutiny failed to reveal anything amiss. Waring was then taken into a private room to be personally examined, from which ordeal he came out still peacefully smiling and utterly unperturbed. The searchers were evidently at a loss what to do, but finally, after another look at his belongings, they were compelled to let him go. As they closed the lid of his trunk, a smile of triumph flickered across Waring's face for a moment.

At this point, when he was about to leave, I who was also turning away, accidentally stumbled over part of my baggage and tread heavily on the toes of the beast whose leash Waring had not once released during the examination. With a howl which was both a yelp and a snarl, he turned and with a sudden lunge tore the leash from Waring's hand and came after me. Nothing loath, I turned to meet him, since here an excellent excuse seemed to offer itself to chastise the beast for nipping my leg. He came at me like a little demon, and getting in my rear, before I could turn he took a mouthful of my trousers, and a ripping sound informed me that my new suit was ruined. Thoroughly incensed now I aimed a terrific blow with my cane at the pest. He was a little too quick for me, however, for he quickly jumped away and my descending stick struck only his tail. But imagine my horror when I saw my light weapon cleanly and completely cut off this member. My horror gave way to astonishment immediately, however, for as the tail flew thru the air, several large sparkling diamonds fell from its insides. Mechanically I gave the dog, who did not seem hurt by the blow, a kick which finished him. All of us, Waring included, were dumbfounded and stood rooted to the spot. Then Waring, recollecting himself, started in a dash for freedom. But it was too late; he had been anticipated, and crashing into two officials, after a short but fierce struggle he was subdued. When things quieted down, the strange phenomenon was easily explained. A long tail, cleverly fastened on a bob-tailed Irish terrier, had been the means of concealing \$500,000 worth of jewels.

E. R. KEITER, '15.

Our Great Loss.

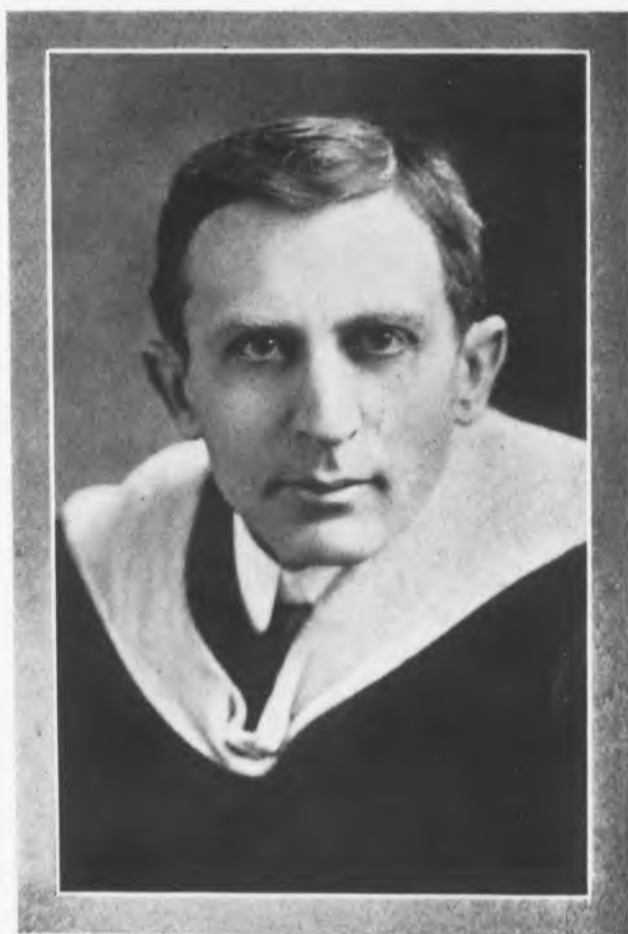
Great indeed was the shock felt by the student body when the death of the accomplished professor, Dr. Marks, was announced. This loss will be felt more strongly by the boys as time goes, because of the fact that Dr. Marks offered a course which is very much to be desired in a cultured education, and, besides this, his kindly services were of inestimable value to the Glee Club, which was only able to reach its great successes through his able help.

Aside from these facts, however, there is a greater loss which we as students suffered in this sad misfortune, and that is that a man with a kindly, yet strong, personality is taken from our midst. His influence has always been such as to make us better men and to give us an ideal. In him we could see what it meant to be always striving to reach the highest point of efficiency in our life's work, to do the work we had in hand to the best of our ability, and greater than this not to sacrifice the art in our work and make it a profession. It has been said, "The truly great you have always with you," and I am sure this will be said of Dr. Marks; that his influence will prevail among the students always, and in this we have the greatest legacy man can leave with us.

W. L. K. '13

Clement A. Marks

In the death of Clement A. Marks Allentown has lost one of its most widely known and popular citizens and our musical world has lost one of its most prominent leaders. As his book of life is balanced and its account forever closed, well may we pause and consider what manner of man he was whose untimely departure, in the very prime of life, has cast a gloom over the many men and women with whom he was wont to associate in daily intercourse. As a man Dr. Marks was genial and affable, the life of every gathering in which he happened to be. With a memory unusually retentive and ready to respond to every call, with a mind stored with what is best in art and literature, it is not at all strange that he should have been an excellent raconteur. As a thinker, he was independent; he formed his own opinions and never praised simply because others praised. He was a great reader and student outside of his own profession; but in musical history and biography he was especially well-versed. Endowed with a genuine musical temperament, he developed his native powers by means of unremitting work and study, availing himself of the best teachers and the most helpful musical and literary companionships within his reach. In the career of Dr. Marks we have a splendid illustration of the man making his environment and rising superior to the circumstances and the surroundings in which he was born. In the



CLEMENT A. MARKS
1864-1912

growth of his own ability and the consequent widening of his influence in the musical world, he ever held to the high ideals of art and life that characterized his entire career as a man, a citizen and an artist.

Excellent as he was as an executant, he will be remembered chiefly, however, not as an organist, not as a pianist, but as a great conductor. Here was his forte, here lay his strength. In this capacity he found the proper field in which to display the wonderful ability in leadership which for nearly twenty years held together an Oratorio Society of two hundred men and women, every one of whom not only held him in the highest love and esteem, but was willing to follow him in absolute devotion. On the conductor's platform Dr. Marks achieved his greatest musical triumphs. His interpretation always was based on a close and painstaking study of the composer and his times in addition to a thorough appreciation of the spirit and the purpose of the composition. The result was an intellectual interpretation that often proved a surprise, if not a revelation, to the artists that annually came from the musical centers of our country to assist in the rendition of the principal oratorios of the great masters. In the death of this distinguished director our community has sustained a loss that is well-nigh irreparable.

And what are the lessons of the life whose light has gone out so prematurely? First we find an unbounded enthusiasm without which no man can be a true leader and a real influence among men. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, is contagious; and this explains why Dr. Marks was as successful with the Children's Chorus as he was with the Oratorio Society. Young and old alike followed him, as men followed Orpheus of yore, under the spell of his inspiration. Next to his enthusiasm comes our friend's untiring industry, a genius for hard work, for which he laid down his life. In his devotion to his art, in his striving after perfection, no detail was too trivial, no tasks too arduous. To the talents thus developed in himself and his associates Allentown largely owes the prominent place which she now holds in the musical world. No more will he stand and wield the baton before his favorite Oratorio Society; but he has enshrined himself in the hearts of all its members and has left to our community a rich legacy of culture destined to increase in value with the passing of the years. Well may we believe that he has gone to join the chorus of those choice and kindred spirits in the other world whose Heavenly harmonies were but faintly foreshadowed by the triumphal tones of the "Hallelujah Chorus" on earth.

DR. G. T. ETTINGER, '80

Resolutions.

Whereas:—*God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst one beloved and highly respected professor of Music, Clement A. Marks, Mus. D., and*

Whereas:—*Our honored professor, Dr. Marks, was a man of honor and sterling worth whose influence was felt at home and abroad, a friend of students and a benefactor of our Alma Mater—:*

Be it resolved, *that the Student Body of Muhlenberg College, although bowing in humble submission to the dictates of the Divine Will, regard with deep sorrow and regret the loss of our professor and keenly feel that in his departure we have been bereft of a conscientious teacher, a faithful friend and a man of high Christian character. And further*

Be it resolved, *that the Student Body of Muhlenberg College extend their heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family in this, their hour of sorrow.*

Committee on Resolutions

CHAS. ESSER, '13.

M. H. RICHARDS, '13

H. P. CRESSMAN, '13.

Old One Hundred.



It was a pretty church. The walls were beautifully frescoed, the furnishings rich and harmonious, and the windows subdued the light and effected that air of softness in itself so eminently religious an atmosphere. Certainly, all that money could do for the furtherance of the Lord's interests had been done in the splendid edifice. On this particular Spring morning even Nature seemed resolved that the Sunday should be ideal;

for a scarcely perceptible breeze stirred, and the sun shone with a warmth particularly pleasant after the rigor of a New York winter.

And so, as the Rev. John Chandler walked slowly into the church, a short time before the opening of the service, he felt that indeed it was good to be alive. His mood remained throughout the whole service, too—for never had the people listened more attentively to his sermon; never had the music been more appropriate, and that stranger in the rear pew had dropped into the plate a contribution which fairly staggered Elder Shaw, into whose plate it fell. So it was small wonder that, after the benediction, he involuntarily hummed over and over, to himself, the tune of the old doxology which had closed the service.

It was the kind of congregation one would expect to see in such a church. Mrs. Shallon was there. She was considered the most elaborate entertainer in the city, and so was naturally President of half a dozen Church societies. Mrs. Trail and her husband, (mind you, not Mr. and Mrs. Trail, but Mrs. Trail and her husband), were in attendance. Jack Morton had come too. He had just returned from his wedding trip and around his bride the interests seemed, at least, to be centered. Poor girl, this was not of her seeking. She would much rather have gone home, but no, "We are just dying to meet Jack's wife. Why we knew him when he was such a little fellow! And to think that he has gotten along so well And married!"—thus spoke Mrs. Shallon, queen and followers. And so their ponderous dignity bore down upon Bertha Morton with wreaths of smiles, and showers of welcome. Poor girl indeed. She knew that she had been Jack's stenographer. And she knew that because of that she could never "become just exactly one of us, you know"—until such a time as President-of-the-Charity-Board, Mrs. Shallon, and President-of-the-Social-Circle, Mrs. Trail chose to forget it; and so she accepted the sweet words accordingly. And big Jack Morton, who worshipped his pretty wife, was delighted to see her so socially mixing with the ladies whom he had grown to regard of his set. Fool that he was. He was too guileless to know. When a dog is angry, he barks in the face of his enemy, and bites. When a man is enraged, he seeks his antagonist, swears per-

haps, and hits him openly. But not so the fairer sex. When a woman, for some reason or other dislikes another, she glides (or in the case of Mrs. Shallon, into whose five feet four inches were compressed a hundred and eighty pounds—in her case to repeat—she waddles) up to the object of her discontent and praises her figure, admires her clothing, thinks her children—if she is so unfashionable as to have such things—the dearest little cherubims. And all of this in a manner which leaves the said object in no way deceived. So Bertha Morton, who was no fool for all of her beauty, perfectly understood, and defended herself as she could, and smiled to make Jack happy.

And the Reverend John Chandler glowed with inward gratitude as he saw the people under his charge conversing so sociably—and in so friendly a manner welcoming Bertha Morton; and thought of the power religion has to make one love one's neighbor.

But the stranger in the back pew, who was waiting to speak to John Chandler, could not but overhear Bertha's series of chats. And, too, he was sufficiently a judge of human nature to see their real meaning. Moreover, he was well enough acquainted in business circles to recognize in Elder Trail the owner of that North End Silk Mill where a thousand children gave life and soul for a penny; and he was enough of a politician to see in Deacon Shallon the rottenest grafter who had ever occupied the chair of the mayor's office.

"But hush, stranger, don't speak of that. Trail's bucket shop and child labor profits gave us our carpet! Shallon's gains were the means of furnishing our whole chancel! These are 'good, christian citizens' of whom you speak!"

"Besides, Mrs. Shallon was never a stenographer! Mrs. Trail never vulgarly labored! So it is perfectly all right that in this house of God, 'Grafter Shallon' shall be Deacon Shallon—and Trail is the very acme of piety when, with hands folded and eyes closed he reckons profits and losses during the prayers!"

And if the stranger—as he thought of the hundreds of lives which had been ruined by Trail's bucket shop activities, of the children who were being crushed into automata in his mills; when he recollected Shallon's deal with the trolley company—and his scandal concerning the street paving; and saw the positions their dirty money had bought them in this place, built to the praise of the Almighty—when he turned and saw youthful Bertha Morton gamely fighting against such odds—I say when he thought of these things, shall we call him a cynic, if he frowned as he looked around the beautiful church—and felt the spirit of peacefulness instead, when he gazed outside upon beautiful, non-intriguing Nature? Shall we?

And the Rev. John Chandler, blissfully ignorant of the nature of his flock, still chanted softly to himself—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." And Nature herself smiled.

HAL '13.

Tables Turned.



AP-P-P, bang—"What's up; all right; in a minute," cried Jimmy Smith, the freshman, as he threw open his door.

"That's it freshie, now hurry up, slide into your clothes and don't do any fooling, else we will have to take you in hand."

Jimmy chuckled inwardly. This was the great opportunity for which he had been waiting so long. Jimmy had his clothes all ready and was into them in a few seconds. He knew that this was the night set for the freshman hazing and as a consequence none found him napping. He had made full preparations for the event. Jimmy was something of an artist, having tried his hand at many things. While in the employ of a moving-picture concern, he had learned how to paint artificial wounds. So before going to bed he placed upon his breast what was an exact reproduction of a deadly bullet wound surrounded with clots of blood. In the act of dressing, he pulled over his head a shirt with a small hole to agree with the wound and provided on the inside with extra sacks filled with blood red fluid. The back pocket of his trousers held a beautiful little, smooth action revolver filled with blanks. To better conceal the weapon he had heavily padded the pocket. Thus with a movement or two Jimmy was ready; seized by the masked Sophomores, his hands bound behind him and his eyes blindfolded.

Again he was warned, "No funny business." And again Jimmy chuckled. Just wait his turn would come. But with all this Jimmy felt a slight uneasiness. What if all his plans would not carry? They might not release his hands. They might not put him anywhere near the switch. These thoughts were not allowed to remain long.

"That's right, freshie. Do it again." These words of encouragement were spoken to him on his way to the scene of action.

Jimmy had entered Strafford College that fall, and had taken very well with all the fellows. He was training with the foot-ball men and would most likely make the varsity. But Jimmy deserved popularity. He was an extraordinary chap. He had a knack of always doing something novel and unusual. He always knew an opportunity when it came along. Jimmy had heard about previous hazings and he realized from the preparation which his quickness of wit discerned, that the self important class above him would do no better. The Sophomores and upper classmen would have a little sport with them and then the affair would end. That is, if Jimmy did not interrupt the general course of events. To repeat, Jimmy liked opportunities, usually saw them, and invariably took them. He always had a way of

seeing more than other fellows. The simplest object had some peculiarity to him. So it is not to be wondered at that so small and insignificant a thing as a fuse box should give him a clue to some fun on hazing night. On being sent one night to the abandoned gym for some foot-ball togs, he observed this very ordinary fuse box and noticed that it was in easy reach of one standing on the floor. Jimmy began to think. The removal or breaking of that little fuse plug would mean total darkness in the entire building. And in this building he would be hazed with his class on the fourteenth, just ten days off. The result of all this thought was: The bullet wound so neatly painted on his breast, the extra bags of blood and the revolver lying snugly in his back pocket. More than this, Jimmy had his nerve with him and was ready.

Jimmy's guides were several of the quieter Sophomores, so he had an easy time with them. Before reaching the old gym he had gained complete mastery of himself. He needed it though. Jimmy was impatient of the many worn out and stale devices of the hazing. True, the Sophs laughed and had great sport with the freshmen. Jimmy hummed complacently. His turn was coming. What is it—"He who laughs last—"

"Here freshmen, line up for your picture." "Smith you get in on the end, back row. I'll take your bandage off. Now hold this banner over your head."

Is there such a thing as luck? Sure. Wasn't Jimmy standing along side of that clumsy old-fashioned fuse? Wouldn't a quick movement of his elbow dislodge the fuse and plunge the room in darkness?

"Ready? All look this way now." The flash was ready and went off a second before the camera clicked.

The room was pitch black; the sound of a revolver echoed throughout the building.

"Help! Murder! O! God, I'm shot," came in agonizing howls from Jimmy and then he fell with a heavy thud to the floor.

Terror and panic seized all. The lights would not burn. What was to be done? Gradually, matches began to flicker here and there. Bob Burton rushed to the telephone and called the hospital. None dared approach Jimmy. Finally Burton returned and by the light of a match examined the pallid face of Jimmy and saw his bosom covered with blood which continued to flow from the hidden bags. However he feared to touch his shirt, as he perceived that Jimmy still lived.

Presently the ambulance was heard clattering along at a great pace and awakening the entire campus with its noise. Lights appeared in all the professors' houses located about the campus. The young doctor and pretty nurse rushed into the gym and on first glance gave a discouraging word to the anxious throng. Quickly they placed him on the stretcher and carried him to the wagon, leaving the entire student body and teaching staff to spend a very tedious night.

"So far so good," thought Jimmy. But now for the real ordeal. Here was a young doctor hauled out of bed at three A. M. merely to help carry out a farce to its finish. Jimmy sat bolt upright, determined to make short work of the ugly affair. The doctor stared, frowned, and then endeavored to make his delirious patient lie down. Jimmy meant business and so persisted.

"Say, Doc, did you ever see such a washed out looking bunch before? You know this was hazing night and I simply went one better on the wise fools. This was the only way that the farce could have been ended without spoiling it."

The doctor looked uncertain for a second and then appreciating the humor of the situation, his face broke into a broad grin. Jimmy had won.

"Now, Doctor, might I make one request?"

"Go ahead."

"Well, don't give out any information concerning my condition until about nine in the morning." Then Jimmy fell asleep.

F.K.B.



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Don't be balking, don't be shirking,
Gather items every day.
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Do your share to ease the worry
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Drawings for the cuts we need
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All of these and many more
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Entered at the Allentown Post Office as Second-class matter.

Editorial.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found tributes to the memory of our beloved professor of music, Dr. Clement A. Marks. Such an unexpected blow fell with consequently greater force upon us all. His place at college cannot easily be filled. Suffice it to say, that he has made the world better for his having lived and he is missed. To accomplish these two things is to have fulfilled one's life work, and this has he done most successfully.



Why not have optional membership in our literary societies? Under the present system there is a certain air of "Have to" surrounding what should be the most enjoyable part of the college's activities. Under compulsion the natural tendency is to shirk all opportunities and hence the work of the societies is not entered into with any real enthusiasm. Spirit is at its height in the opening weeks when plans are made for securing new members and then languishes the rest of

the year. A new man, no matter how lofty his ideals, sooner or later falls into the general spirit of indifference and thus keeps it alive.

Optional membership would create more interest by interesting only those willing to work for their own betterment. The lazy and indifferent might even be changed into active participants by the more lively atmosphere. Farcical elections would also cease, an item of too great frequency at present.

Even greater efforts would be put forth to secure new men than before and even the long hoped for inter-society debate might occur.

Let us then try the plan, at least, and judge by its points whether or not it is worth while.

§ § § §

Owing to some mistake of the publisher, which we are at a loss to explain, the picture of our gritty quarterback, Reisner, was omitted from the list of veterans published in our last issue. We feel keenly the error and trust that this notice may somewhat allay any feelings of bitterness which may have arisen in the offended one's breast.

§ § § §

The eighth annual conference of The Eastern Union of Student Volunteers will be held this year at Princeton, N. J., on November 22-24. The program which starts Friday evening, November 22, promises to be an exceptionally strong one, having on it such men as Mr. K. E. Speer, Dr. Jouett, of New York City, and Mr. H. P. Beach, of Yale.

Entertainment while at Princeton will be provided for the delegates without charge. The only necessary expense will be a 50c registration fee. The fare from Allentown to Princeton is about \$3.50.

It is the earnest wish and desire that as many men as possible will attend and bring back to Muhlenberg the message of the conference, a greater Christian Brotherhood.

Applications will be received up to November 18. For further particulars see C. G. Toebke.

§ § § §

The Third Lutheran Student Missionary Conference will be held at Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, on December 5-8. The program, although not definitely arranged, promises to be of a striking nature, since in connection with this conference the Lutheran Historical Society and the Lutheran Educators Conference will also hold their meetings, thus affording a choice of speakers which otherwise would be impractical on account of expense.

There will be no registration fee. A free will offering will be received to defray the expenses. Entertainment will be provided free of charge to all delegates.. All applications must be in by December 1st.

Our sincere wish is that some of the men will attend this convention and bring back to us the news of the Home, Foreign and Inner Mission work of our Lutheran Church.

The President of the M. C. A. will be glad to furnish any information that may be desired.

The season of Thanksgiving festivities is rapidly approaching. To many it means fulfillment of an earnest desire to return home to parents, brothers and sisters, and good friends; to others merely a welcome relief from the grinding toil of preparing lessons. Whatever it may mean to us, let each one try to carry out the real meaning of the day, which is so often crowded out in this worldly wise, hustling commercial age of ours.

Simplified Spelling.

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside,"
But when the new is innovation bold
Stick longest then to what is best and old.

Modus Operandi.

Just shorten this word by two letters or three;
Just cut out this letter; to "i" change this "e";
Phonetics should govern where diphthongs confound,
And "doubles" and "silents" should sparely abound.
We'll treat each word fairly and stay within bounds;
To extremes we'll not go without surest of grounds;
You know that some words are awfully tough (tuff),
And 'tis foolish to have children learn all that stuff.
But simplified spelling requires no rule (rool)
To be made for the learning of spelling at school (skule);
For 'tis simpl and pritty and ezily lernd,
And shood not by skollers be slited and spurnd (spernd).

Onus Probandi.

Simplified Spelling—say what is it like?
Like a home where attractions are narrowed and few;
Like a scene that is fashioned to suit some queer view;
Like a painting that's robbed of its color effect;
Like a cloud by the light of the sun seldom flecked;
Like music confined to an octave or less;
Like the life of a child where few home comforts bless;
Like speech almost tuned to a mere monotone;
Like language retaining few words of its own;
Like business that's curtailed to rake in the cash;
Like something that's nearest to what is termed trash.

GRUBER '77.



Athletics.

ELMER L. LEISEY, '14, Editor.



UHLBERG opened her season auspiciously by making a great showing on the field and the stands on March field in Easton. The game is in every way a credit to Muhlenberg and a source of encouragement to her supporters. The Lafayette-Muhlenberg Special of the Lehigh Valley carried almost the entire student body, together with a number of our friends, to Easton and none were disappointed. They saw a game replete with sensational plays and spectacular exhibitions of football under the new rules. The treatment Muhlenberg received from her sister institution was splendid, much to the credit of the Easton collegians. It was a hard fought but clean game, witnessed by a record breaking opening crowd. Lafayette won the toss and kicked to Muhlenberg. The ball came back to the 30 yard line where Muhlenberg was forced to kick. Lafayette made one first down and was also held for downs. There was an exchange of punts where Lafayette gained as her ends covered Fehr's punts in good style. Scheeran, after a nice run, scored first touchdown. In a series of forward passes and a recovered fumble Lafayette scored again in the second quarter. The prettiest play of the game was that of Groff tackling Gross, thus holding Lafayette for downs. Copley was seriously injured but stayed in the game, displaying true Muhlenberg spirit. Fehr intercepted a forward pass and scored the last time for Lafayette. After that Muhlenberg settled down and held for downs every time. Fetherolf, although a new man, put up a game fight against Capt. Benson, the tower of strength of Lafayette's defensive line. Two forward passes in rapid succession put Muhlenberg within scoring distance and Vreeland kicked a pretty field goal.

The management can do no better than book Lafayette again for next year as the trip and game were indeed a most enjoyable occasion. it was a good beginning and all indications point toward a successful season.

The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg		Lafayette
Fetherolf	C.	Benson, Capt.
Roderick	R. G.	Woodward
Copley	R. T.	Beyer (Holmes)
Capt. Bixler	R. E.	Bockas (Diamond)
Katz	L. G.	Royer
Sermulin	L. T.	Wagonhurst
Hubbard	L. E.	Furry (Stone)
Groff	Q. B.	Gross (Steele)
Heuer	L. H. B.	Scheeran (Landis)
Vreeland	R. H. B.	Brown (Gross)
Skean	F. B.	Fehr

Referee, Gillander (Penn); Umpire, Moffit (Princeton); Linesman, Mulford (Penn). Touchdowns, Fehr, Gross, Scheeran. Goals from touchdown, Fehr 2. Goals from field, Vreeland.

Muhlenberg vs. N. Y. U.

Muhlenberg travelled to New York on Saturday in a special coach to struggle with their old rivals, N. Y. U. Fortune seemed to favor the Manhattan boys as chance after chance to score was frustrated.

As the second period was drawing to a close, the ball had been worked down to within a few yards of the Gothamites' goal line. It was directly in front of the goal posts and Captain Bixler elected to take a chance on Vreeland kicking a goal from placement. The kick would have been an easy one but, before the ball could be passed, the whistle blew, terminating the period. Again in the third period only two New Yorkers were between Bixler and the goal, one of whom he hurdled and the other had been laid low by Roderick, when, to the dismay of the faithful rooters who accompanied the team, Bixler fell. Before he could rise a New Yorker was upon him and the chance went a glimmering.

With these two chances gone for naught it looked as if the team had pulled the game out of the fire when the New York quarter was thrown behind the goal for a safety. With scarcely more than a minute to play a forward pass was intercepted by one of the New York backfield men. Then the ball was rushed down the field by a succession of line plunges which enabled a New Yorker to wriggle across the line for a touch-down which spelled victory.

The Muhlenberg team was without the services of Heuer, the back, who played such a good game against Lafayette, and Fetherolf,

who gave Benson, the Lafayette center, such a battle. Both were sick during the week and were unable to get into their togs. Cheering news was imparted to Muhlenberg supporters when it was announced that "Big Jim" Flexer will again be seen in a Muhlenberg uniform.

The line-up follows:

	Positions	N. Y. University
Muhlenberg	L. E.	Betche
Coleman (Hubbard)	L. T.	Dutcher
Sermulin	L. G.	Dressler
Katz	C.	Torrence
Loser	R. G.	Bristol
Roderick	R. T.	Vesley
Copley	R. E.	Huntley
Bixler	L. H. B.	Brown
Cumfer	R. H. B.	McNalley (McDermott)
Vreeland	F. B.	McKay
Skean		

Quarters—Ten minutes. Referee, W. B. Coches (Wisconsin); Umpire, I. Saudners (Columbia). Linesman, H. Fisher (Columbia).

Muhlenberg vs. Hillman.

Harry Hillman Academy proved a poor substitute for St. Stephen's College as Muhlenberg beat them decisively in her first home game. Coach Blake's boys sadly lacked team work. Early in the first half Hubbard scored the first touchdown of the game when he caught a forward pass and raced across the line. Vreeland kicked an easy goal. Shortly afterwards the Hillman team lost the ball on another attempted forward pass on their own 25 yard line. Several rushes put the ball in a position on the ten yard line from where Brubacker plunged through for the second touchdown. Again Vreeland kicked the goal. That ended the scoring for the first period. Early in the second quarter Laudenslager ran around Hillman's right end, and after a thirty-five yard race, planted the ball behind the posts. Once more Vreeland sent the ball whirling over the bar. Brennan, a new man, replaced Brubacker and went through the center of Hillman's line and, although tackled by several Hillman men, went behind the line for the fourth and last touchdown of the game.

Following the call of time for the rest between the second and third quarters Kelly made many changes in his line-up. Every one of the substitute men showed up well, but the Hillman team also took a brace and for the first time during the game succeeded in getting a first down. Several forward passes were successfully executed by the visitors, but they lost the most of the ground gained in this manner by

penalties for infractions of the rules. Line-up:

Muhlenberg	Positions.	Hillman
Hubbard	L. E.	Weidaw
Sermulin	L. T.	Hughes
Katz (Ritter) (E. Loser)	L. G.	Conwell
P. Loser	C.	Ward
Ritter	R. G.	Bollach
Roderick (Copley) (Flexer)	R. T.	Weiss
Laudenslager (Quinn)	R. E.	Brown
Groff (Laudenslager) (Groff)	Q. B.	Rubstein
Heuer	L. H. B.	Fallon
Vreeland	R. H. B.	Dubors
Brennan (Brubacker)	F. B.	Leaur

Touchdown, Hubbard, Brubecker, Laudenslager, Brennan. Goals from touchdowns, Vreeland, 4. Referee, Sinclair (Swarthmore); Head Linesman, Douglas (Wyoming); Umpire, Ellicott (Lafayette).

Muhlenberg vs. Webb:

Muhlenberg's football eleven on Saturday simply overwhelmed the Webb Academy team, running up a total of 55 points to 0. While the New Yorkers were outplayed at every stage of the game they won the admiration of the small crowd of spectators by the plucky way they stuck to their guns, playing their best game in the last period when they held the cardinal and grey team scoreless.

The Muhlenberg team showed that they are now in good shape to meet the strong teams they play from now until the end of the season. Every variety of attack was used successfully against the Webb Academy and the visitors were bewildered at times by the way the local collegians shifted their plays. The forward pass was used for long gains, but the only attempt at a goal from placement was blocked. This is the last easy game and the real test of Muhlenberg's strength will be displayed in her Gettysburg, Franklin & Marshall, Lehigh and Ursinus games.

Muhlenberg	Positions	Webb Academy
Hubbard (Quinn) (Zeimer)	L. E.	R. Smith (Clemmons)
Flexer (Ritter)	L. T.	.. Noyes
Katz (Ritter)	L. G.	Wiley
Fetherolf	C.	Berry
Roderick	R. G.	Dohn
Sermulin	R. T.	Simmons
Bixler (Laudenslager) (Nenow)	R. E.	Wells (Haigan)
Groff (Reisner)	Q. B.	Warren
Heuer (Brubacker)	L. H.	Drowe (Curtis)
Vreeland	R. H.	Wilson (Pratt)
Skean	F.	Kimpchild

Touchdowns—Skean, 4; Vreeland, Heuer, Fetherolf, Brubecker. Goals from touchdowns—Vreeland, 7. Referee—Dietrich, Lafayette. Head Linesman—Shalter, Allentown Prep. Time of periods—10 and 12 min.

Muhlenberg vs. Delaware.

Muhlenberg's eleven returned victorious from Newark, Delaware, late Saturday night, October the 28th, after having defeated the Delaware University team by a 21 to 0 score. The game was hard fought throughout but the Muhlenberg goal line was never in danger. Besides being defeated the Delaware team lost heavily by the injuring of Captain Huston, the quarterback, and halfback Cann, both of whom had collar bones broken. A peculiar feature of the injuring of the Delawareites was the fact that they were received in the first and last play of the game. Cann was hurt when he tackled Skean after the latter took the ball on the kickoff. Captain Houston received his when a Muhlenberg player tackled him after he caught a forward pass just before the final whistle sounded. The game was played on a heavy field, the furrows in which wheat was planted during the summer making fast work impossible.

LINEUP.

Delaware.		Muhlenberg.
S. Loomis	L. E.	Hubbard
Dean	L. T.	Flexer
Vangegrift	L. G.	Katz
Rudolph	C.	Fetherolf
E. Loomis	R. G.	Sermulin
Kelly	R. T.	Bixler, capt.
Huston, capt.	Q. B.	Groff
Cann	R. H.	Heuer
Carswell	L. H.	Vreeland
Hitschmann	F. B.	Skeen

Substitutes, Delaware, Taylor for Cann, Crothers for Rudolph, Horthy for Taylor, Groff for S. Loomis and Pepper for Vandegrift; Muhlenberg, Ruderick for Sermulin, Ritter for Roderick, P. Loserr for Fetherolf, Sermulin for Vreeland, E. Loser for Heuer, Reisner for Groff, Laudenslager for Hubbard and Roderick for Copley. Touchdowns, Skean 2, Bixler. Goals, Vreeland 2, Sermulin. Referee, Dr. M. S. Bennett of U. of P. Umpire, George A. Sigman of Lafayette. Time of periods, 10 minutes.

Of Local Interest.



HARRY CRESSMAN, '13, Editor.

Muhlenberg's 1912 Fall Lecture course is, with one exception, a thing of the past. The lectures this year were better attended than ever before and show that the towns-people are awakening to the fact that it is possible to hear good lectures at the expense of the college. The first speaker, Prof. G. Philips, Ph. D., of the West Chester Normal School, in his talk on "Schools and Schoolmasters Abroad," gave us a very interesting picture of European scholastic life. Prof. Schelling, Ph. D., Litt. D., L.L. D., of the University of Pennsylvania, presented a learned discussion, October 10, on "A Retrospect of Browning," and gave us a good medium view of the poet, neither condemning him entirely nor lauding him to the skies. Wm. E. Griffis, D. D., L.L. D., on October 24, gave us a lengthy discussion on "Mighty England; Our Old Home." He covered an immense amount of ground, socially, politically and architecturally, and showed us the immensity of the subject under discussion.

§ § § §

Altho we admire the economical man, we have no use for the fellow who courts his lady friend and exhibits his wit and winning ways to her during the course of a lecture so as to save the price of car-fare or perhaps a treat that might be incurred if he called at her home.

Blatt '13 (after dinner)—Gee, I ate too much.

Kuhns S (disgustedly)—Aw, cut out your sarcasm.

§ § § §

The first "Football Smoker" was held in "The Commons" on October 16. The meeting was addressed by Profs. Brown, Bossard and Bailey; Coach Kelly represented the team, Rev. Rausch and Dr. Seip brought tidings from the alumni and a fitting climax to the meeting was given by Prof. Reese who gave us one of his famous loyalty talks. Songs, cheers and smokes formed agreeable breaks in the flight of time and with the "Alma Mater" as the closing song, all hands adjourned. The meeting was a howling success and spirit took a decided boost. A few more and we will surpass last season's brilliant exhibition of support.

§ § § §

One of the speakers told us a hot one in the course of his lecture—in Germany they adjourn school as soon as the thermometer reaches 79 degrees.

§ § § §

College spirit is gauged by the number of touchdowns the varsity eleven scores.

§ § § §

The "Bull Moose" Club, in true accord with its Progressive namesake, was the first political club to organize at college. It has become famous for its activity and bids fair to be the strongest club at Muhlenberg. The men who have been chosen to lead the local campaign are: President, J. I. Meck '13; Vice President, Norgang '14; Secretary-Treasurer, Schmoyer '15.

§ § § §

Inspired by the example of the "Bull Moosers" the Woodrow Wilson Club reorganized and elected Paul Loser '13, President; Grammes '14, Vice President; E. Unangst '14, Secretary, and Bagger '15 as Treasurer. They expect to unite with the Wilson League of Pennsylvania, and we wish them all success in their efforts.

§ § § §

Mused the wrecker as he watched the storm-tossed ship: I don't give a RAPP if the BILLOW-s roll, the waters COOK and BOYLE and the winds ROHR, if only they RAKER from stem to stern.

§ § § §

During the past week the interior of "The Commons" was beautified by a large Muhlenberg banner, 15x6 feet, presented by the Senior (1913) Class of college.

§ § § §

Ask Drehs '13 about his theory of "Development" and watch him blush.

The usual fall series of Chapel talks was opened by Dr. Haas on the morning of October 3, when he spoke to us on the college man's "Ideals." He was followed the next week by the Rev. Dr. Charles Fry of Catasauqua, who had as his theme, "Service," and used the life and actions of Theodore Roosevelt, especially after the attempted assassination, as the center of his discourse. Rev. Schindel of Allentown, addressed us the morning after the death of Dr. Marks, professor of music at college, and showed us several lessons to be drawn from the life of Dr. Marks, urging us to apply them to ourselves, so that when we die the world will regret our loss and our place will be hard to fill, if not impossible.

§ § § §

Dr. Haas, to Juniors who were hilarious, "If I thought you gentlemen contracted your laughing habit from the nurses who come out here and laugh so loudly, I would report at the hospital.

Norgang '14—Why Doctor, sick?

§ § § §

Ziemer '14, wishing to know if the corpse looked emaciated, could not understand why the fellows laughed when he asked in a sympathetic tone, "Did he look emancipated?" We admit that there is some similarity between the words since when emaciated you are free from flesh and in emancipation you are free from labor, and if you are free from the flesh you are a mere imponderable indefinable something somewhere and therefore free from labor and so Harry was not so far from the right word. His subtle philosophy however was too much for the ordinary mind and as a result he was ridiculed. Cheer up, Ziemer, such is the fate of all philosophers, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, etc., but look at their fame after their death. We would advise you to gamble on the chances and die to gain fame.

§ § § §

We are pleased to note that the M. C. A. is at work again and wish it much success. A Christian Association is one of the strongest factors for the advancement of college ideals and benefits and its Bible study classes offer an opportunity for gathering of students to study a text, the most common and let known among the average laymen. There are always those who scoff Bible study so as to turn the peoples' attention from their own ignorance but these scoffers are in the minority and we are pleased to say that the classes at Muhlenberg are always well attended, which fact speaks well for the average intelligence of our student body.

§ § § §

Bagger '15 (to Werner waiting in kitchen)—Well, what are you waiting for?

Werner '15—A dollar a week.

The Classical Club had its first meeting on October 24 and organized for the coming year. It was decided that during the first half of the term a Greek text, "The Birds" by Aristophanes, would be read and in the latter half a Latin text would be studied so as to accommodate the Latin students. This organization's membership is confined to the upper classes and draws a large gathering each meeting.

Oft to every verdant Freshman
Comes the Sophomore in his pride,
Quoting rules and regulations,
Junior, Senior never heard.

M. C. A.

The Christian Association has begun a new year and is striving to attain its proper position at the head of all college organizations. It certainly deserves this position and all the students ought to help it to attain it, for the M. C. A. has their common interests as its object and purpose. It stands for the truly vital social relations which ought to exist among the fellows and endeavors to foster and encourage a spirit of Christian fellowship. This certainly ought to appeal to every fellow at college and here is an opportunity for him to benefit both his institution and himself by taking a hand in the good work.

As heretofore, classes are being held each week in which a study of the "Will of God" and its relations to each individual, is pursued. This year the Cabinet, Toebeke, Fry, Reisner, and Bagger, decided to have more interesting group meetings if at all possible, and so have arranged to have the classes meet in the dormitories. There are four classes, one for Juniors and Seniors, one for Sophomores, one for Freshmen, and one for day-students of every class who may wish to take an active part in the work. The classes have each met several times and are proceeding nicely. It is the earnest wish of the cabinet that all the men will come out and give these meetings a trial. If they can offer suggestions they will be received gladly. At all events let each one give the matter personal consideration and attention. Look up the notices which are posted and come around and get into line for a real active year of Christian work.



Passenger—"Why do you say you can't give me fried eggs?"

Waiter—"De cook say, sah, dat de road from here on am so rough dat every time he tries to fry aigs, dey scrambles."—Ex.

Longfellow and Football.

Paint me not in glowing colors,
Football as a gentle game
By which heroes, with hard labor,
Can achieve undying fame.

When first you go upon the field
Flying footballs fill the air.
If still nearer you will venture
You may hear the coaches swear.

Candidates rush hither, thither,
Chasing the elusive ball;
Here and there upon the greensward
You may see a greenhorn sprawl.

Lying where some veteran threw him,
In a tackle or a rush,
Unless luck is with the victim,
He will shortly turn to mush.

Lives of football men remind us
We should strive to do our best,
And in falling furnish cushions
On which stronger men may rest.

Cushions for two hundred pounders,
They will fall upon your chest,
Break your ribs, cave in your breast bone,
Then you'll live among the blest.

Let us then be up and scrubbing,
Learn to tackle without fear.
We must work and we must suffer
For the team we hold most dear.

B. L. '13.





Alumni Notes.

Robert C. Horn '00, Editor.

'02 The Rev. Frank M. Urich, formerly pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, at Quakertown, Pa., was installed as associate pastor at the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Trinity. He will assist the Rev. S. A. K. Francis, who has been the pastor of this congregation since its organization 48 years ago. Upon his 50th anniversary, Doctor Francis plans to retire as pastor emeritus, when the Rev. Mr. Urich will succeed him. The Rev. Dr. E. T. Horn, of the Lutheran Seminary at Mt. Airy, and President of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, officiated at the installation service, assisted by the Rev. Gomer C. Rees, pastor of Christ Church, Chestnut Hill. Upon graduating from Muhlenberg College in 1902, Mr. Ulrich attended the University of Pennsylvania, and later was graduated from the Lutheran Seminary at Mt. Airy.

'03 Dr. Joseph M. Weaver, of Allentown, and Miss Frances Pierson Jones, of Meadville, Pa., were married at Baltimore by Rev. Dr. H. D. Newcomer. The bride is a sister of Arthur Pierson, of the executive staff of William H. Taylor & Co., this city, and has been a frequent visitor in this city for a number of years. Dr. Joseph Milton Weaver is a son of J. D. Weaver, a retired contractor. He was graduated from Allentown High School with the class of 1899, and completed his course at Muhlenberg College four years later, when he received the degree of Bachelor of Science. He graduated in medicine

from Medico Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, in 1906, and was chosen an interne for Allentown Hospital the same year. He remained at this institution the usual term, one year, and then began the active practice at his home, No. 947 Walnut Street, where he has remained, establishing a practice which has assumed flattering proportions in a short time. He is now on the staff of the hospital as pathologist, a position which he has held for several years.

While at Muhlenberg College, Dr. Weaver was associated with the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity; he took an active part in the work of research societies during his term at medical school, and since entering service practice has become associated with the American Medical Society, Pennsylvania State Medical Society and Lehigh County Medical Society.

'08 In the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives in Trinity Lutheran Church, at West Bethlehem, Miss Mabel E. Snyder, elder daughter of Harvey Snyder, and Rev. Charles R. Keiter, of Wildwood, N. J., were married by Rev. Dr. W. D. C. Keiter, the father of the Bridegroom, and Rev. Luther Lazarus, pastor of the church of which the bride is a member and of which the bridegroom, during his residence in West Bethlehem, was also a member. The bridegroom is the older son of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. D. C. Keiter. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1908; U. of P., 1909, and Mt. Airy Seminary, 1912.

'09 The Rev. J. W. Whitteker, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, officiated at the weddings of his son and daughter. Miss Georgia A. Whitteker he gave in marriage and wedded to Arthur Rood, of Pen Yan, N. J., and his son, the Rev. Herman D. Whitteker, he married to Miss Anna Catherine Hess at the home of Miss Hess' father, William J. Hess, in Quarryville.

'11 Robert E. Kline '11, of No. 122 North Fifth St., son of Rev. Robert H. Kline, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, has entered the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, in New York City.

Edgar F. Romig, of No. 223 North Tenth St., son of J. Harvey Romig, has gone to New York to enter Union Theological Seminary as a middler. He studied last year at the Reformed Church Theological Seminary in Lancaster. In New York also he will take advanced studies at Columbia University.

Reflection.

"Since Nellie's engagement how bright and happy she looks."

"Yes, a match does light up a girl's face so."—Ex.

"Sing a song of Roast Beef, gone beyond recall,
Only millionaires can now afford to live at all.
Tripe is twenty cents an ounce and steak we cannot buy
So what's the use of living?—'Cause it costs too much to die."



JOHN I. MECK, '13

The number of exchanges received during the past month is very encouraging. Many of these were with us last year and several new exchanges have been received. We are glad to welcome "Our College Times," of Elizabethtown College; "The College Weekly," of Haverford College, and "The Lafayette Weekly," of Lafayette College. We notice that quite a number of colleges publish a weekly in connection with their monthly papers, others simply publish a weekly. We believe the time is coming when Muhlenberg will publish a weekly paper. It is through the monthly magazine that the literary department can be developed while the weekly paper can take care of local news items, athletic, literary society and M. C. A. announcements.

"Our College Times," of Elizabethtown College, presents a neat appearance and shows a good arrangement of material with attractive department cuts. A conspicuous omission, however, is that of an athletic department, which is needed to give a paper a proper balance.

It is a pleasure to receive "Old Penn," the weekly review of the University of Pennsylvania. It is an excellent example of a well balanced journal. Everyone should read the address of Dr. Edward T. Devine on "The Abolition of Poverty" in the issue of October 19, 1912. The department of athletics is very interesting.

"The Thielensian." A more appropriate cover could have been selected for your paper. The material of the paper is good, especially the essay on "The Mathematics of the Alexandrian school." How about department cuts? Illustrations tend to make the interior of a paper attractive.

Otterbein Aegis, of Otterbein University, Westerville, O., has made an announcement that each issue will be a special number and from the two numbers already received we believe the staff is hard at work to make a success of it. The October number is much better than the September number, having more literary matter and another department, the exchanges. Keep up the good work.

"College Clips," Luther College, deserves honorable mention in regard to its literary department. The journal is sadly lacking in cuts.

In addition we beg to acknowledge the following: The Midland, The Sorosis, The Comenian, The Spectator, Normal Vidette, The Susquehanna, The Lincolnian, Harturich Seminary Monthly, Carlisle Anow, Res Academicae, College News, Weekly Gettysburgian, Ursinus Weekly, Bethany Messenger, College Weekly, The Junto, Shamokin H. S. Review, The Lutheran, Lutheran Companion, American Economist, College Breezes and The Breeze.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To boss ourselves as females boss us.

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"Down! Down!"—Henry VI.
"Well placed."—Henry V.
"An excellent pass."—The Tempest.
"A touch, a touch, I do confess."—Hamlet.
"I do commend you to their backs."—Macbeth.
"More rushes! more rushes!"—Part II, Henry IV.
"Pell mell, down with them!"—Love's Labor Lost.
"This shouldering of each other."—Henry VI.
"Let him not pass, but kill him rather."—Othello.
"Being down, I have the placing."—Cymbeline.
"'Tis sport to maul a runner."—Antony and Cleopatra.
"I'll catch it ere it come to ground."—Macbeth.
"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."—Henry IV.
"Worthy Sir, thou bleedest; thy exercise hath been too violent."
—Coriolarnus.
"It's the first time that I ever heard breaking of ribs was sport."
—As You Like It.—Ex.



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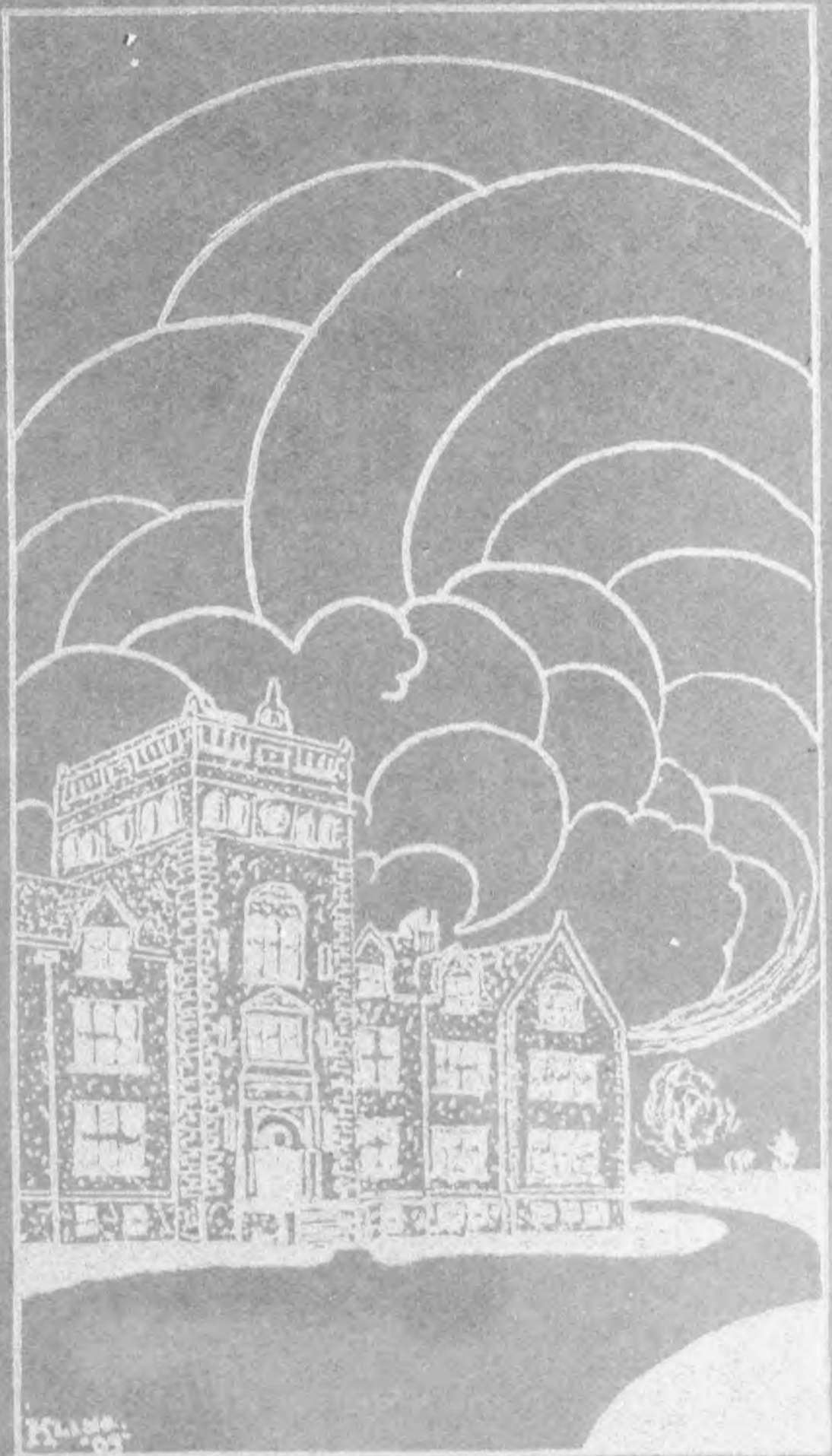
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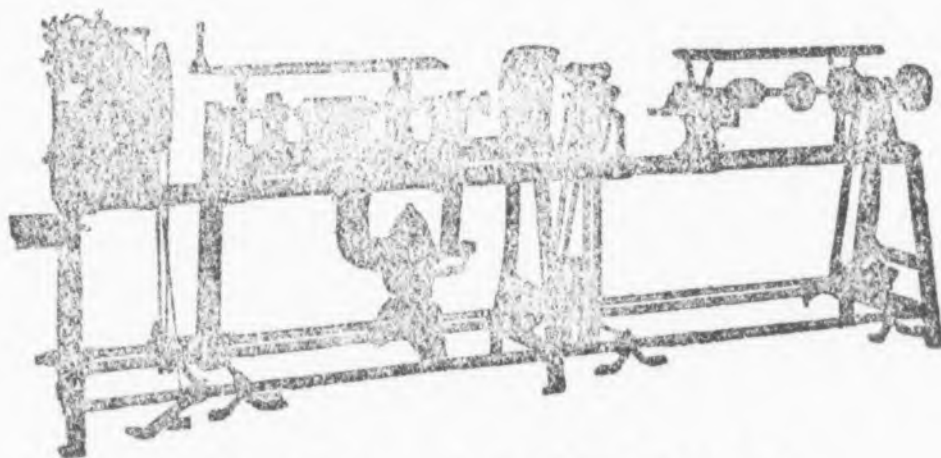
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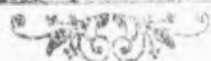
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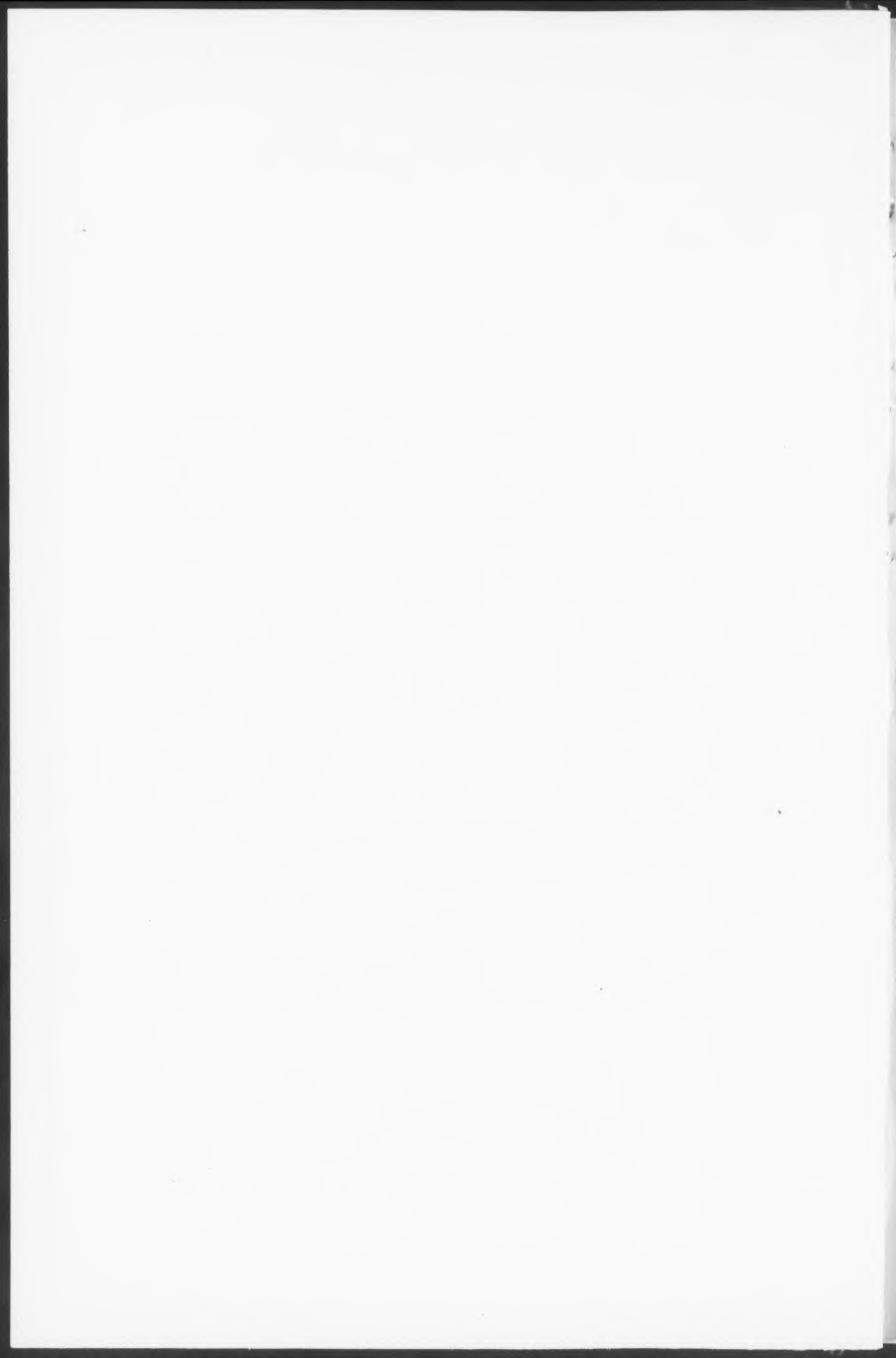


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All The Friends
...of...
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A
Merry Christmas
And A
Happy New Year.





THE DORMS





I Am Known by Sight.



HE bronze turkeys were gone, and whoever had taken them had left no clew. This was the conclusion that Steve and I came to after a thorough search of the poultry yard and the ground outside of the fence.

"You'll report the loss to the police, won't you, Steve?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes, and they will tell me that turkeys are all alike and they can't tell mine from some other man's. But it seems to me that our big gobbler doesn't look just like any other. What do you think?"

"Well he has the shortest legs that I ever saw on a bird of his size, and he puffs his breast out in a curious way. That's the reason I named him Napoleon. He's smart too, Steve; he's used to me and he does some cute tricks."

"I think he can be identified. But how about the hens and the young gobblers? Would you know any of them?"

I hesitated. "When they were all together, I could tell one from another, somehow, but I'm afraid I couldn't tell them apart if they were mixed up with a lot of others and make them walk and show off the way they did here. But I think they would know me. On that I have to depend upon in trying to identify them."

At the police station, to which Steve and I went, a description of the big gobbler was given to the officer at the desk.

"Several thefts of poultry have been reported within the last forty-eight hours," the officer informed us. "There is no doubt that the thieves are professionals. They don't meddle with gates but carry a ladder, slide it over a fence and do all their climbing with it. Dents in the ground showing where it had stood were found in one yard. And we are pretty sure that they drive a lame horse. At one place they drove into the edge of a man's garden where the dirt was soft enough to show tracks plainly, and it was seen that the animal didn't rest full weight of the left hind leg, but favored it at every step."

"The thieves will no doubt be cautious for two or three days. Then they will begin to work off the fowls, a few at a time. That short-legged gobbler is about all we have to work on, so far. We'll telephone you, Steve, when we have any information."

"His theory is perhaps correct," said Steve. "What do you think?"

"It sounds all right, and I suppose he understands his business," I ventured, "but I can't help thinking that while he thinks there is nothing doing, Napoleon may be sold and his head cut off. The way I look at it, those turkeys are just a matter of business with the police; they don't care the way we do. I don't like to take so many chances myself."

"What is your idea?"

"I think we ought to watch the markets where live poultry is sold and find out who sell to them if we can, and every man that handles turkeys ought to be on the lookout for Napoleon. A blind man could tell him from others if he had sense enough to use his hands."

"Here," Steve stopped suddenly. "Here is the biggest market in the city, and I know the proprietor. We'll go in and talk with him a minute if he isn't too busy. We'll lay suggestions before him."

Mr. Miles, the proprietor, was not too busy to talk about stolen turkeys. The subject was an interesting one to him, inasmuch as he did not intend to buy any.

"Sure. Keep an eye on the markets," he agreed, "and whoever brings in a short-legged gobbler should be held until the police get hold of him." "But," he asked curiously, "how are you going to identify the rest of the flock? Are they short-legged too?"

"No," Steve replied, "and I don't know how we are going to identify them, provided they are found, though this young man—Dubbs who works for me and has had the care of them—seems to think there is a chance that they may identify themselves."

"I think we'll get them all allright," I interrupted, "If we can find them before they have had time to forget what they had learned."

The two men looked at each other, smiling a little.

"Trained turkeys, are they?" said Mr. Miles. "Well, Steve, I would like to see the performance when your 'home-made' detective here picks out your flock from, maybe, a hundred."

As we went out, Steve told me that he would leave the matter of the turkeys to me for the day. So fast did I get over the ground that day that by four o'clock I had visited every market and every small dealer in poultry in the city. At half past five I must be at home to milk; how to spend the intervening time to the best advantage was the question. I paused on a street corner to think.

"The gang that is stealing turkeys," I said to myself, "must have a big yard or lot to keep them, and they have to buy feed for them. I guess that is the point now; I'll go down to the mill where Steve buys grain and see if anybody has bought some grain."

I was soon there. Explaining my errand, I was told that if I could wait until five, the driver would be home who might be able to give me

a elow. As no one else knew the particulars, I waited.

The driver proved to be a boy of about my age. "It was this way," he said, "two men came here at noon, day before yesterday, to buy a load of grain. The boss and all the fellows had gone to lunch and I was here alone, eating a cold bite. I waited on the men. I asked them where we should deliver the grain—it looked like too heavy a load for their old horse to haul—but they said they would take it. Well, early in the afternoon I started with a load that was to go about four miles out of the city on an easy trot, and close to the city limits I passed these men. They had to go slow, for the horse was lame as well as—"

"How was he lame? Which leg?"

"Hind leg, or foot. Soon I heard a noise. As I came nearer I made out that it was turkeys, and they must have been in a number of old buildings that set back from the main road. I thought that might be where the men were going with the grain, and looked back to see, and sure enough it was."

"Did you report it to the police?"

"No, I know a fellow that lost a good job once by stirring up trouble in a store where he was working. If these men are straight, and I meddled with them, they get mad and no longer buy any grain. See?"

"I see, and I won't tell anybody where I got this pointer. But tell me now how to find that place."

With this information I hurried home to Steve's house.

"I think it worth while to investigate that," said Steve after he heard my story. "The boy's name does not matter. I have no doubt that he told the truth. I'll phone to the police."

A few minutes later Steve went to the barn where I was milking. "Three officers are going out there to-night. If they find a short-legged gobbler, or any other indication that there is anything suspicious about the outfit, they will arrest the man and leave an officer in charge until morning. Some time this evening we shall know more about the matter."

The ringing of the telephone bell at ten o'clock brought up the whole family. Steve took up the receiver.

"Yes.....glad to hear it.....yes, that's the best way.....I'll be there.....seven, you said?.....yes, good-bye."

"Napoleon is safe, Steve. There are a hundred turkeys, more or less, in those buildings. The police looked them over until they found Napoleon. All who reported losses have been notified to be out there at seven in the morning to identify their goods. The justice will hold a sort of court there. The two men were arrested but furnished bail till tomorrow. They are putting up a bluff saying that the turkeys belong to them."

At half past six, Steve harnessed a fast driving horse. Running back to the feed house, I put some corn in the pockets of my coat, and got into the wagon.

Long before the building was reached the gobble of turkeys was heard. All who had business at that place reached it at the same time. Among them I saw Miles, the proprietor. "I got word of the doings out here," Miles remarked, "and, of course, there is a chance of my picking up some turkeys."

"You wait till this funny business is over," a man said angrily, "and I'll sell you the whole bunch."

"I bet he won't," I said.

"Come to the barn, all of you," the justice called. "I don't know whether we can make ourselves heard, but we'll try."

A continuous "gobble, gobble," came from the barn, where a hungry and disgusted policeman met them. "I'll resign from the force," he declared, "if I am ever again sent to stay all night with a lot of homesick turkeys."

The justice sat down on a box. "Now you—" he pointed a finger at the two men who were out on bail; "tell your story. I want to know where you got these turkeys."

"We raised them," one replied. "We hatched and raised every turkey here except a bunch of old gobblers we bought a day or two ago. That short-legged one was among them. Maybe the man, we bought from stole him. We can't say. We paid for him, but we would rather give him up than to have any trouble."

"Give up nothing," snarled the other. "We are not buying turkeys to give away. The man who says that old bow-legs belongs to him has to prove it or he won't get him. As for these turkeys being homesick—" he glared at the policeman, "I can tell you that they are just excited from being meddled with. Other times they are quiet enough. We have some rights. Now, let anybody that says we have their turkeys, prove it."

I got up. Going to an open space in the middle of the barn, I whistled once—a loud note, sharp and clear—a call to attention. Those who looked saw that some of the turkeys ceased their gobble and raised their heads. I whistled again, while nineteen hen-turkeys and eighteen young gobblers stretched their graceful necks in the direction of the magic sound, and with wings spread ran joyfully forward in answer to my familiar breakfast call; Napoleon, strutting grandly, came last, pushing his way through his crowding family, he reached me. I dropped on my knees and raised the flap of a pocket. Poking his head into it and finding the corn, Napoleon picked out kernel after kernel.

"He's proved property alright," said the justice promptly. "Steve, you are at liberty to take the turkeys."

On the way out, Miles slapped me on the back, "I wouldn't have missed that show for a dollar," he said.

"Nor I," said Steve, in a tone of satisfaction.

Dubbs, '15.

A Confession.



IT IS MIDNIGHT and all is well. The thermometer registers forty degrees below zero. The Aurora is at its zenith; it is as bright as noonday.

Over the sheets of ice a lone prospector is slowly winding his way across the valley. His dogs are almost worn out. They have been travelling for more than twelve hours without a stop. There is not a sign of life nor even a solitary landmark to guide his way.

On his sledge are the fruits of two years labor in the gold fields of the North. He is thinking of home and his sweetheart. The man is light hearted, almost gay, yet with all this seeming cheerfulness there is a look of sadness on his face. Will they receive him or will they only spurn him from their door?

Just two years and a half ago John Baker graduated from Yale. He received honors, played on the football team, was a star at base ball and stroke on the varsity crew.

While at college an incident occurred which doomed him to disgrace. His best friends avoided him, his sweetheart shunned him.

It was then that he decided to go to the gold fields and redeem himself, thinking to live down his reputation, and hoping the real culprit might confess. Early one morning he left, with barely enough money to pay necessary expenses. He arrived at Sitka two weeks later with scarcely enough left to buy a meal.

After wandering around awhile he finally obtained a job in a restaurant, and stayed three months. Restaurant life didn't agree with him, being too tame for his previous strenuous life.

So John set out with a sledge for the gold fields three hundred miles away. The journey was difficult, the cold intense, and food very scarce. But finally he came to a ledge of rock which promised to be rich in nuggets.

Here he rested and pitched camp. The spot was ideal. A cliff on the north cut off the icy blasts; at the foot of a little hillock was a spring of sparkling water.

For two years he toiled here and collected the yellow metal, with only an occasional trip to the settlement for supplies. Now he was rich and would go back to his people and perhaps obtain their pardon for past misdeeds.

While he was thinking over the old times he noticed a snowflake falling before his eyes, what could that mean? He looked anxiously round and saw the sky clouded in every direction. He knew that before long the storm would break. What should he do? Where should he go?

No one who has not experienced it, can know or even imagine the

ferocity of one of those storms which so often visit the Yukon region. This one promised to exceed all expectations in ferocity; already the wind was beginning to howl thru the gorges, the sky was like lead. Even the dogs began to howl a doleful accompaniment to the wind.

However, Baker was not as discouraged as one might suppose. He remembered that he had seen a deserted hunter's lodge not far from that spot on one of his former journeys to the settlements.

Toward this he now turned his footsteps and after plodding wearily for about a quarter of a mile reached his haven of refuge. The lodge was still in a fairly good state of preservation, and afforded him quite a good shelter.

He now prepared himself to spend a week or more in the place; for those arctic storms often lasted that long and even longer.

He had scarcely prepared himself for a little rest when he heard a mournful cry carried along on the storm. What could it be? Was it a man in distress or the cry of a lonesome wolf, or only the wind blowing thru a pine tree? He could not tell, it was so strange. The very thought of a human being there was almost impossible. And yet the cry was strangely human. What was to be done? To go out in such a storm was almost impossible and yet a human life was at stake.

Finally John decided to make a sortie. He made three attempts until finally he found a huddled mass in the snow.

The problem now was to carry his burden to the shack. This he accomplished after the most trying exertion. In fact he fell down entirely exhausted as soon as he arrived at the lodge. After John was sufficiently recovered he set about reviving the man. At first there was little hope, but after about a half hour's hard labor there seemed to be signs of life. In another fifteen minutes he was able to speak and John discovered that his name was James Durward.

Durward, the name sounded familiar, where did he hear it before? Oh! yes now he remembers "Jimmy" Durward the worst scamp in the class of "08." But could it be that this was the man, this dissipated wretch at his feet, who scarcely able to speak, lay there groaning and begging for just a drop of rum.

John finally gave him some. As soon as Durward drank the liquor he became more composed, and it was plainly evident that his life was slowly ebbing away.

After a few moments Durward began to speak thus: "I don't know who you are or where you come from, but if you get back to the settlements safely after my death, kindly look for a man by the name of John Baker and give him this letter. In my pocket you will find something to pay for your trouble."

When he had covered up the corpse John read the letter, and discovered that it contained a full confession of the crime which he himself was supposed to have committed.

Three days later the sun rose bright and clear, throwing many beams across the sparkling snow. John rose quickly, hitched up his dogs and set out on his journey; they seemed just as happy as he was to be off. The following morning he arrived at the settlements.

He remained only long enough to dispose of his outfit and took the first steamer for the States. It was now the twenty-first of December, only four days before Christmas and he must get home until then.

Christmas eve in Chicago; the bustling crowds are rushing to and fro. In a beautiful home in the western part of the city is a joyful gathering. All look happy; the children are prattling on the floor. But amid all this joy an occasional cloud overshadows the faces of three people. The father and mother are thinking of a son in the wilds of Alaska. The other person, a beautiful girl, with sad brown eyes, sits by their side—his sweetheart, Elenore Ruskin.

All at once the bell rings, who might that be? It is already ten P. M. The grandfather goes to the door himself. He sees a stranger on the doorstep who grasps him by the hand and says, "Why hello father, how are you?" Father is quite taken aback, but nevertheless maintains his composure. He takes John in to his mother, who almost faints with joy at the prodigal's return.

Elenore's eyes light up with joy as they have not done for many a day as he clasps her to his bosom, and tenderly kisses her. All the past is forgotten and forgiven.

John now produces the letter he had received from "Jimmy Durward" and you can imagine the surprise and happiness it produced.

Was this not a better gift than riches? After John had told his story the people all retired and left Elenore and John alone. They made good use of their time and spoke about things which are too sacred for us even to mention.

X. I. B.



The Violin Case.



WHILE doing night work on the New York Telegraph, I was just returning from a blaze on Pine Street, when a thunderstorm threatened. The wind was blustering, and whirling gusts covered me with dust. Above in the sky, fleecy, white clouds scurried past, as if driven by the huge black storm-scud that was rising rapidly in the east. I feared rain at any moment, and was looking about for a convenient shelter, when I noticed a beam of light issuing from a small two-story shop. Hanging above the door was a weather beaten sign which read:

I BUY AND SELL ANYTHING

I smiled at the idea of procuring anything one needed in a two-story shop, and, not having eaten any dinner that evening, I decided to test the truth of the advertisement.

As I entered, the door creaked on its hinges, and a head, round and nearly bald, appeared above the evening edition of the Journal. The paper was put aside, and I faced a spectacled old man, small and stoop-shouldered. His pointed chin was covered with several days' growth of beard, while on the back of his head only a thin fringe of hair remained. His dark piercing eyes scanned me so sharply and shrewdly through the glasses that involuntarily I drew back. He noticed my movement, and a twisted smile came to his thin lips.

"Not all of us can be handsome," he said, seeing my action, "but for my business good looks do not count. Those who have something they do not want, come to sell it, and those who want something, come to buy it, while I get my profit and my pleasure."

"I shouldn't think," I replied, "you'd get much pleasure shut up all the time in this shop. It seems a rather gloomy job to me."

"Of course, it is not as lively as being a reporter," he answered in a precise tone, "but—"

"Pardon me, but how did you know I'm a reporter?" I interrupted.

"By observation. First, your clothing smells of the fire," he explained condescendingly. "But the fire was under control two hours ago and the distance from here is only five squares. Your fraternity pin shows that you are a college man, and this fact, together with your clothes, shows that you do not live in this section. Nor were you merely passing at this time, for then the odor would not be so strong. Now three classes of men remain at a fire two hours after it is under control, policemen, firemen and reporters. Eliminating the first two, I find that you are a reporter."

For a few moments I could only stare. Then I ventured sheepishly, "And your name is—Sherlock Holmes did you say?"

"Spare me the doubtful compliment," he answered disgustedly. "Sherlock Holmes was merely an ordinary detective with a great deal of knowledge. It is all very fine in a book to lie on the floor and see the footprints of the criminal, but who does it in real life? It is quite dramatic to wind up the story with the prisoner's confession, but in these days you must get him with the goods on. But," he broke off abruptly, "I am neglecting my business. What can I do for you?"

"A pot of coffee, a plate of beans and an egg sandwich," I replied in ill humor at the criticism of my favorite detective. I expected a cold reply that this was no restaurant, but instead the dealer disappeared noiselessly through the rear door.

Meanwhile I had a chance to look around me. On the wall behind the counter, which extended the length of the room, were rows of shelves containing dusty volumes, musical instruments, jewelry, and numerous odds and ends tumbled together. Filling almost the whole rear half of the room was a heap of chairs and tables of every style, together with pictures, busts and all manner of furniture. A dust-covered suit of armor stood along the wall beside the front door. A single arc-light hung above me, in such a position as to have the customer in its full glare while the person behind the counter was in the shadow of the green shade which surrounded the lamp.

In a short time the dealer reappeared with the food, placed it on the counter, and dusted one of his stock of chairs for me. Then he returned to his seat, and sat watching me. Growing tired of his scrutiny, I continued the conversation.

"I suppose you have all sorts of customers?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And some of them have queer stories to tell?" I ventured.

"That is true."

"But still I don't—" I got no further, for the street door was opened and banged shut, and a tall man in a raincoat, under which I could see a dresssuit, stood before us. From the pocket of his raincoat an evening edition of the *Journal* protruded, and his long, slim fingers turned nervously about it.

"I want a violin case," he said abruptly, "one that has been used but don't look shabby." The dealer showed him several that were lying on the shelves, all the while peering into the customer's face. Then the old man went to the rear of the store and scrawled a few words on a sheet of paper which he slipped across the counter to me as he returned. Surprised, I read the following: **Get closer to him, and be able to recognize him when you meet again.**

Wondering what the dealer's object was, I went over to where the tall customer was standing and examined the cases. "This seems like a pretty good case," I began, turning one over. The customer eyed me coldly, while I took a good look at him. Without replying to me, he asked the dealer the price of one, paid it, and went, slamming

the door behind him. We could hear him shout an indistinguishable order, evidently to his cab-man, and then the rumble of wheels was gradually lost in the steady noise of the rain against the windows.

I turned to the dealer. His face had lost its former calmness, and his dark eyes flashed behind the glasses. "Here is your chance," he said, leaning over the counter in his eagerness. "Do you want a scoop for your paper? Do you want to have the first account of an important arrest? Well," he continued, not waiting for my answer, "I have looked you over, and you are the very man I need. You know about the Countess or Warwick's reception tonight?" I nodded. "Go there; your reporter's card will admit you. Watch for that man and when he comes out—it will be rather early—have him thrown into a cab—you can easily do it under cover of this rain and mist—and bring him here. Will you do it?"

I gave him my hand on it. A scoop had been my dearest ambition, and would probably raise me from "cub" reporter to a position which would prove more remunerative. The kidnapping part sounded suspicious, but I remembered the stranger's nervousness and the dealer's words, "an important arrest," and supposed that it would turn out all right.

So I telephoned from a neighboring drug store for a cab. After a short time it arrived, and a good sized tip helped persuade the driver to allow me to take his place for a few hours. I put on his great-coat and hat, and drove him to a convenient dance hall, where I promised to meet him again. Then I set out to find Rafferty, an ex-prize fighter, a teller of wonderful blood-curdling tales, whose five years' experience on a "fixed post" had given him enough self-esteem to establish "The Rafferty Detective Agency; the Terror of Criminals All Over the World." This vast concern was owned, and controlled by its founder, who personally transacted all its business. I had known him when he was on the force and had done him several favors since then for which he was grateful. He was usually to be found relating his adventures in a cheap saloon owned by a certain Bill Clancy. It was here I expected to find him, and I was not disappointed.

"Shure, my lad," he replied, when I stated my need, "the Rafferty Detective Agency is always at your service. Bill," he directed, turning to the proprietor, "if anyone comes on business with me, tell them to wait here or come again tomorrow. The Rafferty Agency goes on the train at the call of a friend." I transferred the driver's clothing to Rafferty and we drove to the Countess of Warwick's home. There was to be a grand ball after the opera party, which all the guests attended. My reporter's card admitted me, and I entered to take a preliminary survey of the situation. Only the hostess and a few guests were there, but couples were arriving every minute.

The Countess was going to wear the famous Holloway tiara, a crown of pure gold set with twenty-eight diamonds. Each diamond was itself of extraordinary size, but the tiara was especially famous

for its historical associations, having been worn not only by prodigal Indian monarchs, but also by famous English ladies, including two of royal blood. The tiara was to furnish the sensation of the evening, as the Countess had never consented to wear it previously on account of its value.

When most of the guests had arrived, the Countess ascended the steps, evidently going to get the tiara. As she reached the top of the stair-case, a musician passed her, descending with his instrument case in his hand. He called for his hat and coat and although he wore a false moustache I recognized him as the customer of the pawn-shop. While he waited, I slipped out and consulted with Rafferty. Then I entered the cab and Rafferty took his stand on the curb at the cab-door. Our man came from the house carrying his violin case.

Rafferty touched his hat, and stepped forward, inquiring, "Keb, sir? Keb sir?"

"Yes," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. "New York Central Station; as fast as possible." Rafferty held the door open, and he did not see me crouching in a corner of the seat. I hit him once with the brass knuckles I carried for use in emergencies, and he sank to the floor of the cab. Rafferty closed the door, mounted the driver's seat, and we set out for the pawn-shop.

A queer assemblage greeted us when we arrived. The old pawn broker sat behind the counter, peering at us through his spectacles, while on his right, before the counter, a keen-eyed angular man stood. On one of the Louis XIV chairs in front of the heap of furniture sat a lady, whom I recognized as the Countess of Warwick. At her left stood a footman. We entered, half dragging the stranger, who was still unconscious from the blow. His moustache had dropped off, and his cheek howed an ugly welt where the brass knuckles had struck. The footman started forward to help us, but stopped suddenly when he saw the wounded man's face, and exclaimed, "It's Munson! It's the butler his lordship discharged the other day."

But the little man waved him aside impatiently and demanded, "Where's the violin case?" Rafferty brought it from the cab and placed it on the counter. The dealer smiled triumphantly. Like a professor about to demonstrate a theorem, he began his explanation, first telling of the sale of the violin case. Having lit a cigar, he continued, "The matter was very simple from the first. A man who comes through the pouring rain of a thunder storm to buy a violin case, wants it for immediate use. And yet he is not going to a small informal gathering, for he wears a dress suit. He does not belong to a theatre orchestra, for it is ten-thirty, long after the performances have begun. There remains then the high class function, which evidently begins at a very late hour. This is a dull season for society, and the Countess' ball is probably the only such affair tonight. At any rate he knows about that function, for he carries an evening edition of the *Journal*, which contains full particulars of the affair on the

first page. "The dealer held up the paper on his counter for us to see. "But the most striking fact," he continued, "is that he has no violin case. Every player knows that the atmosphere affects the strings and tone, and a broken case would soon be replaced. Finally, a violinist who plays in a full-dress orchestra does not buy his violin cases at a second hand shop, but can get them at almost wholesale price from a dealer in such goods. Obviously then, the man was an imposter."

He paused a moment to polish his glasses. Rafferty, who had up to this time sat spell-bound by the dealer's reasoning, took advantage of the pause. "Moreover," he began in a deep impressive tone that startled us by its unexpectedness, "he was not only an imposter, but he went to the Countess' ball for a purpose, there was a reason for his going there, and that reason was— was—," he paused, and in dead silence we awaited his theory. But his expression grew more puzzled, until in desperation he concluded defiantly, "—dishonest."

"His violin case and dress suit," continued the dealer, ignoring Rafferty, "would secure him admission as a member of the orchestra and the case would be a convenient hiding place for the tiara, which he very probably intended to steal, while the moustache would disguise him sufficiently well for the time he needed it. How he intended to secure the tiara, I did not know, but the footman's remark that he was a former servant is a partial explanation. Undoubtedly another servant, probably the Countess' maid, aided him in the theft. Munson will very likely confess and clear up those details. As to this gathering," he said, turning to me, "a few minutes' telephone talk brought Lieutenant Baker of the force, who is well acquainted with me, and he left word at his office that if the Countess called up, she was to be directed here, and in her motor she managed to arrive here just before you came. So you see how simple a matter it is. And as a final proof I need only open this case and produce the tiara."

And suiting the action to the word, he opened it. The case was empty. Slowly he raised his head, looking at us uncomprehendingly, and then spoke in halting sentences, "There is—some mistake. I cannot explain—now. I am very sorry to have wasted your time, and—I bid you good night." And he stared into space, while his bony fingers groped about nervously in the violin case.

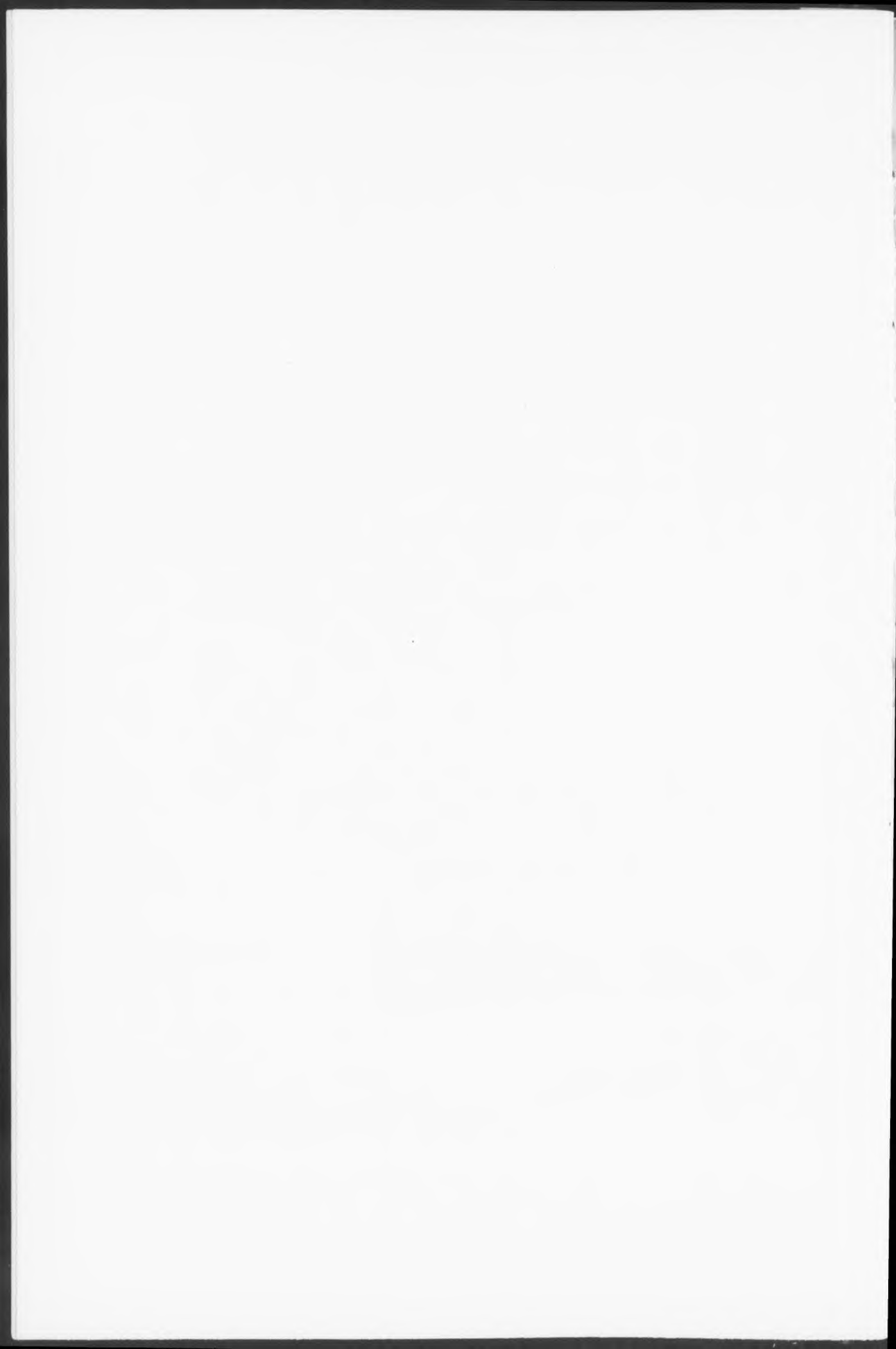
In silence the party separated; the countess and her footman to her motor car, the rest of us carrying Munson to our cab. We decided to take him to the nearest hospital, and Rafferty, taking the driver's seat, whipped up the horse. The lieutenant sat with Munson and I opposite them. As the cab bumped over the cobblestones, my foot came in contact with an object on the floor. I stooped and discovered Munson's hat, which had evidently fallen off when I hit him. But it seemed unusually heavy even for a high hat, and I looked at it curiously when we came to the next street corner light. And there in the high crown of the hat lay the Holloway tiara.



A WINTER SCENE



THE COLLEGE GROVE



The morning edition of the *Telegraph* contained the only account of the theft and recovery of the famous ornament; the scoop had been complete. Lieutenant Baker was mentioned for captaincy; the Rafferty Detective Agency received unstinted praise for its cleverness in aiding to unearth the thief; and the little old pawn-broker became famous over night; while I, for my part, write my news at a roll-top desk and eat dessert three times a day.

W. L. Werner, '15.

Modern Ten Commandments.

After Dr. Haas' recent tour of dormitory inspection to alleviate the crowded conditions of the rooms, the following set of rules to relieve the congestion, were posted:—

- (1) All shoes are to be hung on the chandeliers or the mantel-pieces.
- (2) Suit cases are to be hung on the bed posts.
- (3) Trunks and all excess baggage are to be put on the roof.
- (4) Dirty socks are to be hung on the window shades.
- (5) All cozy corners are to be stored in the squire's reception room.
- (6) All book cases are to be folded up when not in use.
- (7) Typewriters and other printing apparatus is to be suspended from the ceiling.
- (8) The faculty committee of entomologists will meet in the faculty room to plan a crusade against the microbes in the dormitories.
- (9) During the day, mattresses and bed clothing will be hung out of the window and the beds will be stored on the fire escapes.
- (10) Candles only will be used for lighting purposes, the expanded wire in the electric bulbs occupying too much room.



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Editorial.

Our football season has just been brought to a fitting close by our victory over Ursinus. The splendid record achieved was made possible largely thru the wonderful spirit which the student body manifested on all occasions. Do not let this display of enthusiasm die out with the close of the football season. Too great a tendency in this direction has been shown in the past; after the tangible thing to which our support has clung ceases to exist the spirit dies away, gradually, but nevertheless surely. Let us make a change and transfer our superfluous enthusiasm to other activities of the college, which are just as needful of a helping hand as athletics. The monthly is always glad to print anything you bring to the notice of the staff. They are able, perhaps, to better judge the merits of your creation.

It should cause a blush of shame to rise upon every undergraduate's cheek to see the interest taken by Alumni, in the monthly, even from men graduating in the '70's. That is true college spirit, and gives

you all an example which you could do well to emulate. The Muhlenberg is what we all, collectively and individually, make of it. Don't knock, boost.



After resting quietly for several years basketball has again been dragged from its resting place and we are to have a college team once more. Our material is good and prospects are very encouraging. Let's duplicate the football success in the cage and every one root for the team. All who know anything about the game come out for practice and help develop the varsity. Everybody help to push the band wagon and a good season is sure to result. Bring your best girls to the games, if necessary get one for those special occasions. They will appreciate the favor and help root. Lots of room in the Y. M. C. A. gallery.



The twelfth commandment.—Don't walk on the road, it might make a path. Use the grass instead, it doesn't show.



THE BLUFF.

The cards he held were very small,
They truly were not worth a call;
And when he drew his luck was tough,
You would have thought he had enough,
But to his face no quiver came,
He made a bluff and won the game.

And that's the way it is in life,
In winning fortune or a wife.
Play the game fair and do your best,
And, if at times you are distressed,
Laugh and go to it with a grin;
A bluff well played will often win!



IN A LUTHER BURBANK GARDEN.

White are the coreless apple buds,
As your hand in mine I clasp.
And we wander through the eyeless spuds
And the raspberries, sans rasps.

You plucked a blackberry, dazzling white,
As we chanted a tuneless tune,
And I took a luscious, soulful bite
Of a pitless, skinless prune.

The cactus plant ne'er cackles now,
As its teeth have all been drawn,
And calm there falls upon your brow
The light of a sunless dawn.

In this dear place I would live for aye,
Discussing the whyless how,
And spending the minuteless hours by,
From the path of the pastless now.

Of Local Interest.



HARRY P. CRESSMAN, '13, Editor.

The final football smokers for the 1912 season were held on Nov. 7 previous to the F. & M. game, and on Nov. 26 before the Ursinus game. The presence of the alumni at both of these smokers has brought about a closer union between the alumni and undergraduates than has ever existed before and has helped to clear many petty quarrels and disagreements. Previously, "Loyalty on the part of the undergraduate" was the sole cry, but this has grown until "Loyalty to Muhlenberg" includes everyone who was ever within our sacred halls, as it rightly should. Among the speakers were Dr. Haas, our president, Professors Brown, Simpson, Bailey, Bossard and Reese. Among the alumni who were present and spoke to us were the Revs. Kidd and Rausch, Dr. Seip, Ira Wise, L. Rupp, Robt. Stuart, M. J. Slough. The Rev. Brooks brought us the greetings from our local friends.



On the evening of November 20, the Sophronia Literary Society gave its annual smoker to the new men admitted to its membership. Addresses were made by alumni, members and members of the faculty, bringing forth the true ideal of a literary society. After the addresses, refreshments were served, not because they were needed at this stage, but because it is customary, and after spending some time in a general sociable chat, the smoker was a thing of the past, a pleasant memory.

If there is any truth in saying "smoke here and escape it hereafter," Muhlenberg will have a large delegation wending their way thru the Golden Gates. As usual, we will lead.

The student body was afforded an example of remarkable bravery and sacrifice on Nov. 15. For several years the students have been terrorized by a ferocious rabbit that inhabited the college grove. On Friday, Polly Loser '13, Caruso Krauss '13 and Babe Parker '16, decided to route the invader. Armed with only a shot gun and a rifle and accompanied by about a dozen encouraging, hardy students, they approached the grove. The warriors entered the dark woods, suddenly the dangerous beast sprang from its lair, Loser yelled; Krauss, in his fright, forgot to shoot, but Parker, thinking all was lost, closed his eyes and pulled the trigger. The charge hit the ground about twenty feet in front of him and forty feet from the rabbit, which escaped. Undismayed, they went after him the next day, having enlisted the services of Rube Miller '15, the cracked marksman, who, confidently believing he had wounded the beast, tried to pursue the dangerous creature into the cornfield, but was kept from this foolhardy procedure by the owner of the field. Altho the man-eating beast is still at large, we admire your courage and realize that thru you, the courage, which marked the old days, is being transmitted to future ages.



The last of the Fall series of lectures in the college chapel was given by Leon Vincent, who spoke on "American Humorists, from Artemus Ward to Mark Twain." He was greeted by one of the largest crowds we have seen at any lecture and they were fully repaid for their efforts. Mr. Vincent is a noted humorist and by his light touch brought out much of the hidden humor in the works of Ward, Nye and Twain that escapes the average reader.



It was thought for a time that the dormitories were haunted. Doors opened and closed mysteriously, boards creaked and peculiar sounds were heard in the wee small hours. A committee of investigation looked into the affair and it was found that it was the occupant of 301, a senior, returning from his usual study of female peculiarities.



Since the last issue, we have been remarkably fortunate in the quality and quantity of chapel addresses. Among the speakers were Rev. Dr. Wolfe, general secretary of the Foreign Mission Board; Rev. Rudolf '09, of Harrisburg; Dr. Granville, preident of Gettysburg College, and the Rev. Everett, of Allentown. During "Home Mission Week" Fry '14, Unangst '14, P. Loser '13 and Katz '13 gave us short addresses on the problems the home missionary must meet today. The addresses were all of a very high standard.



Does the COOK earn a NOBLE livelihood among the POTTS?

For practical demonstrations of the use of Sapolio in cleaning windows call on, or send a card to, "Hap" Nenow. All calls promptly and cheerfully attended to.



There were some lively times at Muhlenberg during the week of Nov. 4. The committee began to work early as was shown by the posters and crayon signs heralding the events of the week, displayed on every available spot. The smoker on Thursday night, Nov. 7, was a "hummer;" there were more alumni present than at any other previous smoker, and the students the same as usual, no more because we had not enrolled any new students since the last smoker, our only possible means of increasing the number of students present. The "Muhlenberg Night," at the Orpheum, was another outstanding feature. The Theatre was decorated profusely and special features were added to make it more illustrious. Finally Saturday, well—we had a celebration that words cannot describe and we would not profane the sacred memory with idle chatter. For a statistical record see "Athletics." The brightest yet is the bonfire which will far outclass last year's attempt. Of course, the victory over F. & M. will be part of the celebration, but we have better and bigger scalps this year and that will cause more jubilation than any single victory can accomplish.



It certainly must be fierce to be henpecked after marriage but it is worse beforehand as some fellows know who couldn't come to the smoker nor the Thanksgiving Day turkey dinner in honor of the victory because that representative of the human race described as a man spoiled in the creation said "No!" It seems to be advisable to back pedal a little bit harder or you will go over the brink to eternal misery and domination.

Altho this is named the "Personals" we dare not get personal and mention names. Why?



The annual struggle by the literary societies for new members came to a gentle close on Nov. 13, 1912 with Euterpea corraling 31 men and Sophronia admitting twelve men to its membership. The campaign this year, for the first time, was conducted in a sane manner. The new men were generally given a chance to decide for themselves because the campaign was not very vigorously conducted the last two weeks and they were not filled up with Arcadian dreams of literary societies, manufactured by the campaigner on the spur of the moment.



On December 4, 1912, "Freshman Day" was celebrated for the first time in Muhlenberg's history. The affair was a grand success and the Sophomore Class deserves much credit for the manner in which they

took care of the event. The individual and the class "stunts" were snappy and original and kept the audience amused and interested by the rapidity with which they were performed.

This innovation marks another decided step in Muhlenberg's advance and is quite an improvement over the old time secret hazing bees which usually resulted in suspensions. The only disagreeable feature was the childish and conceited conduct of some of the upper classmen, who are not men enough to obey the laws they helped pass nor the officials whom they elect to enforce those laws but interfere with men who are obeying the laws. When they interfered with Freshmen and prevented them from doing what they had been told to do by members of the Student Council when they remonstrated, it is an evident showing of ignorant "swell headedness." When you consider that one of the loudest mouthed ones was afraid to call his soul his own when he was a Freshman and when a Sophomore, took part in inter-class affairs only because he was compelled to do so by his classmates, it looks like cowardice.



Patron—"There's a hair in my soda!"

Clerk—"That's that boy again. He's so careless about shaving the ice."—Ex.

Two Irishmen went out hunting with one gun between them. The man with the gun saw a bird on a twig and took careful aim at it.

"For the love of Heaven, Mike!" shouted the other, "don't shoot! The gun ain't loaded."

"I've got to," yelled Mike. "The bird won't wait."—Ex.

Prof. (In Physics): "You say Archmiedes discovered the principle of specific gravity, when getting into his bath-tub. Why did the idea never occur to him before?"

Student: "It was probably his first bath."—Ex.

GEOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING.

The class was being questioned on the cardinal points of the compass.

Teacher—"If I turn to the east and look at the rising sun, what is behind me?"

Boy—"Yer shadder."—Ex.

Hot Stuff—"Did you succeed in keeping cool during the summer?"

"No; we were camping near a mountain range."—Ex.





ATHLETICS.

ELMER L. LEISEY, '14, Editor.



NCE more the football dummy is turned to ashes on his funeral pyre and the stars of the season become characters in the pretty romance of the gridiron. We have every reason to look back over our season with pride. We have scored on every opponent, and made a very creditable showing everywhere. Dame Fortune frowned on us at New York, or that game might have been ours but even at that we have defeated 4 rivals, including Delaware, Gettysburg, Franklin and Marshall and Ursinus, and that is quite enough. We scored 3 points on both Lafayette and Lehigh, with a small score of 2 on New York University.

Result of 1912 schedule:

20	Lafayette	3
6	New York University	2
0	Hillman	28
0	Webb Naval School	55
0	Delaware	21
7	Gettysburg	38
0	F. & M.	7
7	Lehigh	3
0	Ursinus	10
<hr/> 40		<hr/> 167

OUR COACH.

As we rejoice over the success of the season let us not forget the man who has made it possible. Let us remember that but four varsity men of last year were a nucleus around which to build a team this year. He took these new men, taught them his style of play and worked untiringly through the long weeks of gruelling scrimmage to attain that smile that knows no defeat and with which all of us are so familiar. He can justly be acclaimed as one of the greatest coaches of the east, though a product of Coach Staggs' western style. He has always been fair, honest and impartial with his men and the editor

joins with the many loyal Muhlenberg men in paying his respects to "Tom Kelly," the fighter, the worker, the conquerer, and the master of his art.

Gettysburg-Muhlenberg Game.

Inspired by a victory of a previous year, our mother institution came into our midst to repeat or exceed the preceding year's performance. They seemed to forget our stride forward in the athletic world and were sadly surprised and confounded when they were walloped out of sight.

The game was replete with sensational plays, five forward passes being made in succession. It was a beautiful exhibition of open football by the Cardinal team while the visitors' only score was the result of a fumble. The stellar performances were made in the last period when both halfbacks ran thru the entire demoralized throng of Battle-field collegians and placed the pigskin behind the coveted line.

The line-up was as follows:

Gettysburg		Muhlenberg
Kapp	R. E.	Bixler
Beagle (Capt)	R. T.	Copley
Beck	R. G.	Roderick
Schaffer (Myers)	C.	Fetherolf
Diehl	L. G.	Katz
Dulebohn	L. T.	Flexer
Heim	L. E.	Hubbard
Mahaffie	Q. B.	Reisner
Leathers	R. H. B.	Vreeland
Scheffer	L. H. B.	Heuer
Poffenberger	F. B.	Skean

Referee, Deitrick (Laf.). Ump., Ellicott. H. Linesman, Loser. Touchdowns, Flexer, Copley, Skean, Heuer, Vreeland, Myers. Goals from touchdown, Vreeland 5, Myers 1. Time of halves, 30. Goals from field, Vreeland.

Franklin & Marshall vs. Muhlenberg.

The greatest team that ever wore the Blue & White assembled on Muhlenberg field to wipe out a 9-0 defeat by a glorious victory. It may well be said that the visitors had a great team for just the week before they had humbled Dickinson to the tune of 7-6. The town was in gala attire on this auspicious occasion and it was well that it should be, to celebrate the humiliation of a team that was supposed to "clean up" as they termed it. The new athletic field was lined with automobiles, gaily bedecked with pennants, bearing the cream of Allentown society folk. It was a battle between "Red, Red Rose" and the golden Chrysanthemum where the gold gleamed in the sunshine after a glorious victory.

Capt. Bixler was the real hero when he caught a punt in midfield and aided by wonderful interference, ran the ball to the 10 yard line,

changing the entire aspect of the game. Never had these rival teams been more evenly matched and never has Muhlenberg spirit triumphed so completely than when a neat forward pass from Vreeland to Hubbard dumbfounded F. & M.'s secondary defense, resulting in the only score of the game. So wary was Muhlenberg's defense that not a single forward pass was made by the visitors, while this play netted about forty yards for the home team. The lineup was as follows:

Franklin & Marshall		Muhlenberg
Shaffner	R. E.	Bixler (Capt.)
Smith	R. T.	Copley
McClay	R. G.	Roderick
Diehl	C.	Fetherolf
Teske	L. G.	Katz
Hartman	L. T.	Flexer
Sykes	L. E.	Hubbard
Wood	Q. B.	Reisner
Herman	R. H. B.	Vreeland
Jaeger (Capt.)	L. H. B.	Heuer
Jones	F. B.	Skean

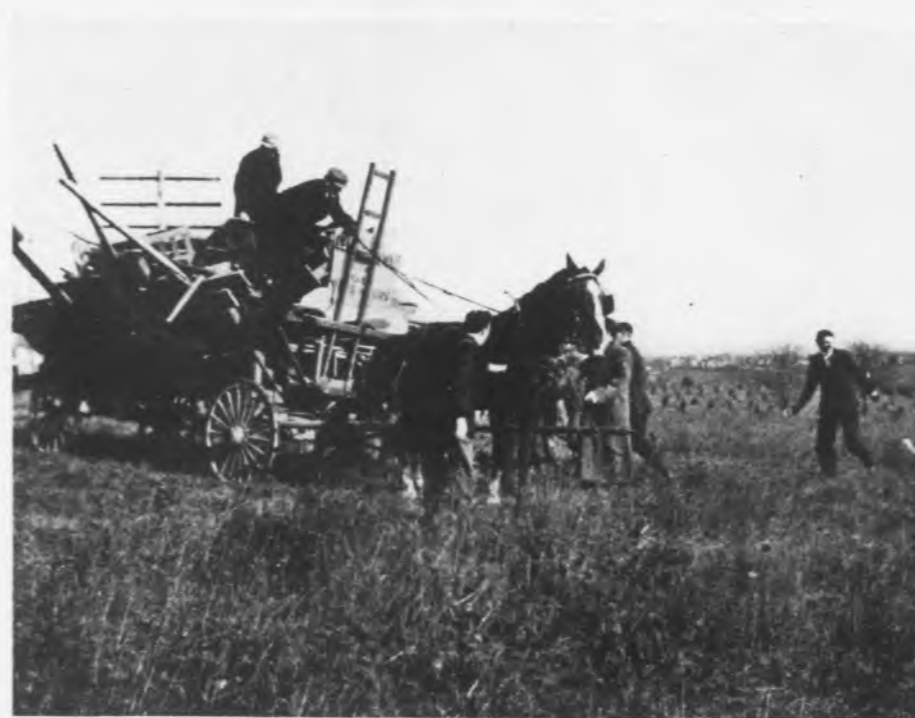
Ref., Sinclair (S.). Ump., Palmer (S.). Head Linesman, Bruce. Touchdown, Hubbard, Goal from touchdown, Vreeland. Time of halves, 30 min.

Lehigh vs. Muhlenberg.

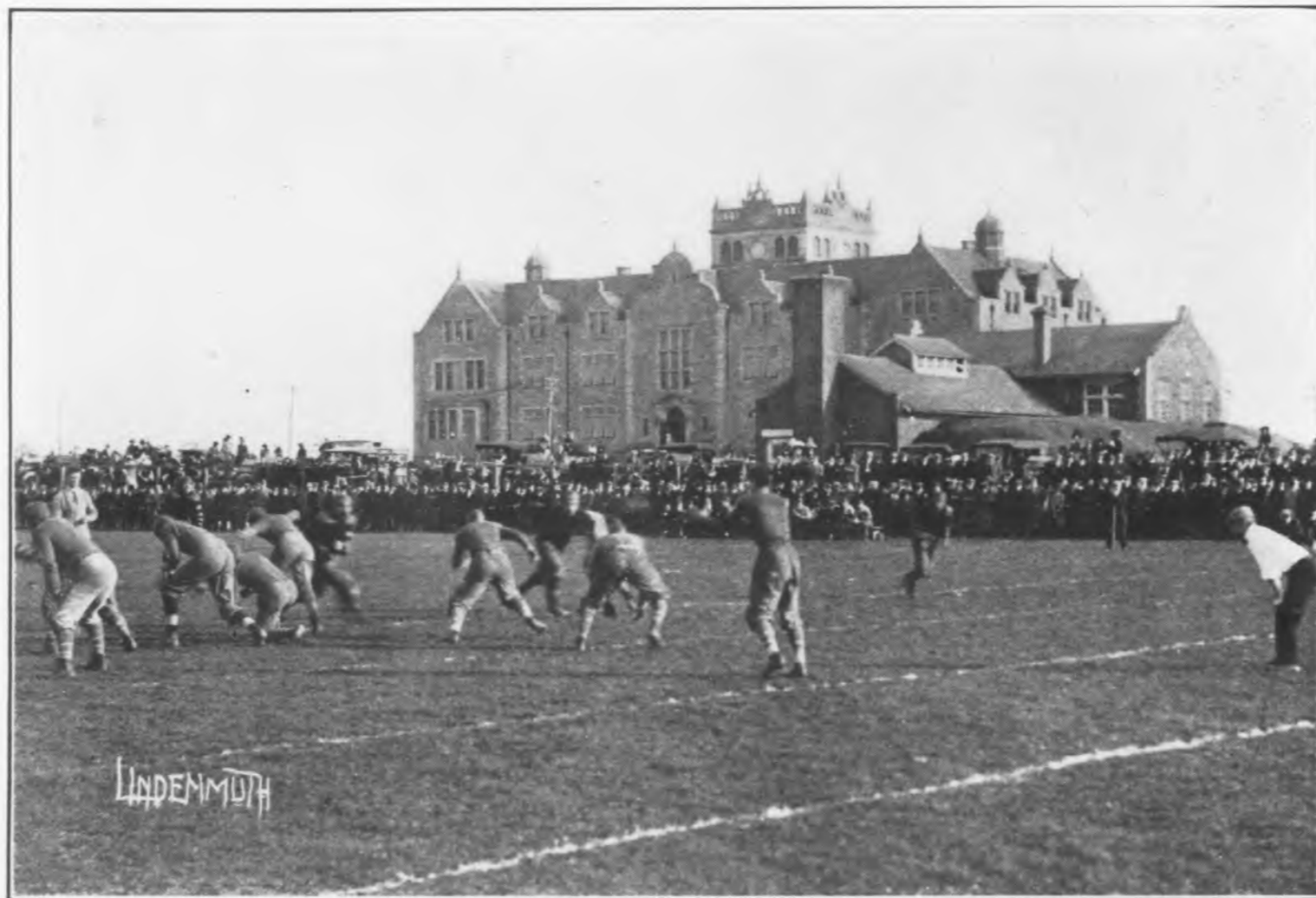
Muhlenberg opened athletic relations with Lehigh, her nearest rival, by holding the Brown and White eleven to the score of 7-3. The day was ideal but a stiff breeze made Pazetti's high punts hard to handle. This happened to be fortunate for Lehigh because Bixler fumbled on Muhlenberg's 10 yard line and there with one mighty rush from specially prepared formation Hoban carried the ball across the line for the only touchdown of the game. Muhlenberg started with a flash of brilliancy taking the ball right down the field on straight football and after being held for downs Vreeland kicked a pretty field goal to the intense dismay of Lehigh supporters. Captain Pazetti, who has been chosen as second All American quarterback could gain but little ground because our ends and tackles smothered him before he got started. The whole team played so well that it would be impossible to pick a star. The line, except for a few minutes, held like a stone wall, charging so fast that Lehigh's supposedly invulnerable line was badly battered at the end of the game. The score betrays the real result of the game but we can be well satisfied for there is glory in defeat.

The lineup was as follows:

Lehigh		Muhlenberg
Sawtelle	R. E.	Bixler
Hauser	R. T.	Copley
Bianco	R. G.	Roderick
Wylie	C.	Fetherolf



PREPARATIONS FOR THE BONFIRE



A CRITICAL MOMENT

Grumback	L. G.	Katz
Tate	L. T.	Flexer
McCaffrey	L. E.	Hubbard
Pazetti	Q. B.	Reisner
Hoban	R. H. B.	Vreeland
Flick	L. H. B.	Brennan
Keady	F. B.	Skean

Ref., Sinclair. Ump., Saunders. Head Linesman, Kindig. Touchdown, Hoban. Goals from touchdown, Hoban. Goals from field, Vreeland. Time of halves, 28 minutes.

Muhlenberg vs. Ursinus.

As a fitting close to a successful season "Whitey" Price's men were handed their second defeat at the hands of Muhlenberg. It was an ideal day for football but the game was rather tedious. Yet there were flashes of brilliancy to liven the occasion. Ursinus had a powerful defence and it took the Cardinal team at their best to produce a score. The Collegeville boys came near to scoring when Bixler fumbled one of Nork's low punts and it was only after a violent scramble that Tom Brennan fell on the ball for a touchback. Even after a field goal in the first half Ursinus came back determined to fight to the finish.

In this contest Bixler and Katz played their last game for Muhlenberg. Our best wishes go with them. A tremendous crowd went home well pleased with the result, commenting favorably on a wonderful season. The lineup was as follows:

Ursinus		Muhlenberg
Mitterling	R. E.	Bixler
Gingrich	R. T.	Copley
Minnich	R. G.	Roderick
Erickson	C.	Fetherolf
Gormley	L. G.	Katz
Yohe	L. T.	Flexer
Seaman	L. E.	Hubbard
Kennedy	Q. B.	Reisner
Wall	R. H. B.	Vreeland
Work (Light)	L. H. B.	Hener
Kichline	F. B.	Skean

Ref., Weimuth. Umpire, Bennet. Head Linesman, Bruce. Touchdown, Vreeland. Goal from touchdown, Vreeland. Goal from field, Vreeland. Time of halves, 30 minutes.

Name	Position	Year	Years Played
Bixler (Capt.)	End	Senior	Four
Katz	Guard	Senior	Three
P. Loser	Center	Senior	Two
E. Loser	Half Back	Senior	Two
Groff	Quarter Back	Senior	Four
Skean	Half Back, Full Back	Junior	Four
Flexer	Tackle	Junior	Three
Fetherolf	Center	Junior	Three
Heuer	Half Back	Junior	One
Reisner	Quarter Back	Sophomore	Two
Sermulin	Guard and Tackle	Sophomore	Two
Vreeland	Half Back	Freshman	One
Hubbard	End	Freshman	One
Copley	Tackle	Freshman	One
Brennan	Half Back	Freshman	One
Roderick	Guard	Freshman	One
Ritter	Guard and Tackle	Freshman	One
Laudenslager	End	Freshman	One

Walter Camp's All American Team.

End—Felton—Harvard.
Tackle—Engelhorne—Dartmouth.
Guard—Pennock—Harvard.
Center—Ketcham—Yale.
Guard—Logan—Princeton.
Tackle—Butler—Wisconsin.
End—Bomeisler—Yale.
Quarter Back—Crowther—Brown.
Half Back—Brickley—Harvard.
Half Back—Thorpe—Carlisle.
Full Back—Mercer—Pennsylvania.

BASKET BALL SCHEDULE.

January 15—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.
January 17—Schuylkill Seminary, at Reading.
January 25—Lebanon Valley College, at Allentown.
February 1—Albright College, at Myerstown.
February 6—Schuylkill Seminary, at Allentown.
February 8—Open.
February 15—Open.
February 22—St. Joseph's College, at Allentown.
February 28—Delaware College, at Newark.
March 1—Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, at Philadelphia.
March 6—St. Peter's College, at Allentown.
March 7—Pennsylvania Military College, at Chester.
March 8—Lebanon Valley College, at Annville.
March 15—Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, at Allentown.



Alumni Notes.

ROBERT C. HORN, '00, Editor.

'84. On November 22 Rev. W. D. Keiter, Financial Secretary of Muhlenberg College, and Mrs. Keiter observed their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

'89. Rev. E. O. Leopold recently observed the twentieth anniversary of his admission to the ministry.

Rev. Leopold graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1889 and graduated from Mt. Airy Seminary in 1892. After his ordination he became pastor of the Girardville charge. Later he served the Lowhill and Weisenburg charge and for the last few years has been pastor of the Egypt charge.

'96. Rev. Samuel Geiss Trexler, a graduate of Muhlenberg, class of 1896, pastor for thirteen years of the English Lutheran Church of the Messiah, at Greenpoint, Brooklyn, tendered his resignation to that congregation in order to accept the call of the Synod of New York and New England to take up the work of the student's pastor, a work that will bring him into touch with religious work throughout the great eastern colleges, with special reference to Yale, Harvard, Syracuse, Cornell and Columbia.

1905. Rev. Harvey S. Kidd, who preached his farewell sermon at the Lutheran Church at Wind Gap, on December 1st entered upon his

duties under the direction of the General Educational Fund Committee of the Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania, which has in hand the raising of the fund of \$500,000 for educational purposes authorized by the ministerium in June last.

Rev. Kidd moved to Allentown recently. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, and has been serving the charge consisting of the Plainfield, Belfast, Wind Gap and Bushkill Centre congregations. The work of the Educational Committee in raising the \$500,000 fund is largely in charge of Rev. Dr. W. D. C. Keiter, General Secretary of the Committee, and Rev. Kidd was called from his pastorate to present the cause of the committee in the pulpits of the Lutheran Churches in Eastern Pennsylvania. The campaign for the raising of the fund is to be completed in two years.

1907. Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Esther C. Kuntz, of Siegfried, to Charles W. Ettinger, of this city, a "Morning Call" reporter, at Wilmington, Del., December 16, 1911, by Rev. Geo. Wolfe, D. D. They will reside at the home of the bridegroom, No. 815 Chew street. Mrs. Ettinger is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E Kuntz, of Siegfried. She graduated from the Northampton High School in 1905 and later from the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown. She has been teaching in the Washington Building, Northampton, ever since leaving the Normal School.

Mr. Ettinger, who is a son of Mrs. and the late William E. Ettinger, was graduated from Muhlenberg in 1907.



A GRAMMAR LESSON.

"Can I have a piece of pie, mother?"

"Say 'may I,' Johnny, not 'can I.'"

"Well, mother, may I have a piece of pie?"

"No, Johnny, you can't."—Ex.

THE ONLY ONE LACKING.

"Why are you sure there is no such thing as a fourth dimension?"

"Because," replied the discouraged fat man, "if there was I'd have it."—Ex.

TIT FOR TAT.

City Cousin—"Tell me, sir, how's the milkmaid?"

Country one—"It ain't made, your poor Mutt! The cow gives it."

IN HIS LINE.

"How were you in athletics in college, son?"

"I was good at relay events, dad."

"That's just what I understood. Well, you kin just relay all the carpets your ma took up last spring."



JOHN I. MECK, '13

The Muhlenberg wishes all of its exchanges a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The various monthly and weekly publications have received our careful attention and in general the November issues are much better than the earlier numbers. Over fifty exchanges have been received since our last issue.

Since the Muhlenberg has taken the time and expense to put these exchanges within the reach of the student body it is the duty of every student to give them the proper consideration. In all of them will be found much that is interesting and entertaining, while several contain articles of exceptional excellence. The exchanges are also a source of information of the affairs and activities of other colleges. Make use of the opportunity which is yours.

"The Collegian" of Grove City College is a very neat and attractive paper. The literary material is good. The original sketches in your personal column are interesting.

"Delaware College Review" (Delaware College). The November number is not up to its usual standard. A few good stories are needed for your literary department. There is a noticeable want of department cuts.

"The Scout" of Park Region College is always welcome at Muhlenberg. The department of exchanges is well edited.

"The College Folio." We like your original idea of having an "Election Day Number." It is very interesting. An exchange department would greatly improve your paper.

In addition we acknowledge the following:

American Economist, The Breeze, The Bethany Messenger, The Buchtelite, The Buff and Blue, The Albright Bulletin, The Argus, (Holderness School), The Argus, (Findlay College), Carlisle Arrow, College News, The Comenian, College Breezes, The Crescent, College Student, The Echo, Ephrata Lutheran, The Junto, College Chips, Lafayette Weekly, The Lincolnian, The Lenonian, Lutheran Companion, The Lutheran, The Midland, The Mirror, Normal Vedette, The Narrator, Our College Times, Otterbein, Aegris, Old Penn, Pegasus, Perokimemte Purple and White, The Quail, Res Arcademie, Red and black; (Beth. Prep.), Red and Black, (Reading High School), The Susquehanna, The Spectator, The Sorosis, The Scout, The Tatler, The Thielensian, Ur-sinus Weekly, Weekly Gettysburgian.

What Our Exchanges Think of Us.

We are delighted with the October issue of "The Muhlenberg." It is well edited and filled with current events of the school. The cover is very attractive.

THE NARRATOR, Schuylkill Seminary.

In the October number of the Muhlenberg you will find a very pleasing story entitled, "Gambling with Souls." The literary department of the Muhlenberg is up to a high standard and deserves much praise.

THE LINCOLNIAN.

The Muhlenberg for October has come to our desk. It contains two very instructive articles on "Franklin, the Philanthropist," and "Charles Dickens."

THE THIELENSIAN, Thiel College.

A very neat paper is found in "The Muhlenberg which hails from Allentown, Pa. The cover design is an appropriate one for this season of the year. All the departments of this college monthly are well edited.

THE SPECTATOR, Capital University.

FOR IDEAS.

Professor—What are you scratching your head for?

Student—Trying to get some ideas out of it.

"Better try a vacuum cleaner."—Ex.

A young theologian named Fiddle,
Refused to accept his degree,
Said he "'tis enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle, D. D."—Ex.

Said a youthful bride at a mountain resort: "Why are the shades
drawn?"

Replied her liege and lord: "Why even the mountain peaks."—Ex.

He—"I dreamed I died last night."

She—"Did you forget to turn off the steam heat before you went
to bed?"—Ex.

A negro preacher shouted to his audience. "Come up and jine
the army ob de Lord."

"I's done jined," replied one woman.

"Whar did yo' jine?"

"Why, in de Baptis' church."

"Chile, yo' ain't in de army then, yo's in the navy."

INCIDENTAL EXPENSES AT COLLEGE.

"Seems to me you need a good deal of expense money, my son."

"Yes, dad; our crowd is a very expensive one."

"But I don't see why you should support the whole crowd, my son."

THE BARBER'S LATEST.

"Egg shampoo?" inquired the barber.

"Nope."

"Egg on the mustache? Gives you the appearance of having had
eggs for breakfast. Only fifty cents."

"Go ahead."

Waiter—Will you have pie, sah?

Patron—Is it compulsory?

Waiter—No, sah. It am raspberry, sah.—Ex.





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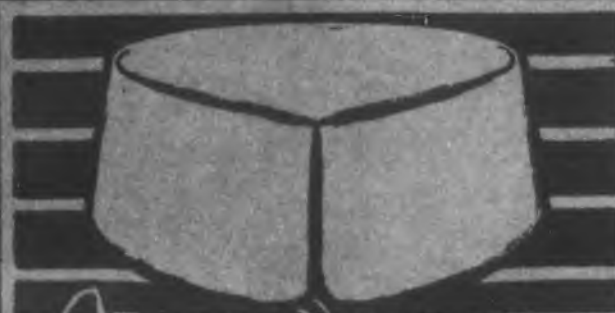
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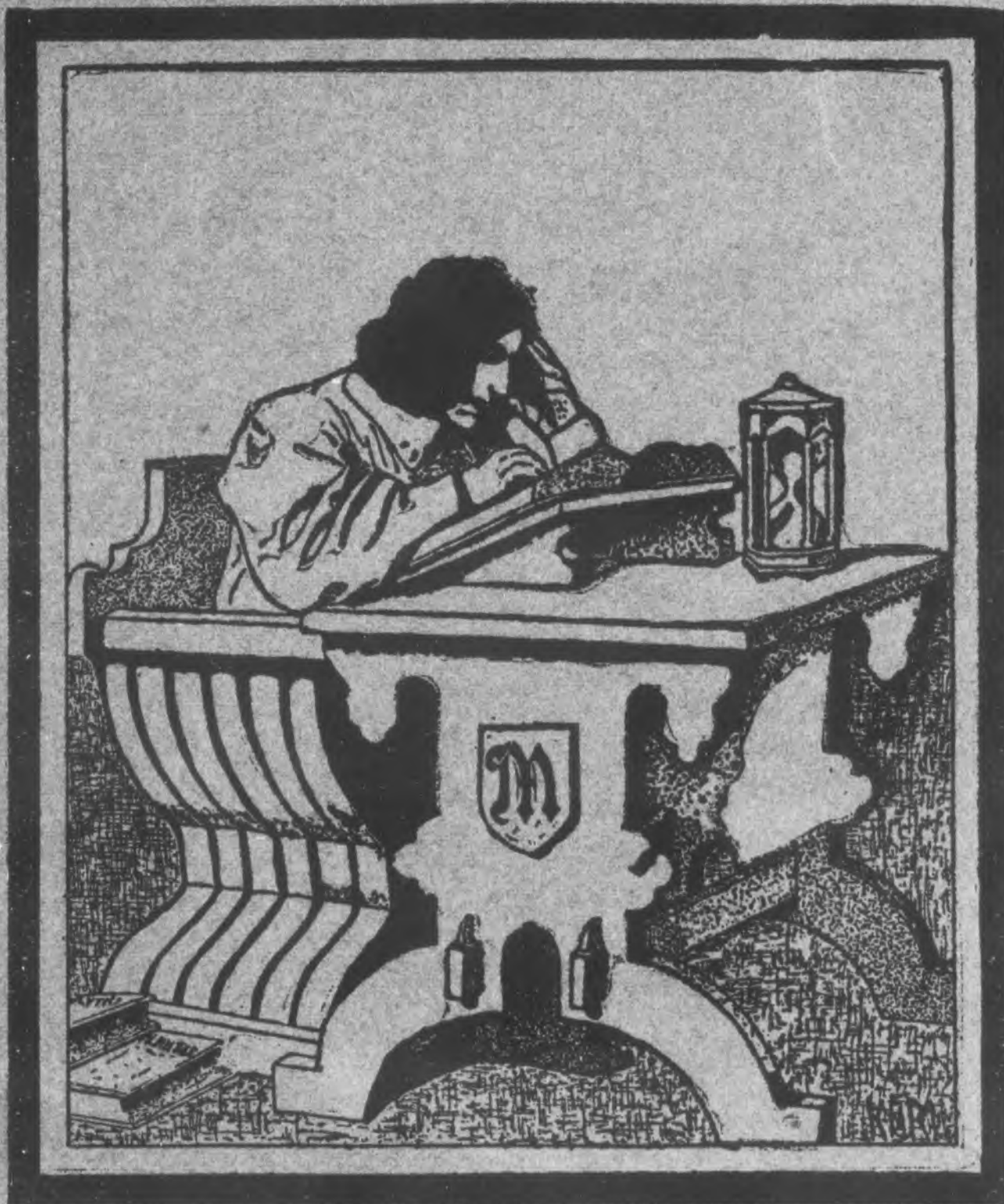
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January 1913.

Vol. XXXI, No. 4.

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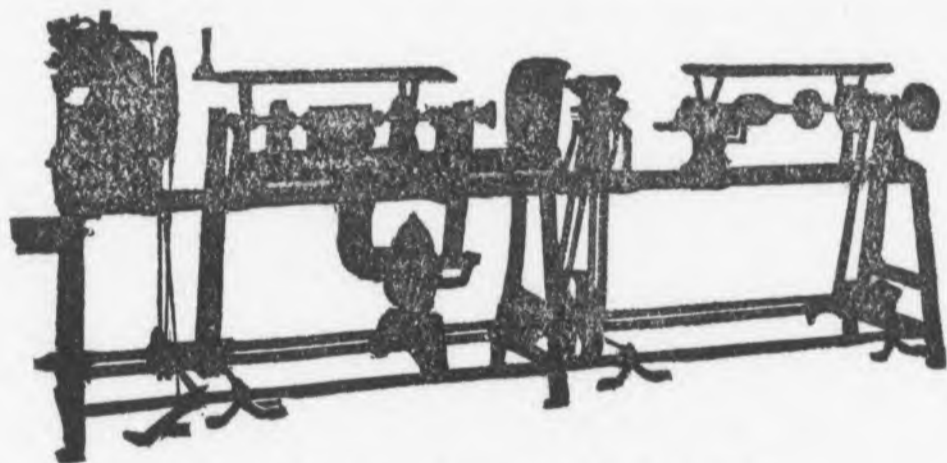
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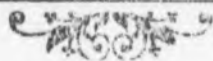
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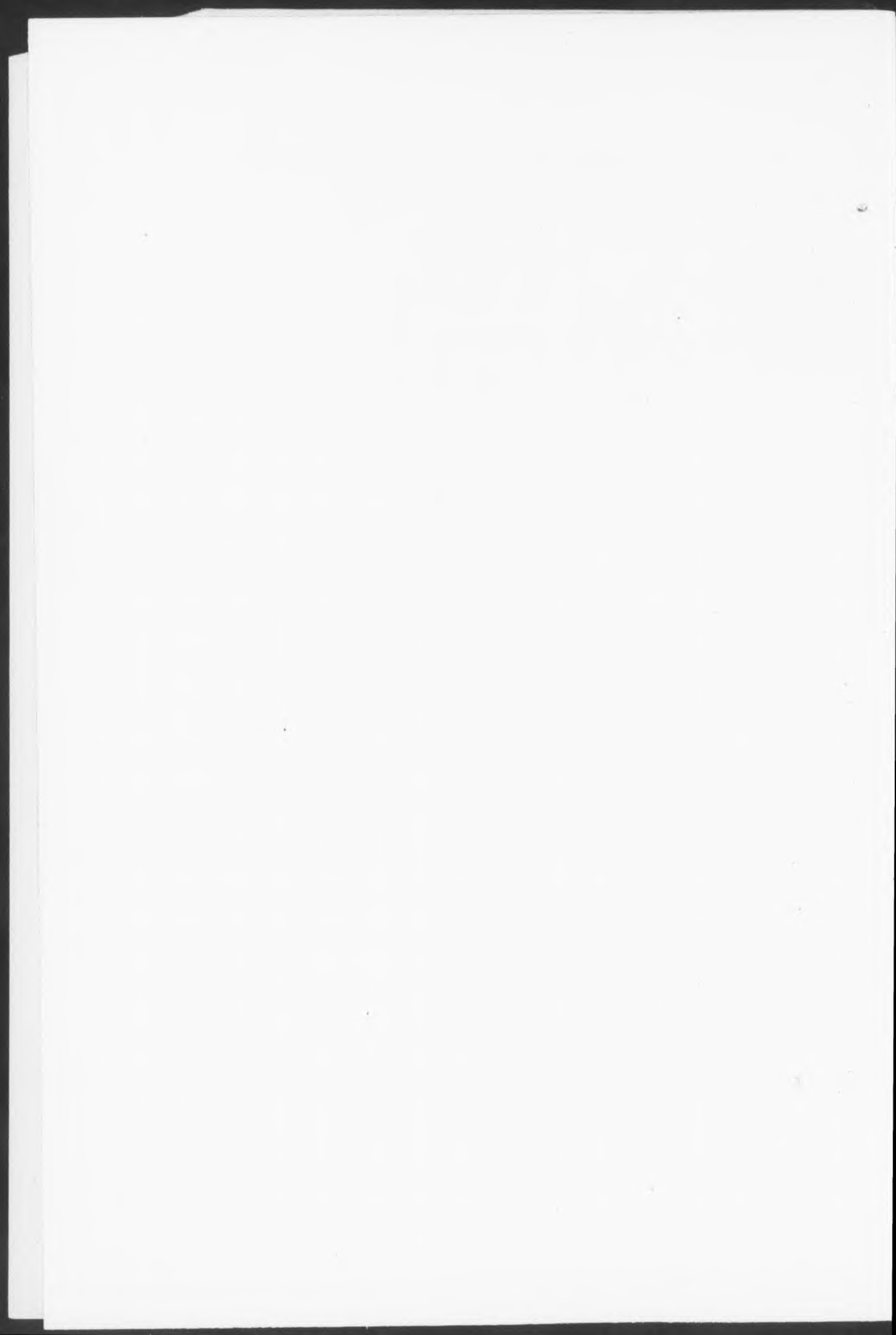
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REAR CAMPUS



DUTCH





"The Rock."

Editor's Note:—This story is founded upon the writer's actual experiences at college. The hero is Alfred Kohler, ex-'13, whom all recall as the man who carried the Eastern culture to the Far West. McMann, the coach, is Dr. Bull, formerly our coach. The game described is a fictitious F. & M. defeat by Muhlenberg.

(By courtesy of the Philadelphia Record Sunday Magazine.)



DOU remember the story of Jack Dalton, of Waverly College, and how he made the 93-yard run for the touchdown that won the "big game" of the year for the college, and the pick of the college widows for himself. Harold Darrell, Cecil Hemingway and Roger Crichton have made their way into current literature by clearing the bases with a three-bagger, or stroking the crew across the finish with a broken oar, or capturing the belle of the ball by some other knightly feat.

But Bergstresser you never read about, mainly because he never performed any of the above-mentioned feats. He was a soul out of its environment. He didn't belong to Waverly College at all. His place was amid the twilight of some 18th century Rathskellar, where the smoke hung in a fragrant fog over and around the grave and bulky occupants whose thinking was very, very deep, so deep that their conversation averaged about one monosyllable to the stein. Like theirs was the soul of Bergstresser, which explains why the belle of the ball failed to fascinate him. There is no belle in the following slice of his biography and the only ball is a dirty pigskin affair, inflated and laced.

"100-64-72-19."

It was the signal for a kick. The scrub ends, after a moment's hesitation, loped out to points about 15 yards away from the center rush on either side. The 'varsity ends followed them cautiously, ready to spill them if the ball should be kicked, and equally ready to frustrate any trick play that might be tried. The scrub center spat on his fingers and gripped the football firmly, preparatory to passing it between his legs, 10 yards back to the full-back.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," howled the coach. "Get on your toes, you 'varsity, smash things up, get through there, and block that kick. BLOCK it, do you hear, you with the openwork jersey. Don't anchor yourself to earth there. Get up and get through . . . Not that way . . . Like this . . . Great gadflies, can't you stay on your toes? . . . Come on and get off this kick, or we'll have to dig him out of the ground."

Bergstresser, the wearer of the tattered jersey, shifted uneasily. He was bewildered. He had been bewildered ever since he had arrived at Waverly. He hadn't known college was going to be like this. When he and his "telescope" bag boarded the Danville Local for the great Unknown, he had a rather delightful prospect of lounging with lots of other solid individuals in comfortable wooden chairs around a great open fire-place, and smoking, smoking and smoking, occasionally sipping from a stein at his elbow, or nibbling at "wurst," cheese or other delicatessen. This picture was acquired from his feeble grandfather's reminiscences of his own college days at Leipsic.

But Waverly was different. There was, apparently, nobody anywhere near as stolid as he, and worst of all, he wasn't allowed to smoke his pipes, or explore beer steins, but had to eat monotonous food at a place they called the "training table." He had been making his way from Chapel on the first day of College, when two upper classmen stopped him.

"Here's some more material, Bob," said one, a slender youth, with a stub nose, freckles and ever-grinning lips. "This is the rube I told you about. Just a little untarnished by civilization, but I'd bet my knitting needle he'll make a star tackle with two years under Doc McMann. He's big enough."

"How much do you weigh, fresh?" asked the other, a tall, bronzed athlete.

"About von-ninedy pounds."

"There, I knew he was Dutch," exclaimed the first speaker. "I have a little bet on with Sam Dutton, who says he knows a Polack when he sees one."

"Have you ever played football?" asked Bob.

"No, sir."

"All right. Oh, by the way, what's your name?"

"Eucheen Bismarck Bergstresser."

Next day somebody pushed open the door of his room and threw in a bulky bundle, with the comment, "Togs." Later somebody showed him how to put them on, and somebody else piloted him to the athletic field. For a week he had been reporting there regularly every afternoon to be mauled, punched, knocked down, stepped on and spurned by spiked feet, and made to run up and down the field under the hot September sun. A terrible man, called a coach, kept continually goading him on, seeming to see everything he did. If he erred in one small particular from what he had been told to do, the coach saw it at once, and would tell him about it in strange and terrible words.

Today his reason was more befogged than ever. He was shifted from 'varsity to scrub, and back again to 'varsity, so many times that he couldn't remember which players he was supposed to help and which he ought to tackle, a vital point in football. He made a clumsy effort to get on his toes at McMann's command, but only succeeded in getting on the toes of Stubby Martin, who was playing center.

The scrub center snapped the ball to the full-back, and a light but fiery scrub guard dove headfirst into Bergstresser, throwing him to the ground sprawling. The scrub full-back kicked the ball high into the air, 40 yards down the field. The 'varsity backs converged toward the point where the twisting spiral seemed to drop.

Chip Burbank, 'varsity quarter-back, caught the ball, and began to pick his way up the field, dodging here and there to avoid tacklers. His fellow-backs were interfering for him, bumping prospective tacklers away from the runner.

Our hero dragged his nose out of the mud, then dragged the mud out of his nose, stood up and noticing that the coach was watching Chip's running, also watched. He didn't know exactly what to do, so played the game safe. The other 21 players engaged in chasing Chip, if they were on the scrubs, or protecting him, if they were on the 'varsity. Bergstresser was on the 'varsity. He knew that, but he hadn't decided on a plan of action.

He became alarmed. Chip was approaching him, darting to right and left, using his ramrod right arm with deadly effect. Bergstresser moved around a little, and threw up his arms, as though to appear interested in Chip's progress.

A scrub end and half-back were closing in on Chip. He would pass to the right of Bergstresser, as he dodged here and there to avoid them. No, he would pass to the left; no—right at him.

Bang! Bergstresser rolled over and over, another victim of Chip's straight arm. The little quarter-back continued across the goal-line for a touchdown.

"What in the name of the Seven Sutherland Sisters is the matter with you, anyhow? Do you think yer at a lawn party?" howled McMann, running up. "You stood still right there and let a fellow about half as big as you are knock you down. Of all the boneheads, you're the worst—why, you're more than a bonehead, you're a regular Rock of Gibraltar."

Bergstresser stood dazed and flushed, while the other players panted gratefully for the respite from toil.

"We don't want men out here who stand still and let the other fellow make a touchdown. You can't stand still on this field. We've reserved a place for that on the sidelines. You get out there, and keep that blanket warm for a while. Hey you, Mellody! Jump in there at guard. Never mind your bad knee. Work it out."

Bergstresser sadly made his way to the sidelines.

When scrimmage was over at last, the weary knights of the pig-skin dragged themselves slowly across the campus toward the hot showers. Bergstresser said to Bob Caruthers:

"Bob, vy did McMann put me away? Jip hit me, but I was on his same side."

"The same side! Why—that's right," exclaimed Caruthers. "You were on the 'varsity and so was Chip. McMann put you out of the game for not tackling your own teammate. That's funny."

"Why in Sam Hill didn't you tell McMann that, when he was bawling you out?" demanded Cap Channing.

"Vell, I didn't remember till I vas by the sidelines," answered Bergstresser.

King Kelly, 'varsity end, rapped his knuckles lightly on Bergstresser's scalp.

"You are sure a regular Rock of Gibraltar," he said. "McMann knew what he was talking about for once in his life, anyhow."

As the season grew older, and McMann developed a football team out of the chaos of September, he found that he could use the "Rock of Gibraltar," which the players seemed to prefer to plain "Bergstresser." McMann discovered that he was a rock in more ways than one. If it required a strenuous effort to chisel anything into his mind, when once there, it remained. Also that when he placed his personality at a particular point, the only way for human force to get beyond that point was to diverge to one side. Applied to football, this trait would have made him an ideal guard, had he been able to learn any "inside football." But there seemed little hope for that.

Day after day, until the days amounted to weeks, and the weeks made a month, and the "big game" was near at hand, McMann and Channing tried to teach him to use his brains, to think quickly. Their efforts failed dismally. He was willing to learn, but lacked the mental suppleness and agility necessary to decide what to do in an instant, before the opposing team had struck its blow.

So the Rock played left guard on the scrub team, placid, profound, contented, while the rest of the squad labored like galley-slaves to put the strongest possible combination on the field against Teneriffe.

Every college has its "big game." A successful season for the football team means winning that game. If it loses almost all the other games on the schedule and wins the "big game," the season is a success. If it loses that game, winning all the others cannot atone for that loss. The high water mark of "college spirit" is established on the day of the "big game." It is the climax of the college year.

Every Yale has its Harvard, every Tuscaloosa Seminary its University of Cranberry Centre. Waverly had Teneriffe. So every Waverleyite, except Bergstresser, became highly excited as Thanksgiving Day approached.

For Teneriffe was more than ordinarily strong. She had a team of veterans, ten of whom had helped defeat Waverly the year before. Six Waverly players had graduated. The only veteran regulars were Cap Channing, Chip Burbank, Kelly and Demott, the famous ends, and Bob Caruthers at half-back. Sporting authorities wrote considerate articles as the game approached, advising Doc McMann to work for next year, and conceding victory to Teneriffe by 20 points.

"Coach," said Cap Channing, on the Monday before Thanksgiving Day, "I don't know what to do to keep the fellows from getting on edge too soon. I can see that they're all nerved up already. They don't take to vaudeville any more; they won't play chess, or checkers, or pussy-in-the-corner; they won't do anything but sit around and look at each other, and after a while one says, 'I wonder if they're as fast as they were last year,' then remembers, and stops, and goes on thinking, which is worse than talking about it."

"I've thought about that," answered McMann. "I'm more afraid of that than of Teneriffe. We've got to do something—but what?"

"I pass it up, Coach. You might put the Rock with us as an example of self-possessed serenity." And Channing smiled wearily. He meant to be funny, but McMann didn't laugh.

"I never thought of that," he said. "It might help."

So, much to his own surprise, the name of "E. B. Bergstresser" was attached to the list of players who were to spend the two days before the game at a lonely farmhouse, remote from the noisy, cheer-swept campus, where every day the students practiced songs and yells. Bergstresser obeyed, as usual, without comment.

On Thanksgiving Day Waverly field was thronged with spectators from far and wide. To get an idea of the scenery, turn to the description of Brokaw Field just before the Yale-Princeton game, divide by fifty, and change the blue streamers into the cardinal and gray of Waverly, and the orange and black banners into the blue and white of Teneriffe.

That giant in the black jersey with cardinal and gray sleeves, balancing the ball on a small mound of earth, preparatory to kicking it down among those players in blue and white is big Ben Parsons, the Waverly full-back. That lithe, graceful figure talking to everybody in an animated manner is Chip Burbank, quarter-back, and he is pleading with his team-mates to "get the ol' pep." That—but there is the referee's whistle. They're off!

See the long line of Waverly players trot forward, Parsons in the middle. Thud! He kicks the ball from its tee, and lifts it high in the air toward the goal. The Waverly players break into a hard run down the field.

The blue and white jerseys converge toward the short, stumpy player about to catch the ball, about 10 yards in front of the goal line. Those two Waverly sprinters sweeping in from both sides of the field toward the ball are Demott and Kelly. They are the greatest

pair of ends outside of the "Big Six." Smash! They grip the blue and white runner almost simultaneously, and fling him to the ground. The referee's whistle shrieks, the teams line up quickly.

The big Teneriffe backs crouch confidently. As the ball is snapped they leap forward into the line with what they mean to be irresistible force. But McMann has done his work well. His linemen, lighter but cleverer than their opponents, worm their way into the path of the attack and "spill" it with a scant two yards gain. Both bands of rooters have been straining at the leash and take this opportunity of bursting forth into loud cheers. Teneriffe made one first down, then was forced to punt.

The name of E. B. Bergstresser did not appear in the line-up. Cuddled up in a cardinal blanket, with gray edging, he looked out on the world from the substitutes' bench with a complacent stare. This would be the last day of beefsteak and boiled potatoes, and boiled potatoes and beefsteak, and beefsteak with boiled potatoes. Tonight he could smoke, without fear of upperclass justice. So he felt quite happy as he snuggled further down into his blanket, away from the chill breezes. The score was 0 to 0 when the first half ended.

McMann got the team together in the little field-house between the halves. After thoroughly grilling them, discussing each player personally and convincing them that they were playing at about 30 per cent. of their real strength, McMann drew aside Chip Burbank.

"Chip," he said. "We've got to pull off that freezeout the first thing. I don't think Slade will last much longer. If we score at all, it has to be done right away."

So, when Waverly obtained the ball, soon after the second half opened, they tried the freezeout. The team lined up in kick formation, the full-back about 8 yards directly behind the center, the half-backs and quarter-back nearer the ball, but at an angle from it, as though to stop opposing backs from interfering with Parsons, the full-back, when he kicked the ball.

Martin snapped back the ball, but not to the full-back. It sped straight to Bob Caruthers, left half-back, who found an unguarded spot just outside tackle and slipped through. The Teneriffe ends and other linemen were directing their entire attention to dodging the man in front of them, expecting a kick, and didn't realize what was happening until too late. Caruthers ran, writhed and wriggled as far as Teneriffe's 30-yard line before he was brought to earth. The Waverly section of the grandstand burst into a roar of applause.

"They're on the run," chortled Chip Burbank. "Right on for a touchdown, fellows. Everybody in it."

Bob Caruthers enthusiastically demanded the ball again, and made a herculean attempt to penetrate right guard, but the Teneriffe line had suddenly solidified again. Chip Burbank ran a long distance on a quarter-back run, but he ran across the field, and was downed for a scant two yards' gain. Big Pen Parsons dropped back to try for a field goal.

The crowd in the stands was silent for the first time since the game started. The Teneriffe players crouched down along the line, ready to dash in and stop the kick. But Martin made a perfect pass to Parsons, and Parsons made as perfect a kick, the ball passing squarely between the goal-posts. A field goal.

Four points for Waverly. Teneriffe hadn't scored. It meant victory for Waverly if the rest of the game should be as unproductive as the first part. There had never been so much noise before, within 20 miles of Waverly, except the time the Smithtown powder mill blew up.

But when the whistle blew after Parsons' kick and the mass of players disentangled themselves, two Cardinal and Gray warriors didn't jump to their feet and throw their head-guards into the air. They were Slade and Smiley, right tackle and right guard.

McMann groaned. He had hoped that Smiley would strengthen the featherweight tackle that would have to take Slade's place against the mighty Sellers. Now there was none else to put in. The rest of the game would be a Teneriffe parade up and down the field. Slade was McMann's best lineman and he had fallen before the mighty Sellers. The Teneriffe giant would find it child's play to push aside any Waverly substitute that might oppose him. Then the Teneriffe backs would dash right through in the wake of Sellers and there was no telling how far they would get before they stopped.

Still groaning deep down in his heart, but with jaw set, McMann happened to notice a huge hulk motionless on the bench. It was Bergstresser.

Well, he'd have to go in, decided McMann. Come to think of it, his bulk might show up to better advantage against the terrible Sellers than the stripling who was picking out a nose-guard, and watching eagerly for McMann's signal to come on the field. McMann called Bergstresser.

Somebody woke up our hero, and propelled him out toward his team-mates. He was assigned to play right tackle. Dave Smiley, after having various parts of his body rubbed, said he was "all right" and continued to play right guard.

"Rock, listen to me." It was Cap. Channing, trying his hand at explaining. "Get down there in front of the big brute with the tin ear, and stay there. Do you get me? Dig your feet in, anchor yourself to earth, send down roots. I don't care how you do it, just STICK. Don't move for anything less than a railroad train."

Bergstresser yawned sleepily. Channing turned away, and bravely harangued his team, putting a note of confidence in his voice that did not come from his heart.

Then the quarter-back of the Teneriffe team, who had a crooked nose, and a gold tooth that bobbed out into the sunlight and in again as he bawled out signals, decided to begin a steady attack on the newcomer. To this end he conferred with Sellers.

"We'll come through you this time, Andy. Push that big cow aside and make us a hole."

"Ugh," replied the illustrious Sellers, whose accomplishments did not include the art of conversation.

"49-91-18," and the combined forces of the Teneriffe backfield swooped down on Eugene Bismarck Bergstresser, the Rock of Gibraltar. Like a rock in the middle of a rushing river he stood firm, while the attack eddied around him and stopped.

The crooked-nosed quarter-back complained to Sellers.

Come on Andy, wake up. No use going to sleep when you have something soft in front of you. Go to it; give us some room to get through. We've got to make a touchdown, and we can't if you stop playing."

"Can that, can that," growled Sellers. "I'll get him. My foot slipped."

Then Sellers brought out his box of tricks which he used for "getting" opponents. But twisting, gouging, mawling and pummeling, all failed to affect the creature opposite him, who appeared to be clamped to the ground. Another attempt to gain through Bergstresser failed, and Teneriffe had to kick.

Waverly couldn't gain, either, and in her turn kicked the ball to Teneriffe. A trick play intended to come around Demott's end netted but two yards.

"It's no use Andy, you've got to get that boob out of the way. That's the only chance we have to gain. If you can't beat up a rube, you ought to retire. You ought to open up a hole big enough to drive a steam-roller through."

On the next play Bergstresser received a fierce uppercut that landed on the tip of his ruddy nose, and the ball advanced seven yards. At first a muffled grunt was the only indication of his consciousness, but his gray eyes flashed fire, and for the first time in his college course he was aroused to anger.

"You-you-you—" he shouted. "I stop you do that."

After the next play it was Sellers whose face bore witness of having been assaulted. The German broke no rules; he knew of none. It was the spirit of some remote Teuton warrior after centuries of slumber animating the usually torpid carcass.

Then the crook-nosed quarter-back made a discovery. He found that Smiley, the Waverly guard, was exhausted. He found that a plunge at guard was his best play and he specialized on it. Bergstresser was as immovable as ever, and fighting fiercely now, but he was not "shifty." He could not stop plays on either side of him. Stubby Martin, centre, was working like a Trojan, but couldn't get under plays before they had gained some precious yards. Smiley was like a damp rag. He was thoroughly exhausted.

"Brace, fellows, brace," cried Cap Channing. "We've only a few minutes to play."

But gradually and surely, by three-yard plunges and two-yard wriggles, Teneriffe carried the ball through right guard and approached the Waverly goal. McMann took Smiley out of the game and sent in Carter, the stripling who had expected to supplant Slade. The youth was clever, but small, and Teneriffe was almost irresistible. He failed to stem the tide.

The Teneriffe contingent in the grandstand was cheering excitedly. The Waverlyites had exhausted all their yells, and their desperate chant of "Hold em, hold 'em," billowed across the field.

"Just a few seconds, a few seconds," urged Cap Channing. "Dig in there Stubby, dig in, can't you, Carter, get into the play, Rock!"

Then the crooked-nosed quarter-back accomplished the impossible. By way of variation he took the ball from the center and circled King Kelly's end for a 12-yard run. Burbank finally felled him seven yards from the goal!

Seven yards between a touchdown and victory. A touchdown would give Teneriffe five points against Waverly's four. The Teneriffe rooters howled like madmen. Waverly's "Hold 'em" became faint in comparison.

The time keeper answered Cap Channing's question, "One minute and seventeen seconds to play."

"Fellows, on your toes," sang the Teneriffe quarter-back. "Three downs and a whole minute to make 7 yards. We can do it with our eyes shut—17-46-83—" a quick rush, and five of the seven yards were no more. Two downs to make two yards.

"Where are you, Stubby," shouted Cap Channing. "That was right through you. Get into it."

It was through the weak guard, but Martin didn't reply. He gritted his teeth and dove headfirst into the opposing center.

The play was right at center this time, and Martin met it halfway, topping it without a gain.

"Now take it over," yelled Sellers. "Right through the Dutchman." All this rough-house tactics had bruised but failed to dismay the Rock, who was fighting him as though there was nobody else in the Universe.

"Here we go, right through," yelled the quarter-back.

The Teneriffe center had been badly dazed in the former play. But he knew there were only a few seconds of the game left, so said nothing, although the world swam around him. His pass to the quarter-back was very poor. The quarter-back grasped it frantically but it slipped out of his hands as he tried to pass it to the speeding backs.

Carried on by their momentum, the backs plunged on through the Waverly center. Cap Channing thrust aside the man in front of him, dove head first at the quarter-back's knees and both went down together. The ball rolled lazily away about a yard and a half beyond the Teneriffe left tackle, Sellers.

He, alone, saw the ball. He punched Bergstresser with all his strength squarely on the nose, then dodged his onslaught and dashed for the ball. King Kelly, Waverly end, had left his position and was somewhere under the play at center. There was not the slightest obstacles between Sellers and the goal-line. He had to but pick up the ball and carry it two yards across the line for a touchdown. Then victory belonged to Teneriffe. Sellers smiled exultantly as he scooped up the ball. He would be the hero!

A mighty hand seized Sellers by the belt at the back of his pants. He struggled to move forward like a hound at the end of a stout chain. He writhed and wriggled, he kicked and tore at the restraining hand, two small yards from a touchdown. Great beads of sweat sprouted on his forehead. It was maddening. Another desperate wriggle—a sharp whistle, then the shout, "Time's up." Waverly had won!

Sellers turned around. The hand still grasped his belt, and only a quick move of his head saved him from a deadly punch on the nose.

"You bleed my nose," yelled his captor, "I'll get you, you, you—stiff!"

Then the tide of Waverly rooters surged round them. Strong arms seized Eugene Bismarck Bergstresser and he learned that there was a way to leave Waverly Field without walking.

WM. E. BRANDT, '11.

When Actions Speak.

PART ONE.



HE mellowness of late afternoon in mid-summer was descending over the range as Jack Burton rode musingly homeward over the Bar X trail. To the left and to the right of him the plains rolled away into eternity of sunlit space, while far behind him the foothills rose in bold outlines against the clear, western sky. Suddenly the cow-man seemed to arrive at a decision. His young, sun-browned face set with determination.

Roweling his pony, he went clattering furiously up the dust-coated trail toward the Bar X Ranch.

Before the pony had fairly stopped, Jack swung easily from his saddle not far from the horse corral.

"Hello, Frank," he called to a ranger who came swaggering past just then. "Is Mr. Herron about?"

The man, a vulgar, coarse-looking woodchopper from the ranch's forest, glanced at him contemptuously.

"Say, kid," he growled, "I'm no walkin' directory. 'If you want to see your 'Boss' go hunt him."

"Thanks," returned young Burton, good-naturedly. "I simply thought you knew of his whereabouts."

"See here, youngster," bullied the older man, "I want you to un-
ing Texas range. Now you're bunking on homestead land, an you've
got to act accordin'. Catch that?"

His black-bearded face was convulsed with rage as he roared
his question, for the cowboy from the southwest had made a polite
sweep with his plainsman hat and was now deliberately leading his
bronco into the corral.

Tom Herron, a tall, clean-shaved athlete, foreman and proprietor
of the Bar X Ranch, was standing on the spacious porch of his ranch
house conversing with one of the cow-punchers. His one arm was in
a sling, and he appeared restless because of his helpless condition.
Nearby, a friendly Sioux Indian was squatting, peacefully smoking
a long-stemmed pipe.

"Sorry that your arm has laid you up, Boss," the puncher was say-
ing regretfully. "We need you plumb bad in the games tomorrow."

"Don't worry, Shorty," replied Tom cheerfully. "Our 'busters'
and 'ropers' with their wiry ponies, will about settle that Northern
Range. But who's all entering the contest from around here? What
is going to happen anyway?"

"Oh, the old things—hoss racing, and bronc' busting, and such
kid's play. And our whole range counted on you in the ropin' contest;
but fate's agin' us, plumb sure."

"Let me see," said Tom meditatively, "who can we get to fight
for our honor? What is young Burton, our new outrider, like? I
haven't had a chance to se him work."

He's the best hand in the saddle I ever bunked with," responded
"Shorty" promptly. "I saw him 'hog-tie' a steer in forty seconds, and
he took his own easy time, too."

"Dou you really mean that Burton can make it in forty seconds?"
said Tom, surprised. "Why Frank Danue has been telling me that
I'm simpling wasting coin on Jack."

"Shorty's" eyes flashed dangerously.

"The lyin' skunk," he cried angrily. "I'm a thinkin' he's working
to get you down on young Texas. Why Jack Burton can throw all
sorts of lariats around your other outriders."

"I never did like Danue," declared Tom. "But I was suspicious
of Burton because he refused to speak of his former life in Texas, and
I felt inclined to believe Danue when he insisted that Burton was run
off that Texas Ranch."

"Shorty's" eyes snapped indignantly.

"I'm a thinkin' it won't be healthy for Danue on these diggings
if the boys get wind of that," he declared. "Boss, we like Jack. What
happened down in Texas is no businss of ours. We only know that
Jack got in some fuss down there and he saw fit to skip the place with
an adopted name."

"You're right, Shorty," agreed Tom, "what a man was is no con-
cern of ours. It's what a man is, that counts. If young Burton can

'hog-tie' a steer in forty seconds, then he's the champion you want for the roping contest."

Over "Shorty's" face spread a veil of gloom.

"All the boys of the range were after him to enter, but he's refused downright. He seems to think he wouldn't stand a show."

"Why man alive!" ejaculated Tom. "The world's record is only thirty-seven seconds."

"Shorty" simply shook his head moodily, and said that he knew it.

"Hello, pards," called a cheery voice from the direction of the corral. Both men turned and beheld Jack himself come swinging up the driveway, the very picture of vigorous and healthy young manhood.

"Here comes Texas now. You ask him, Boss," pleaded "Shorty." "Make him enter the contest if you got to draw on him."

Tom gave "Shorty" an assuring nod of his head and came directly to the question as Jack came up.

"Burton," he began, "how about that roping contest tomorrow?"

"I've been hunting you, Mr. Herron, to let you know, I've decided to enter."

"Whoop-e!" yelled "Shorty" in delight. And "Bully!" he cried again, grasping Jack's hand and pumping his arm at a great rate. "Hey, Duckey," he shouted to a cowboy, who came riding up just then. "Texas here is goin' in for ropin'."

"Bully!" roared "Ducky" swinging from his saddle and seizing Jack's other hand.

"Go into the game for all you're worth, Burton," advised Tom, smiling proudly down on his three friendly cattlemen. "Remember, you have the honor of our range to uphold. Go in to smash Dakota's record of thirty-nine seconds. Try to tie the world's record of thirty-seven seconds, made by Buddie McGonnigal from your home State."

Jack simply smiled, a broad, queer smile.

"It will make you hustle," continued Tom. "I understand that a wonder has entered from the Northern Range, who is holding the 'hog-tieing' record of Montana."

"I've heard tell of him," declared "Shorty," anxiously. "They say he's got 'em all lassoed at steer ropin'."

"They've been telling me that he's got every record in cattledom beat," added "Ducky." "Danue's betting like blazes on him."

"Which goes to show what for dirt he's made of," returned "Shorty" in disgust. "Goin' agan' his home range."

"Texas can cop the honors without his support anyway," declared "Ducky" enthusiastically. "Still," he continued, speaking to Jack "I advise you to keep a lookout for dirty tricks. Danue says it would serve you plumb right to lose." Significantly.

"There will be no trickery," answered Jack confidently. "Our friend, Danue, dislikes me so thoroughly, that he has pinned his faith

to this Pierre County champion. That's all. It is easy to talk against those you hate."

"I'm a thinkin' Danue's too much of a coward to play dirty," said "Shorty" scornfully. "But all the samey me and Strong Fox 'll keep our eyes peeled for foul play, won't we, 'Gruntty?'" he concluded, appealing to his good Sioux friend.

The Indian blew a cloud of smoke into the air and nodded a grave, unemotional assent.

"Thanks, pard," said Jack gratefully. Then his tanned face grew stern. "Trickery!" he exclaimed. "That is not the game we southern cowmen play. We play fair or quit. Don't think for a second that I'll sink before trickery. That word," he smiled suddenly, winningly, "is not in my dictionary."

PART TWO.

Bill Sanard, the referee, a tall, muscular, middle-aged athlete, foreman and joint proprietor of the Double Bar Ranch, located in neutral ground, an adept with the rope and a dead shot with the "six-gun," mounted an empty box to make an announcement.

At this action a strange silence seized the crowd before him. It was a strange assemblage—cow-punchers, ranchers, people of the town, a smattering of government officials from the nearby agency, and a host of Crow Creek Indians. They were all children of the plains, accustomed only to God's heavens and the limitless stretch of scenery to bound their enthusiasm.

All the minor events on the program were already history. Horse races and foot races had followed each other in rapid succession. There had been a round of broncho busting in which Strong Fox had acquitted himself with much glory. And now Bill Sanard was announcing the most important event of the afternoon.

"Ladies, cow-punchers, feller plainmen, and Indians," he began. "We're goin' to have a ropin' contest, and you can bet your bottom dollar it's going to be fair. The Double Bar outfit never plays a favorite. The feller swiftest with his string gets the honors. There are seven entries, and they got to knuckle down to rules. Buddie McGonigal, of Texas, is holding the world's record at thirty-seven seconds and we're goin' to use his rules, 'Steer down and hog-tied three feet together.' The entries must keep in their saddles at the corral gate, and move nary a peg till the steer crosses that twenty-yard line there on the prairie."

Five of the contestants cheerfully performed their work, capturing their steers very artistically, but none lowering the minute record.

Then the Pierre County champion rode up to the corral, in which the great monarchs of the plains were milling restlessly. He was a tough and wiry young fellow, entirely at home in the saddle. He threw one leg over the saddle horn and bided his time with the utmost concern, one hand toying with the mane of his cow-pony.

At his advent upon the field a great cheer sprang from his admirers and went rollicking over the open prairie. His skill was known widely over the western country and many expected him to lower even Buddie McGonigal's record.

Suddenly the corral gate swung open and a large black steer made a dash for freedom. As soon as the animal touched the twenty-yard line the waiting cowman dug his spurs into his pony's flanks. A swift, short dash, brought him within throwing distance. His rope flew through the air and the loop settled over the horns of the terrified steer. The trained poney wheeled to the right and planted his feet firmly for the shock. The cowman deftly knotted the rope about his saddle horn and leaped nimbly to the ground as the steer was thrown struggling to its side. Then loosening a tie-rope from his belt, he fashioned a loop in it as he ran toward his bellowing victim. As the steer's hind leg came forward in a kick the cowman caught it in the loop. Quick as thought he bound it around one foreleg and tied it to the other. Instantly his arms went into the air. His work was accomplished. The steer lay helpless, "hog-tied."

"Thirty-nine seconds," cried the referee.

The crowd broke into wild cheering, friend and foe alike giving credit to the fine horsemanship and excellent work of Pierre's champion.

In a few minutes Jack Burton was seen approaching the corral gate on his pony. He rode easily gracefully with a cowboy's firmness in the saddle. He wore no coat, nor waist-coat, his heavy, blue flannel shirt being all sufficient for his vigorous and healthy manhood. The soft ends of a neckerchief knotted around his brown throat, fluttered gayly in the light, warm breeze. He was accorded a warm reception by those who knew him, but he was still a stranger to most of them.

For him an enormous black and white steer was released. With a roar of rage it plunged toward the plains. As it crossed the starting line, Jack dug his spurs home, his muscular arm sent his rope singing through the air, and his pony braced itself for the shock. It was an excellent throw, but when the shock came the saddle and rider shot over the pony's head and the steer continued its mad dash across the prairie.

"For God's sake, keep the people back," cried "Boss" Tom, who was the first to reach the motionless, white-faced form of "young Texas" that lay stretched upon the trampled earth. "Shorty! Ducky! Keep them back, I say! We must have air!" But Jack was only stunned and no bones were broken. When water was brought and his pale face laved in it, he opened his eyes and gazed about, bewildered. Then he remembered and smiled, sadly.

"Well, I lost. I did the best I could. I'm sorry for the boys. How did it happen?"

"It wasn't fair, Texas," growled "Shorty."

"I don't seem to remember just what happened," said Jack, "but I reckon it was fair, pard."

"Wgh! Wanicke!" grunted a voice. They all turned and saw Strong Fox coming toward them, carrying over his arm the treacherous saddle. The Sioux pointed, with a stern, hard face and blazing eyes, to the cleanly broken girth-strap dangling from the saddle.

"Let me see it," commanded Tom. Then after a brief inspection: "Strong Fox is right," he declared.

The break had occurred under the saddle skirt where the ladigo strap passes through the cinch ring. It was a clean break—too clean—and the Indian had discovered it. His keen eyes, trained by long practice, to note the slightest sign, had detected in the break foul play.

"What does it mean?" inquired Jack, struggling to his feet, his senses reeling.

"It means," said Tom, his jaw squaring, "that someone cut that strap with a sharp knife, just enough so that the strain of clinching would not break it, but the sudden shock of roping the steer would surely cause it to snap.

"It's a mean trick, pardner," sympathized the referee. "But it's a sure thing your traps were fouled. I say you've got another trial coming in this contest."

"I'll take it," said Jack simply, firmly. "May I have another saddle?"

"Are you strong enough?" said Tom doubtfully. "That was a heavy fall."

"May I use your saddle, Mr. Herron?" was the grim, determined reply.

"Say, what's all this rotten talk about another trial?" growled Frank Danue to the referee.

"It's my decision that the saddle was tampered with to throw this contest. Dou you catch that?" responded stout-hearted Sanard, curtly. "I'm the referee. The youngster gets another chance." And he deliberately turned his back on the grumbler.

"I've looked at that harness, friends, and the gentleman is sure entitled to a fair chance. He didn't have it afore." All heads were turned and a cheer went up as they saw that it was the northern champion who spoke. They loved fair play, these plainsmen.

Accordingly, after a few minutes rest, Jack again found himself calmly seated on his pony at the corral gate. His pluck and the general belief that he had been made the victim of foul play had made him a favorite.

Again a black steer was released—a wild, hornless galloway. As the black mass crossed the line, Jack's mount plunged forward and the next instant was pressing close to the steer's side; still Jack's arm hung idly at his side, the hondeau of the loop of his thumb. The vast crowd stood motionless, not daring to breathe, for they realized that the Bar X champion contemplated the most difficult and most uncertain of all throws—a foot-catch. This knowledge threw them

into a frenzied state of excitement, for only one man had ever risked that catch in a contest for records, and that man was Buddie McGonnigal, of Texas.

Suddenly Jack's arm raised, his rope shot out, the loop missing the steer's head by several feet. The cowmen held their breath in admiration as Jack's stout lungs let out a yell that caused the steer to dodge suddenly to the right, and the trick was accomplished. The animal's shoulders striking the rope just above the hondeau, caused the loop to swing toward him, and with the next lunge both his front feet went into it.

With a snap the throw-rope tightened on the saddle-horn and the pony wheeled and braced his feet. This time the saddle held and the galloway was jerked struggling to its side. Jack was already out of his saddle. Deftly he dropped his tie-rope over the steer's hind leg, and with the rapidity of thought put a half hitch over the other, a final knot about the two front legs, and the steer lay conquered, with his four feet tied together.

Jack's hands went into the air. A tense silence held the crowd.

"Thirty-seven seconds," shouted the referee. And the crowd broke loose into a wild, bedlam-like yelling that was heard far beyond the agency. The world's record had been tied and the honor of the southern range had been upheld.

"Bully! Bully!" roared "Shorty" as the Bar X outfit was riding back to the ranch.

"I'm mighty glad that I won for the boys," smiled "young Texas" simply.

"Your foot catch throw knocked Jack Burton all to smithereens," grinned one of the cow punchers knowingly.

Jack stared at him.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"Oh, come, surrender now! Ain't you Buddie McGonnigal himself?"

"Whoope-e," yelled "Shorty." "We knew you as soon as we saw you using that foot catch. Why didn't you tell us?"

"I had reasons for changing my name," admitted Buddie at last.

"Why didn't you say you could rope like that when Frank Danue was downing you?"

"Boasting is not my make-up," said Buddie with one of his winning smiles. "And besides a fellow's doings will always speak for themselves, no matter what the people say."

CLAUDE F. MILLER, '16.

The Muhlenberg

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Editorial.

With this issue of the monthly our voyage upon the somewhat stormy seas of college journalism comes to an end. Our task has been considerably lightened by the ready response of the students and the willing labor of the remainder of the staff. The ordinary student cannot realize what a help to the careworn editor any bit of material, however insignificant it may seem, becomes, especially in a small college such as ours. That the incoming editor may have even greater support is the earnest and sincere wish of the writer.

The time to think about our spring sports is upon us now and baseball at once suggests itself to our minds. A somewhat abortive attempt to secure this sport was made last year but for various reasons it failed. The chief reasons for its failure have by this time been removed and we should by all means have a team to represent Muhlenberg on the diamond this spring. With good material, the students at large stand willing to furnish part at least of the financial backing for the sport. Thus with a basketball team and a baseball team our list of intercollegiate sports would be once more complete and greater glories would be won for our beloved Alma Mater.

The Muhlenberg is greatly in need of some new cover designs. A constant murmur of discontent arises from the student body which the staff would gladly remedy, but cannot. Surely there is talent lying dormant at college which, if properly exercised, would be greatly appreciated by the patient and long suffering staff, who have long since become immune to criticism thru constant subjection to it. Boost the paper with a few well drawn cuts and earn undying gratitude.



Amid the community of feeling and general social atmosphere existing in a small college there is a liability toward too great freedom of restraint and lack of due regard toward one's superiors. We know each other's faults and virtues too well to treat another with the same respect as would be shown toward a stranger in the same position. Let us try to cultivate the feeling that an upper classman is wiser than we and as such his commands and advice are to be heeded. A new man who does not enter willingly and heartily into all the phases of college life for which he has ability and time will never be a good upper classman, fit to lead his fellows in the right road. Respect the position if you cannot the man and you yourself are the greatest benefactor of the scheme.

WANTED.—A Poet. One who can write any simple story of college, love or anything to make us forget our cares and troubles for a short space of time. Contributions willingly received at any hour.



AT THE GAME.

A girl there was, and she saw the game,
Even as you and I,
And she called the players all by name,
And she said, "He's bum!" "What a stiff!" "For shame!"
And a great deal more just about the same,
Though no one could see why.
And the laughs she laughed and the chews she chewed
And the jerks she jerked that day,
And the way she sat on that chair and slewed
(We wished to heaven the seat was glued)
Was marvelous in its way.
She heard the cry, "Sit down in front!"
And her vocal chords did another stunt—
She called the man who spoke "a runt"—
(It's strange what a man can do and won't!)
And so the hours went by.

Oh, the things we see and the things we hear
And the things that we have to feel,
When fate (or the grandstand) brings us too near
A girl constructed extremely queer—

Half megaphone and half eel!
The game went on and the girl remained,
Even as you and I,
But a place of safety we'd sought and gained,
For our souls already with crime we'd stained;
We feared to stay lest that girl we brained,
An impossible thing, by the by.
Ah, the things we thought and the words we said
Were deeds that were darkly done,
When we bought the paper next day and read
What we could not see for that girl's red head—
That the New York team had won.



TRUE GREATNESS.

To bear a burden cheerfully
A little way and still to smile,
Is better than to tearfully
And dismally trudge mile on mile.
Some simple little kindly deed
Does more to cheer a man's abode
Than favors big in time of need
That have been grudgingly bestowed.
'Tis not the distance that man goes,
'Tis not how much his strength will bear,
It is the spirit that he shows
When he is burdened down with care.
It's better far with cheerfulness
To try to do your task and fail,
Than leaving when you've won success.
But discontent along your trail.
It isn't what you give that counts
But how you give, that God will see,
The widow's mite to much amounts,
For it was given cheerfully.
Deeds in themselves are little things
Unless the spirit in them glows,
For from the heart true greatness springs
In how, not what it does, it shows.

Campus Clippings.

The annual card party and dance of Euterpea to her new men was held Friday evening, December 13th. The halls were decorated with a great profusion of college pennants and banners, and the whole effect was heightened by the soft glow of colored lights. Cards helped introduce the merry makers and dancing was enjoyed till a seasonable hour. All departed saying that this was "the best ever" of the many enjoyable affairs conducted by this society.



The Glee Club has, after hard, faithful practice, reached a high state of efficiency. The presence of Dr. Marks is greatly missed, but under the able leadership of Katz '13, great strides have been made toward perfection. As an advertising feature, a trip will be made thru New York State during the Easter recess. Concerts will no doubt be given at New York, Kingston, Albany and Utica. May much good result from this excursion into the great unknown of the Empire State.



In the large dining hall of Hotel Allen, December 17th, occurred the annual complimentary dinner to our football squad. Covers were laid for two hundred, many alumni and friends being present, together with the faculty and students. The menu was most elaborate and complete, the service left nothing to be desired. Lawrence H. Rupp, District Attorney of Lehigh County, made a very witty toastmaster. Dr. Haas spoke at some length on the real work of Muhlenberg; Judge Heydt of Carbon County, talked briefly on Manliness, and Mr. E. J. Lumley told us what we meant to Allentown. Ex-Mayor Rick, of Reading, presented his city's felicitations and Samuel Potteiger presented a beautiful silver football to the captain, Bixler '13, to be kept as a memento of our most successful season. William L. Katz '13, presented the students' side of the case, and Professor William H. Reese presented the M sweaters to the 'varsity. A new precedent was established by awarding "Hunk" Esser '13 a sweater with a "scrub" emblem upon it as a reward for four years of hard work on the squad.

Another innovation was the awarding of "classy" Muhlenberg blankets to those men who had won their M two or more years. Each year of service was indicated by a gray star. E. Loser and Katz received two and three stars respectively, while Captain George had eight on his blanket, four gray ones for football and four blue ones for track.

Coach Kelly was then thrust onto the center of the stage and presented with a solid gold watch by "Butch" Cressman, in behalf of the student body. He had barely recovered from this shock when

Professor Reese handed him a huge purse of gold from his friends of the Athletic Association. Mr. Kelly was deeply moved by these gifts and in response paid high tribute to the team, and his appreciation of the gifts.

Al. Skean '14, fullback of this year's team, was then elected captain for next year. After singing the Alma Mater the banquet broke up after a most enjoyable time.



Christmas vacation, too much hilarity, too many "eats," indigestion, grippe, midnight feeds upon your return to hard work again.



Everybody's doing it—doing what? Wondering when the snow will come.



It strikes the ordinary man as pretty peculiar that some fellows will express a tremendous longing for home all term and then come back three days before college opens. Perhaps some seniors might be able to answer that problem satisfactorily to our befogged intellect.



Lately a perplexing problem was solved for us. We have often wondered why certain individuals retired to roost so early but have just made the interesting discovery that the sole object of the scheme is to enable the enthusiasts to rise at 3 G. M. and indulge in bowling practice along the corridors, thus disturbing the innocent (?) dreams of upper classmen who are doing experimental work along lines suggested by Prof. Bossard in Sociology and Economics.



The interior of the Commons was recently further beautified by a large Muhlenberg banner presented by the Class of 1914. The lettering is Old English and the whole presents a very neat and tasty appearance. It is to be hoped that other classes will follow the lead of the two upper ones and make the walls of the dining hall glow with the gay colors of other banners.



On Tuesday, January 7th, our able athletic director, Thomas Kelly was married at Mt. Vernon, Illinois. The bride is Miss Catharine Blair, daughter of Wm. C. Blair, a leading attorney and a member of the Illinois Legislature. We extend our congratulations to the happy couple and trust their stay with us may be both long and pleasurable in the extreme. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will reside, temporarily at least, near the college he has benefited so much.



Athletics.

ELMER L. LEISEY, '14, Editor.

After a lapse of a few years Muhlenberg will again be represented in the basketball cage. We will start low as well as anew, as we have done, and gradually develop as all our activities have done in the past. The schedule is rather difficult when we think that we meet Lehigh, Albright, Delaware and Lebanon Valley, all of whom have a reputation of their own. Just who the team will be has not yet been decided. Among the men who have a good chance are such Prep. School stars as Hubbard, Vreeland, Ritter, Afflerbach, Copley and Leisey. Whether this combination can cope with a collegiate five is a matter of conjecture but they at least deserve our heartiest support. There seems to be a lack of interest and enthusiasm. Let us wake up so that we may not be asleep for the first game with Lehigh at South Bethlehem.

Our football heroes have fought and suddenly sunk into oblivion because no more yells cheer them on to victory. As a close to the season let us prepare a fitting eulogy to the favored few who wear the college emblem.

The first and smallest of these men who deserves honorable mention is our popular and rosy cheeked manager, Charley Keim. As a financier he carried the most successful team thru a season crowned with financial success. He is in every way a representative Muhlenberg man and has worked for the best interests of the college. The schedule, due to his untiring efforts, was the best Muhlenberg has ever had. "Germie" has very frequently aided the team's financial success by bringing his most intimate friends from Nazareth to our games.



1912 FOOTBALL SQUAD

Our "M" Men.

Capt. Geo. Bixler has been an able leader and a hard player. George has been in evidence in every game, he has played for Muhlenberg against odds when he alone has staved off ignominious defeat by sensational tackling, and running back punts with skill that would do justice to many a University athlete. He has always played "with the team" and "for the team" at the expense of his own individual playing and as a punter he is the greatest that Muhlenberg has ever seen.

William Katz has been a faithful, consistent guard, always "on the job," a bulwark of strength in defense, even though the scales refused to indicate more than 154 in Bill's favor. As Kelly himself said "Katz is the best guard Muhlenberg has ever had."

Paul Loser learned his fundamentals in physical and intellectual training at a sister institution, Lebanon Valley. He has proved an able substitute center and a hard worker for the best interests of Greater Muhlenberg.

Earl Loser arrived here with his cousin Paul, and has been an "M" man twice in spite of his diminutive size and weight. "Squirrel" is a "top notch" good fellow and a willing worker and an able asset to a winning team.

Walter Groff has fought for a permanent berth on the eleven for four years and suddenly sprang into prominence when he scored the only touchdown on the Carlisle Reserves a year ago. "Roomy" has a drowsy appearance but is a wide awake quarterback.

Albert Skean has made a valuable backfield man for Muhlenberg throughout his entire stay here. As a linebucker Muhlenberg is proud of him and as a fighter to the finish he is the exemplification of Muhlenberg's best. His election as captain for next year shows the confidence felt in him by his team mates.

James R. Flexer, better known as "Big Jim" is the son of a dentist and as a tackle he surely is a jaw breaker. His usefulness is very versatile as Jim was much in evidence on both offense and defense. When it comes to end runs Jim puts an end to them all.

Martin Fetherolf has been frequently subjected to the public eye when he has been opposed by men like Benson and Wylie and has held his own against both. "Feather" has a peculiar frame of skin and bone that has pierced a line like Lehigh's and has picked forward passes out of the air that brought many an opponent's goal line into danger.

Fred Heuer hails from the City of Brotherly Love and he is a lovely boy. Previous to his arrival he starred at halfback on Central High's sensational eleven and he is living up to his reputation. He has been unfortunate so far as injuries are concerned but has made up for lost time while in the harness.

Walter Reisner is there with lively signals and was kept out of a few games through injuries received in former years while fighting for the Cardinal and Gray. His Jewish qualities serve him in good stead as he believes in getting all he can for his Alma Mater.

Fritz Sermulin has the tenacity of a Russian bear and the strength to remove mountains. He has proved a valuable lineman and has acquitted himself nobly in any capacity that he has been called upon to serve. He has a reputation of being the great football comedian of the East.

Fred Vreeland is not a free thinker but he is "free" enough with his toe to "land" a score on the debit side of every opponent. His accurate goals from placement have dismayed Lehigh, Lafayette and Ursinus, while his line plunges defeated Franklin and Marshall besides proving too much for the Gettysburg eleven when they chased him for 80 yards in a mad dash to avert seven more points being added to a then disgraceful score. He has missed but one of the many goals from touchdown and that was from a difficult angle.

Ben Hubbard hails from the British Isles and is not, as one would naturally suppose, the son of "Old Mother Hubbard" but a loyal son of Muhlenberg. He is a powerful wrestler, clever gymnast and has added to the team that conservatism that he learned while but a child from "Johnny Bull." As a punter he was a good substitute for Bixler and in every respect a capable running mate for Captain George at end.

Charles Copley, although a wearer of the green, wears the plumes of a pinkish tint on a head that when buried in the stomach of his opponents has cost them ribs, consciousness and even the game at critical moments. He deserves all the praise and credit that papers give him and is justly acclaimed the most popular athlete at Muhlenberg. As a runner he recalls the days of Bill Shelly, being superior to him only in hurling the forward pass. He has been a valuable aid to Coach Kelly in his open style of play and his display of grit is in Class A, Species 1.

Tom Brennan has early caught that indefinable something known as Muhlenberg spirit, but while plunging thru the line he has lost that natural complement of apparel on the back of his head. Even so, his wonderful playing can better be distinguished by that pretty little bald spot. His strength of character, his wonderful perseverance in pursuit of an ideal and his calm and collected frame of mind will long be remembered by Muhlenberg supporters.

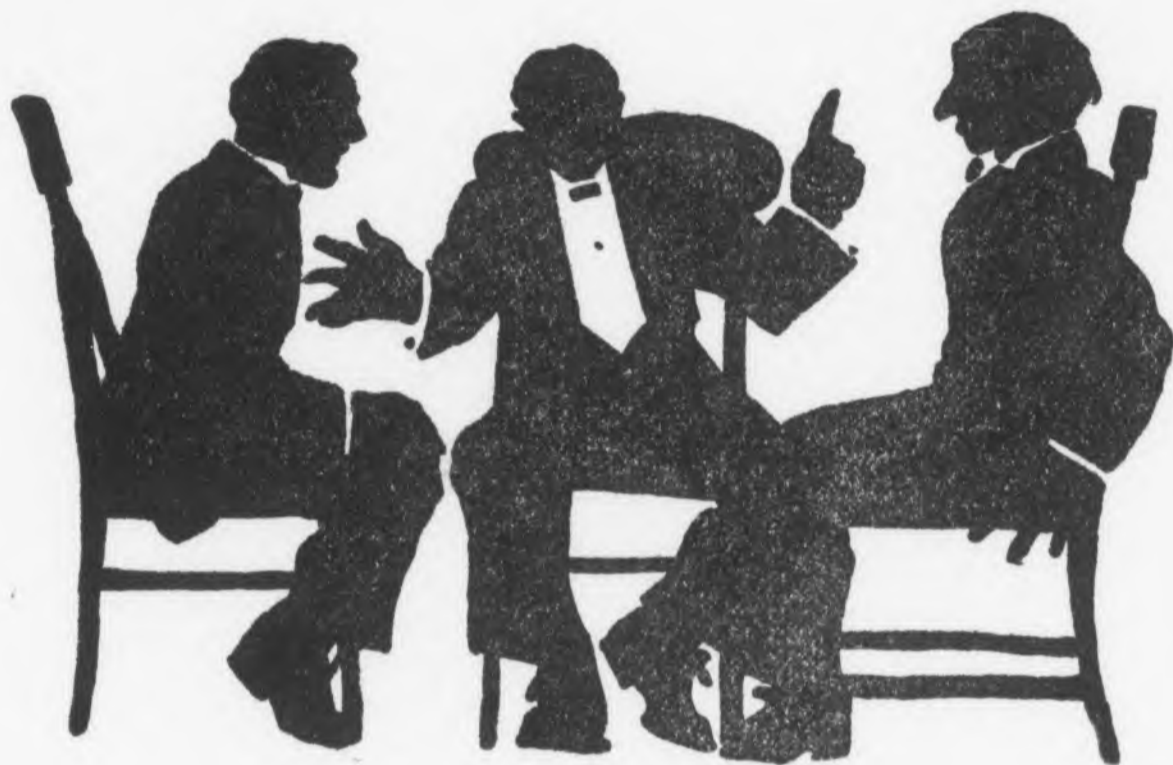
Arthur Roderick is the big favorite of the Beef Trust. He may be a "tub" but he floats fast enough to get them back of the enemy's line, and if he gets them nothing remains but the story. He has learned the game fast and plays it equally as hard.

Bill Ritter has been brought into prominence by the distinguished Hoban of the North American staff. Bill never had his face in the paper before but his name and his work have frequently been favorably discussed. Only the fact that Bill was not with us in the beginning of the season has kept him out of the limelight as a star.

Claude Laudenslager learned his rudiments while captain and quarterback of Allentown High's 1911 team. "Laudy" is a plucky fighter with a cute smile and a winning way. His cheerfulness has been a solace to the team thru the long weeks of gruelling scrimmage and it knew no bounds in victory and a season such as ours has been.

THE SCRUBS.

Obscured in the yells for a sensational run the man who makes the varsity sits on the bench waiting for a chance to get into the game. To him all the credit is due for he has made the sacrifice, he battled against odds and he alone remains unpraised in the celebration of victory. Thoroughly unselfish, the scrub awaits victory with even greater eagerness than the varsity and regrets a defeat still more, because he is in the position to see the faults of stars and yet is never able to remedy them.



Alumni Notes.

ROBERT C. HORN, '00, Editor.

'91 Prof. Reuben H. Bachman, Superintendent of the Edenton Graded School, Edenton, N. C., was recently elected President of the City Superintendents' Association of North Carolina.

1900 Rev. and Mrs. Charles K. Fegley have moved to their new home at No. 724½ New Street. Rev. Fegley has charge of the Lutheran Mission at Eleventh and Tilghman Streets.

'07 The engagement of Miss Carrie Ritter, daughter of Dr. F. O. Ritter, cashier of the Merchants' National Bank, and the Rev. Arthur T. Michler, of Lebanon, has been announced.

'11 Charles L. Grant, of Chicago Theological Seminary, was here recently in the interests of the Northwestern Home Mission Movement.



JOHN I. MECK, '13.

With this issue the duties of the present staff are at an end. The editor of this department has enjoyed the work connected with the exchanges and has found them a source of pleasure and profit. The relations existing between our exchanges have been most cordial. While he regrets to sever his official connection with the Muhlenberg, he is glad to hand the work over to the capable man who will assume the duties of exchange editor. To him we wish abundant success.

"The Buff and Blue" (Gallaudet College), is a very neat and well edited paper. Both the November and December issues are interesting and worthy of praise.

"The Susquehanna" for Christmas is to be commended. The literary department is good and contains a number of interesting stories. A few department cuts would improve the general appearance of your paper.

We are pleased to receive "The Hall Boy," the monthly publication of Nazareth Hall, and from the appearance of the Christmas number it promises to be a valuable exchange. Come again.

"The Albright Bulletin" presents a very neat appearance. The article on "The Opportunity of America in China" is a very timely subject. "The Dignity of Common Life" is well written. You are in need of an artist.

We beg to acknowledge the following:

American Economist; Albright Bulletin; The Argue (Holderness School); The Argus (Findlay College); The Breeze; Bethany Messenger; Blue and White; Buff and Blue, College Chips; The Collegian; Carlisle Arrow; College News; The Comenian; College Breezes; The Crescent; College Folio; Canary and Blue; College Student; Delaware College Review; The Echo; The Hall Boy; Hartnich Seminary Monthly; High School News; The Junto; The Burr; Lafayette Weekly; Lincolnian; Lenoian; Lutheran Normal School Mirror; The Lutheran; Lutheran Companion; Midland Mirror (Moravian Seminary); Mirror (Central High School); Normal Vidette; The Narrator; Our College Times; Otterbein Aegis; Old Penn; Orphans Home Paper; Pegasus; Perkiomenite; Purple and White; Qualis; Res Academicae; Red and Black (Beth. Prep.); Red and Black, (Reading High); Susquehanna; Spectator; Sorosis; Scout; Tatler; Thielensian; Ursinus Weekly; Wartburg Monthly; Weekly Gettysburgian.

GIVE IT A REST.

"Doctor," said a lady, "I want you to prescribe for me."

"There is nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling her pulse, "you only need rest."

"Now, doctor, just look at my tongue, what does that need?"

"That needs rest, too," replied the doctor.—Ex.

Two small boys strayed into the mummy room of a museum.

"Wot's these?" said one.

"Them's guys what's been dead for a long time," replied the other.

"And what's them letters B. C. 14 over that guy?"

"Guess it's the number of the automobile wot run over the poor bloke."—Ex.

WHERE IT HAPPENED.

During the Christmas dinner a young Frenchman was seated next to a fine looking young woman who was wearing a gown which displayed her beautiful arms.

"I came near not being here tonight," said she. "I was vaccinated a few days ago and it gives me considerable annoyance."

The young foreigner gazed at the white arms of the speaker. "Is that so?" he replied. "Where were you vaccinated?"

The girl smiled demurely and said: "In Boston."

"Why do you call that colored man a blackmailer?"

"Because he is employed at the post office. And that ain't the worst of it."

"No?"

"No sir; his wife takes hush money."

"You don't say so!"

"I do. She's a child nurse."

THE REAL DIFFICULTY.

The old lady from the country and her small son were driving to town, when a huge motor car bore down upon them. The horse was badly frightened, and began to prance, whereupon the old lady leaped down and waved wildly to the chauffeur, screaming at the top of her voice.

The chauffeur stopped the car and offered to help get the horse quiet again.

"That's all right," said the boy, who remained composedly in the carriage. "I can manage the horse. You just lead mother past."

Mother—"Johnny, why is it that you stand so much lower in your studies in January than you did in December?"

Johnny—"Oh, everything's marked down after the holidays."

A READY ANSWER.

A visitor from the great metropolis had been sight seeing in the Quaker City with a neighbor of that place.

"People don't die very often here, do they?" he remarked.

"No, only once," replied the Quaker casually.

"Can you dance the new dance, 'Salvation Army Glide?'"

"Sure, dance on your heels to save your sole."

A HOUSEHOLD OF REASONS.

Shortly after a young man married he entered the ministry. He was on a small salary, but he seemed contented and happy. Some twelve or fifteen years went by when a friend met him, well dressed, but not at all clerically.

They shook hands. The "minister" said he was doing excellently.

"What church?" asked the friend.

"Oh," said the other, "no church—the wholesale at business."

"But why did you leave the church?" the friend inquired solicitously.

"For seven reasons," he replied.

"And what were they?"

"A wife," he answered, "and six children."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

It was on the sleeping-car.

"Say, mister," said the man in the upper berth to the occupant of the lower, "quit that music, will you? What do you think this is, a concert hall? The rest of us want to sleep."

"Why, the car is so stuffy," said the warbler, "I was only humming a little air—"

It was then that he was hit with a Pullman pillow, remaining unconscious for seven hours.

PATERNAL GOODNESS.

"I cannot understand," wrote the college boy, "why you call yourself a kind father. For three weeks I've had no check from you. Pray, what sort of kindness do you call that?"

And the father wrote back: "Unremitting kindness."—Ex.

TOO TRUE.

"You certainly have a trim little waist,"

I said as she put on her hat.

But she turned aside and quickly replied,

"You're right—there's no getting round that."—Ex.

A RECOLLECTION.

Oh, what's become of all those good old elocution days,
We had before they introduced these dratted problem plays?
Remember how we used to sit with slowly welling tears,
A-listening 'bout the boy that lay a-dying in Algiers?
Remember how they used to tell in low and saddened tone,
About the world that shared your joy but let you weep alone?
Remember how we used to wait in apprehensive fright
Lest urfew might not, after all, omit to ring tonight?
The story of the 'Polish Boy,' I seem to hear it yet
As plain as when I heard it first, the while my cheeks were wet.
Recall that tale beginning thus (it made us boys boo-hoo);
"Down in the Lehigh Valley, sir, me and my people grew?"
"The Village Blacksmith" was a piece I thought was mighty
good;
Do you recall the bridge on which we once at midnight stood?
Remember how the May Queen said, in accents soft, yet clear.
"You must wake and call me early; call me early, mother dear?"
The recollection makes me gulp and fills my eyes with haze—
Oh, what's become of all those good old elocution days?

LIFE.

A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day;
A little pain, a little strife.
A little joy—and that is life.
A little short-lived summer's morn,
When joy seems all so newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above,
When one bird sings—and that is love.
A little sickening of the years,
The tribute of a few hot tears;
Two folded hands, the failing breath,
And peace at last—and that is death.
Just dreaming, loving, dying so,
The actors in the drama go—
A fitting picture on a wall.
Love, Death, the theme; but is that all?



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In the last issue of the "Muhlenberg" it was our pleasant duty to commend some of our students for bravery but in this issue it becomes our painful duty to condemn several for cowardice. When several upper classmen will take innocent Freshmen to a private residence and in a mean spirit of maliciousness, throw tin cans and rubbish on the porch, it shows a cowardly spirit, both in using such a method of revenge and in giving the new men a fake impression of College activity. The young lady no doubt has good legitimate reasons for not desiring the company of such hoodlums and to resort to such a method of revenge makes the participants renegades in the eyes of their classmates, their college and civilization. Private individuals have rights which even an egotistical college student must respect and to disturb the peace of a home on a Sunday evening arouses a spirit of condemnation in the heart of every loyal Muhlenberg man. Every College in the land suffers from the "rough-neck" tactics of some of its students who are respected by themselves alone. We are pleased however to hear that our college authorities compelled the offenders to remove the rubbish and make reparation to the parties offended but we think it was too light a punishment..

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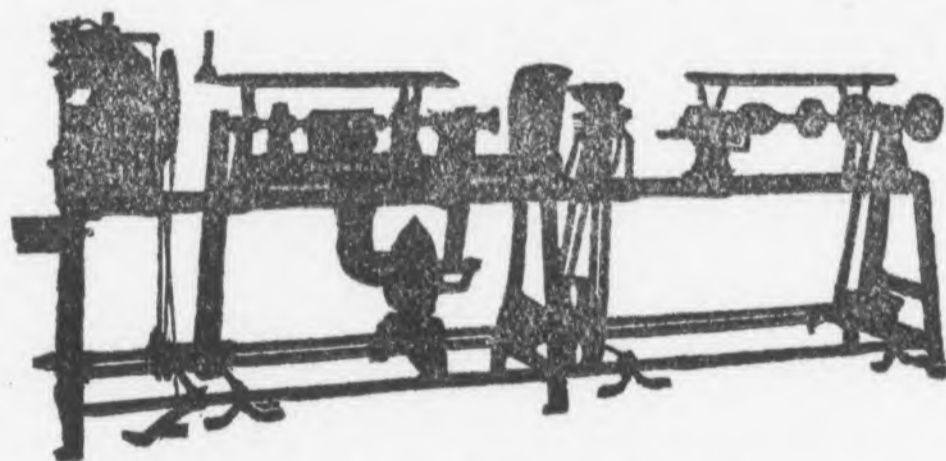
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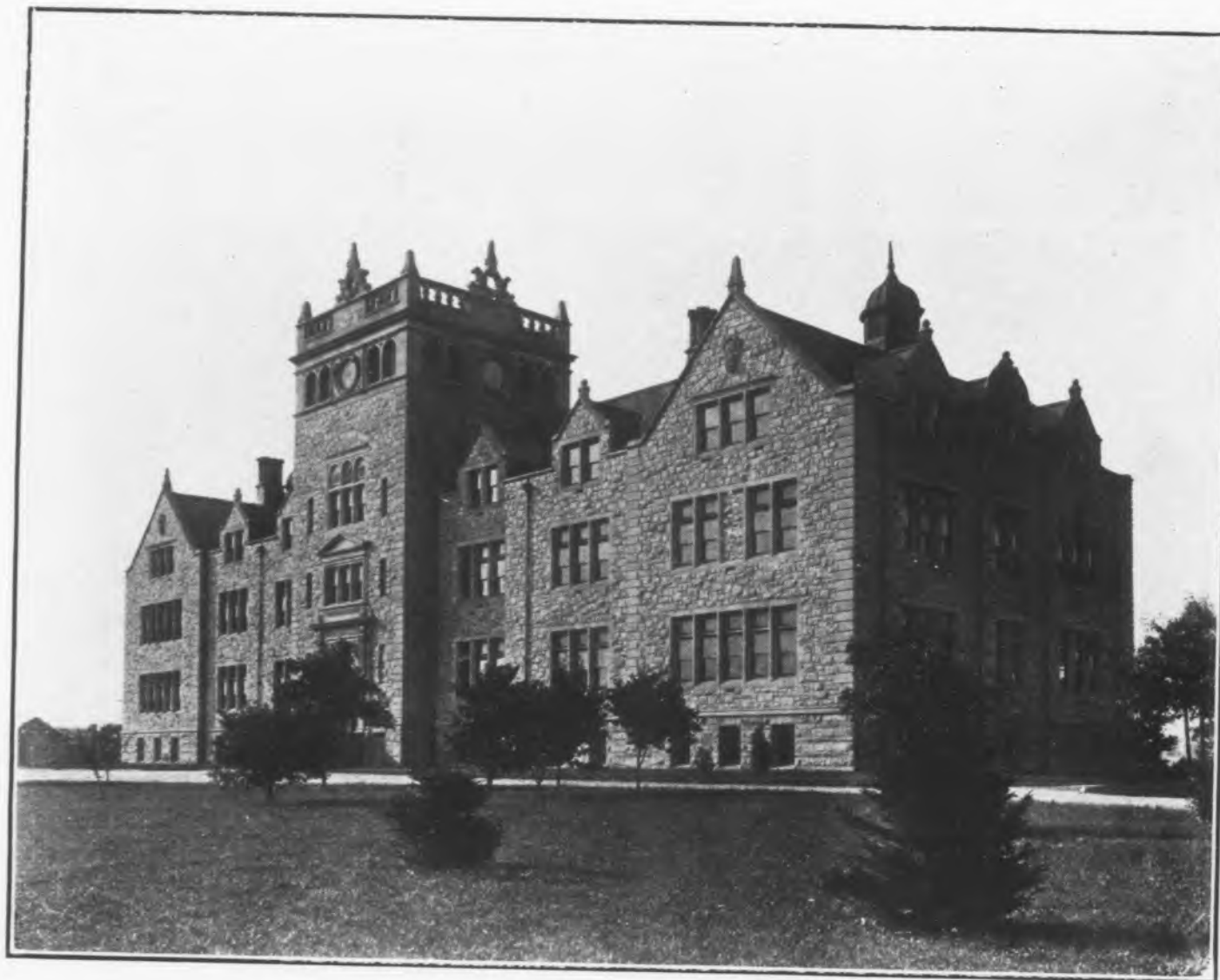
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ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



"The Quitters."



WILLIAM A. Winefield sat in his office deep in thought, his face lined with the furrows of care, the ticker tape idle in his fingers. Thus he had sat there all through the long May afternoon and watched his fortune decrease. Pacific had dropped from one hundred and fifty to sixty three, Oklahoma Power had slumped seventy-five, and his California mines were in the hands of the Japanese. Luckily he was not holding

this stock on margin or else his entire fortune would have been wiped out; as it was he was in better financial shape than any man on the street. Helpless he sat there, as his fortune dwindled and the yellow hosts of Nippon advanced closer to the Rockies.

For weeks the United States troops had been driven back with the taunting yell of "Banzai" ringing in their ears, a cry hated worse than the rebel yell of the South, until now the forces were massing for a decisive battle, which either saved the Plateau States from invasion or else left the whole United States open to the sweep of an enemy more destructive than the hosts of Attila the Hun.

High in a mountain pass lay the army of the United States, weakened and depleted in numbers, while below on the plains lay the flower and pick of the Japanese army, full of strength and fresh from a year of victories. Their aeroplanes daily swept over the American stronghold, taking observations and dropping bombs which wrecked more fortifications and killed more men than a week's fighting could have done. During this time a puppet President sat in Washington, the plaything of the Trusts, and the vested interests, and dreamed of the glorious days when the United States had swept the power of the seas from England in '93 and administered her wise rule over all the world. Now she was making a formal resistance to the army of an island half of her power.

Winefield thought bitterly of these affairs and cursed fervently the decline of the country. An American flag across the street taunted him and a blush of shame crept over his face every time the bril-

liant colors flapped in the wind. Its long swish and snap seemed to cry "Traitor, Traitor," to him, for he too was in the power of the trusts. Like a vampire they had sucked his blood, and the blood of the nation, and now the whole political power of the United States was in their hands. He, like the nation, prayed to be free of their dominion, and there in his office he made a vow to break the hold of the trusts on the nation if the chance ever presented itself. This was not the idle boast of the braggart or the hasty decision of a rattle-brain, but the voice of a conscience long dead coming back into life, the decision of a dormant patriotism now awake to past ideals and traditions.

"Extra! Extra!" the cry of the paper boy broke in on his meditation and he sent out after a copy of the evening paper. He opened it and, from the front page in bold black type he saw that the battle was expected on the morrow and that the militia of Colorado State had marched to the American camp in opposition to the officials of the school. A glowing account of the patriotism of these college students followed, with just as bitter denunciation of the trust controlled college officials who had denied their desires. He inwardly rejoiced that there was at least one paper in New York that had not bent its knee to the trusts but the next moment his joy was turned to mad unreasoning rage as he read:

"The one blot on the gallant action of the gray clad cadets of Colorado State was the refusal of Henry J. Winefield, the son of William H. Winefield, and his roommate Myron T. Brown, to march with the troops. They said that they could serve their country better by remaining at college and working for their masters degree. No matter what their real reasons were they seem now to be the rankest quitters in any college in the country."

The last sentence struck him like a blow between the eyes and with the fury and anger of a heathen over his fallen idol he tore the paper into shreds and scattered the bits all around the room.

"My God," he moaned, "is Henry a coward besides a profligate? Has he forgotten that I taught him never to quit cold and let the press brand him as a coward? Quitter! how I hate that name and yet to add smirch and stain to the word the paper says, 'the rankest quitter in any college in the country' and college men hate a quitter worse than a Thanksgiving defeat."

He threw on his hat and coat and rushed out of the building and edged his way through the anxious crowd towards home. The unusual walk brought a measure of calmness to him and he gradually became more quiet while his father's love for the "black sheep" began to assert itself and he said to himself:

"It can't be Henry's hatred of a quitter was feigned! It was too real, it can't be! He had some reason for acting this way and bringing disgrace on himself. I'll bet a million that he has some scheme lurking around in his brain and before long he will be floating around on top. He always had a way of slipping out of holes, he thought

with pride, and he will do it this time. As sure as I am walking home instead of riding in my auto, I wouldn't be surprised if he took a notion of licking that whole damned bunch of yellow skinned rice eaters and got away with it. He alway said that the roof of Hell was damned thin under Japan and that a good push would send the whole bunch down into the lake of sulphur. Whatever his faults are he is the boy to push them if he takes the notion."

This cheered him up a lot and he was whistling "Yankee Doodle" with all his might as he stepped on his porch and started to tell his wife how Henry had a scheme to lick the Japs and had stuck at school to carry it out and didn't give a rap what the papers said in the meanwhile.

But, William dear," his wife asked, "are you sure of this? The papers said awful things about him, you know."

"Sure of it," he laughed, "why I am sure of it as can be. He has a pet scheme that he has had in his brain for the last year and he stayed there to carry it out. You just wait and see if you aren't so proud of your boy that you won't speak to your gossips for a week."

"Gossips," she fairly barked, "I like that! You are always teasing me about my dear friends when you know how I hate it and I won't stand it any more."

"Well let's stop talking and eat?" he said, "I am as hungry as a bear and could eat nails if I had to." He took her arm and led her into the house and at the dinner table good nature was restored.

The next morning, just as he was starting for the office, a telegram came, which he opened, his wife looking over his shoulder, woman fashion. He smiled, and said to his wife,

"Just listen to this, Mary? The kid is trying to tell me how to spend my money. 'Buy all the stocks you can and ask no questions. It's the best fighting chance in years.' What do you think of that? Trying to dictate to me, one of the shrewdest buyers on the street. Buy! and stocks are going to drop about thirty points after the battle."

"But I thought that Henry had a plan that was going to win this battle," his wife replied, "that you thought a lot of. Why don't you take his advice and buy?"

"I am," he bluffed, "But I had to smile to think that he thought that I had forgotten his scheme after he told it to me for three months straight."

"Well, what is the scheme, anyhow?"

"No time to answer questions now, dearie, its time for the market to open and I must hustle if I am going to make enough money to buy Henry a new suit of clothes."

During his conversation with his wife he had seen the way clear up for his plans and now, as he rode towards the Exchange he thought over the details of how he could gain control of the leading national corporations. Then under the impetus of his thinking he began to be-

lieve in his son and against his better judgment he decided to buy and take a fighting chance.

The Exchange when he entered was in a state of turmoil and stocks were offered at prices far below quotation by frenzied men who were trying to save a little from the wreck of their fortunes. Pennsylvania and Consolidated which had not been listed for some years were offered for sale but the most gilt edged stocks were refused. Everyone was trying to sell and a buyer would have been considered a Godsend and a madman. Another telegram from the front and the efforts to sell became pitiful. Winefield called his brokers to him and to their great surprise he told them to buy the stocks which he had listed on a piece of paper and report each transaction to him at once. Used to obeying orders they said nothing but started to buy.

Their unexpected action caused a jump in the quotations but in a few moments the instinct of self preservation overcame all love of gain and his brokers were besieged with sellers. Winefield surveyed the scene with his good-natured cynical smile and stopped purchasing a certain stock as soon as he held full control of the company. Another telegram from the front and stocks dropped still lower, he blamed himself for buying so soon while the others blessed their lucky stars that they had sold in time. Finally he checked up his lists and called his brokers in and instructed them to sell so many shares of this stock, so many of that, and so on all thru the list.

This caused more excitement than his buying which they laid to a foolish whim of the wisest man in the street but when he offered some of the same stocks for sale at twice the price, they bought them at once, under the influence of his domination of the market. Twenty of the greatest national corporations were in his control and he held ten per cent for himself besides the fifty-one per cent he was going to give to the government of the United States. Then for the first time he thought of the results of his madness if his faith in his son was not justified. He saw ruin before him, but as he was powerless to avert it, he ceased to worry about and decided to go home and await the outcome.

A confused cheer swept up the street and increased in volume till it was like the roar of the sea. A messenger boy broke into the Exchange, his face aglow, his hair disheveled and shouting at the top of his voice,

"We've won! We've won! We've won!" The whole Exchange took up the cry and "We've won!" rang and rang again.

"We've won, is alright," laughed Winefield to himself, "but who is we?" He arose and made his way to the street and stepped into his auto, smiling broadly at the only two remarks to be heard. "How did we win?" and "What do you know about that stroke of Winefield's?"

"Oh, William, I am so glad that we won," said his wife on his arrival, "And now tell me all about Henry's plan, won't you?"

"Henry's plan?" he asked, "Honest I don't know any more about it than you do but I just told you that to try and cheer you up, I don't even know if he left school later or not."

"You don't" she almost sobbed, "Then Henry is a quitter, and yellow and all that the papers said about him."

"For all I know he is and I don't care now but if he is he had better look out, but let's stop this for here comes the paper boy."

They opened it and read,

JAPAN DEFEATED.

The Golden Sun of the Island Kingdom Now Lies Low in Blood.

Victory today perched unexpectedly on the standard of the United States when all things looked darkest for the supporters of the Stars and Stripes. This victory is directly due to Henry J. Winefield and Myron T. Brown who were censured so severely in yesterday's paper for their supposedly cowardly conduct when they refused to march with the students of Colorado State to join the United States forces at Bloody Brook Pass. Immediately after the troops marched for camp they went into the laboratory of the University and prepared cultures of a new bacteria which they isolated while doing original research work for their thesis. Last night they procured an aeroplane and dropped them into the Japanese Camp. These bacteria when pure are capable of producing death in a short time but due to the hurry in which they were prepared they were impure and consequently did not possess their full strength. Instead of producing death they weakened the Japanese and thus caused victory for the United States. The action of these men is most gallant and they will be recommended to Congress as worthy of receiving the medals of Honor, and the thanks of Congress.

"Now do you know how he did it?" her husband asked. "I always said Henry was somewhat of a man and now I am proved correct. Now I want you to read my article."

UNUSUAL GIFT.

Just as we go to press we learn that William A. Winefield, the prominent Wall Street man, has given the controlling interests in twenty of the largest national corporations into government control, thus freeing the United States from the dictation of the trusts.

"Well, Mary, I have done one good thing for the United States in my life and I guess this about squares the evil I have done by bribegiving and bribe-taking."

"I am so glad, William," Mary said and each word was a caress of pride, and then softer, "like father, like son, and it is my son and my husband."

E. H. STOLZENBACH '15.

"The Man and the Hour."



NOT that Mollie was to blame. She never uttered one discouraging word. It was Tom Hanley's own fault and he knew it. Every time he began to propose she sat up as eager and as attentive as a first grade pupil, while he—well, Tom Hanley was a coward.

Five times he tried to propose to her, and five times he failed. He always led up to it in a clever manner, but somehow or other, at the very climax, when all was over excepting the "Will you?" and the "Yes," his courage fled and his wits went wool-gathering.

Tom's first attempt at a proposal was made in a hammock. Mollie looked inviting enough, but Tom was deterred by the awkwardness of the situation. They were seated close together—very close, indeed—and Tom was holding Mollie's hand. He was about to speak when his face flamed a sudden red. What if she should say "No?" It would make him look like a big overgrown idiot. He dropped her hand, seized his hat, and nervously declared that he had to go.

Tom's second attempt was made in an automobile. Mollie was at the wheel, that was the drawback. Tom had always considered a matrimonial proposition as a thing properly followed by joyful sobbing, passionate embraces, hysterical kisses, etc.—but these luxuries were completely out of question now. Mollie would be liable to wreck the machine. Accordingly Tom sat on his hands, swallowed hard, and began to admire the scenery.

The third and fourth times—but what's the use. It is a well known fact that some young men lose their wits completely in the presence of one particular girl, and for Tom Hanley Mollie Acton was that girl.

Now Tom was honestly ashamed of this weakness of his, and tonight as he hurried down the avenue toward Mollie's home, his stride was a bit nervous. He knew that he would find Mollie all alone tonight, and that he never had a better chance in his whole life, but he felt like a trooper marching to his Waterloo.

He mounted the sandstone steps of the Acton home, rang the bell, and waited. But the big house remained dark and silent. He fingered his tie nervously, fidgeted about for a minute or two, and rang again. Still no answer; his heart began to toss restlessly. This was the servants' night off, he knew, but Mollie ought to be there to receive him. He was about to ring once more, when a faint, heart-rending cry, sounding far distant and muffled, arose within the house, reaching his ears.

For a moment Tom stared blankly at the door before him, doubting his senses. Again the voice arose, sharper and more distinct. Tom

pulled his astonished self together and seized the door-knob. Without stopping to wonder why the door was unlocked, he entered, picked his way across the dark hall to the stairway and listened.

First he heard the bang of a door overhead, and then a soft, piteous, feminine wail fell through the darkness to his ears.

"D-don't—don't!" sobbed the voice. "I'm all alone! H-helpless! T-take my j-jewels and go!"

Holy smokes! Robbers! But Tom was no coward at this business.

"I-I have no money!" continued the voice more wildly. "T-truly, truly!—Oh, d-don't strike me! I'll do as you say. G-give me till the—ninth hour! I-I"—The trembling voice trailed off into nothingness.

"Sufferin' cats!" gasped Tom, stumbling frantically up the stairs. "That's Mollie!"

Around the banister he plunged, wading through the darkness, back toward her apartments. In another instant he flung open a door, and stood blinking into Mollie's sitting-room, momentarily blinded by the dazzling electric lights. Then of a sudden his heart made a frightful bound. There she was—Mollie, sure as guns!—lying in a limp, blue heap on the rug before the sofa.

"Mollie!" he ejaculated; but Mollie never moved.

Tom grew frightened.

"Mollie," he repeated, rusing nervously across the room, and falling on his knees at her side.

Still no answer.

Tom was thoroughly alarmed. Anxiously he seized her in his arms and shook her.

"Mollie! Mollie!" he cried. Speak to me. What has happened?"

For a moment she limply in his arms; she might have been dead. Then her eyelids twitched, a wave of color flushed her cheeks, and in another moment her arms were locked joyfully around his neck.

"Tom! Tom!" she sobbed, pressing close to his side. "I knew you would come! I knew it!" Then, after a melo-dramatic pause: "He was so cruel!"

"Who?" he cried. "Where is he?" And he glared savagely around the room. "I-I'll—"

"Tom—don't!" cried Mollie, nervously. "He's in the next room—and—and he has a gun."

Tom stared blankly at the door leading into Mollie's bedroom.

"And—oh, Tom! He's threatened to return and k-kill me unless I get daddy's money for him before the clock strikes n-nine!"

Tom glanced involuntarily at the clock. Gee! Quarter of nine!

Mollie was sobbing hysterically against the lapel of Tom's coat.

"Oh, what shall we d-do?" she wailed. I don't know where his money is and—and I don't want to die. I—I—Oh, Tom k-kiss me!"

Now, Tom wasn't prepared for this, honest! It came like a thunderbolt. For the first time that night he was aware of the fact that they were hugging each other for dear life.

"But—Mollie," he began, nervously. "What about the burglar?"

"Oh, Tom," she declared, tragically, "I am prepared to die, knowing that you love me!"

Tom didn't know whether he kissed her, or she him, his head was in such an uproar; he could scarcely hear himself talk. Mollie had already made her usual transformation in him.

Of a sudden his glance fell on the clock, and he gave a little shudder. Five minutes of nine!

"Quick Mollie," he cried in desperation, "we have only five minutes left. You run and phone for the police. I'll remain here and see that he don't escape."

Mollie started obediently for the door. Then, suddenly without warning, she gave a despairing little shriek and fell back into Tom's arms, trembling violently.

"Tom! Tom!" she cried. "He has an accomplice in the hallway. We are surrounded!! Prisoners!"

Tom's eyes were glued on the clock. It began to tick with horrible distinctness. Tick! Tick! Tick! Four minutes left! Tick! Tick! Three minutes of! This thing was fierce.

"Tom," said Mollie, tearfully, "in later years will you think of me sometimes?"

"Yes" gulped Tom.

Ten more seconds passed.

"We would have been—married and so happy!" she sighed a trembling sigh and nestled warmly against his shoulder.

Tom started and would have backed away, but his eyes fell on the clock and his heart leaped. Just two minutes left!

"Yes—d-dear! Married!" he whispered hoarsely, and rejoiced in his bravery.

Mollie was trembling frightfully. But with a fine show of bravado she closed her eyes, strained closer to Tom, and awaited the hour of her doom.

Then it happened—something not exactly on the programme. There was a noise on the hall stairway; somebody was coming up toward Mollie's room.

"Someone is in the house!" gasped Mollie, staring at the door, wide-eyed, frightened, bewildered.

"Yes," returned Tom. "The burglar."

The unexpected guest came on, straight toward Mollie's room. The next moment the knob turned, the door flew open, and a portly gentleman appeared in the aperture. Tom stared with drooping jaw. It was Mollie's father.

"What's all this?" demanded Mr. Acton.

"Why—why—why, we're prisoners!" exploded Tom.

"I guess you're right," grunted Mr. Acton. "You seem to be very much 'taken in' with one another."

"No, no," expostulated Tom. "There's a burglar in the corridor."

"I didn't notice any," declared Mr. Acton. Then—"Mollie!" he added sharply.

"Yes, father."

"Please consider yourself a free girl, unless Tom takes it in his head to lock you up." And he left them.

Tom was silent for some time after Mr. Acton had disappeared.

"Now what did he mean by that?" he finally asked.

"I wonder!" added Mollie, demurely.

"And there didn't seem to be a burglar in the hallway," continued Tom, puzzled.

"No," agreed Mollie, solemnly.

"And—and—"

Just then the clock began to strike nine. Tom waited for some time, but no burglar appeared. Tom wondered, and Mollie strove to choke her laughter with a ridiculously small 'kerchief. Then there was sunburst in Tom's brain; his face grew as red as a beet. He glanced foolishly at Mollie, and she wildly hid her face behind ten pretty fingers.

"So you were only act—" he began, bravely.

"Yes," she managed to say, "This is Leap Year."

First he glanced cautiously around the room. Then he stepped quickly to her side and seized her hand. "Will you?" he asked, bravely; and she answered "Yes!" promptly; and then they squeezed hands all around, and then they—oh! finish it yourself!

C. F. MILLER, '16.

Campus Clippings.

The Board of Trustees of the college met in the Administration Building on Wednesday, February fifteenth. A great amount of business was transacted which will no doubt influence the future of our institution. We had the pleasure of meeting many of the men who have the interests of Muhlenberg at heart.

At the noon hour a luncheon was served in the "Commons" which was thoroughly enjoyed. Samuel N. Potteiger, Esq., Rev. Spieker, Rev. Horn and the Hon. Mr. Lewis addressed the student body and were introduced by our venerable Doctor. We enjoy affairs of this kind and look forward eagerly to the next meeting of the Board.

The M. C. A. has announced a series of Lenten addresses on Christian character which will be delivered in the chapel every Thursday evening at a quarter to seven o'clock. These talks are not denominational and should appeal to every student. Rev. W. W. West of this city, gav us a fine discussion on the "Foundations of Christian Character," which was the first of the series. The attendance should have been larger.

The Glee Club.

At last the Glee Club is on the road. Although sorely missing the guiding hand of the late Dr. Marks, a well-balanced club has been developed thru the efforts of "Bill" Katz after months of hard practice. It is no exaggeration to say that this club is up to the standard nor is it an exaggeration to say that this standard is a mighty high one. Perkasio and Kutztown were delighted with the program and the club put forth its best efforts. The new men are making good, and the soloists have shown even more ability than was expected or hoped for.

One thing more, April 17th is the date set forth for the home concert. Remember this—the Glee Club is in every respect a college organization and this concert merits your presence, in addition your money is needed. Remember to talk this concert until you are blue in the face and the management of the Club will never cease to pray for your welfare.

To Manager Seegers belongs the credit for the following schedule:

March 23	New York City
March 24	Kingston
March 25	Albany
March 26	Utica
March 27	Palmerton
March 28	Open
April 2	Nazareth
April 4	Lancaster
April 5	Ephrata
April 10	Hamburg
April 11	Reading
April 12	Open
April 17	Allentown
April 18	Wilmington
April 19	Philadelphia
April 25	Stroudsburg
April 26	Easton

* * * *

Sell says that excommunication is to be thrown off the stage.

* * * *

Sophronia Literary Society held their annual reception for new men on January fourteenth. The evening's entertainment consisted of dancing, card playing and refreshments. The halls were decorated neatly with the blue and white of the society predominant. Without a doubt the affair was a success. The committee who made all arrangements were Butz, Bucks, Grammes, Fetherolf and Merkle.

Mid-year exams are over at last and the "weeping and gnashing of teeth" has given place to joy for some and gloom for others. The former we commend, to the latter our heartfelt sympathy. Profit by experience and don't kid yourself into believing that college is over as far as you are concerned until next June.



We are glad to note that a musical club is now a possibility. Keep it up fellows and the Glee Club will be glad to affiliate with you. In passing we suggest that "Steve" practice in the power house where he can enjoy the privilege of having "Mose" beat time for him with a shovel and where he will annoy no well-meaning student.



Valentine Dinner at the Commons.

Sauer Kraut	Without pork.
Stew a la Kelly	Smothered in onions.
Rice	Continued from day before.
Beans a la Westinghouse.	
Potatoes,	Yellow plagued.
Bread,	Friehofer's 9 months old.
	Dessert.
Gelatine a la Paradiso.	



Professor Brown has a remarkable insight into feminine traits and valuations of character. Speaking of Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," he said: "Oh! oh! she is so clever and charming. She is the kind of a woman who loses out on matrimonial prospects because she is too clever."



"Hod" Butz is again free from that impediment on his upper lip while "Thomas O'Booscher" lost his before the senior class picture. Save it fellows. In ten years you'll have enough to start a hair mattress.



A railroad train, a girl, and a frightened horse caused the claim agent of the P. & R. to pay a visit to our campus. He, however, has not heard the Spring City anthem.

There is one little tip I wish to give.
To every Junior in the School,
To be late for Logic and yet to live
Is against the Doctor's rule.

* * * *

We are glad to welcome Mr. Theodore Wichmann, formerly of Rochester University. That he may enjoy life at this college and that we may be mutually benefited by his residence here is our sincere wish.

* * * *

The Dramatic Association has elected officers for the year and are gradually getting to work. Mr. McCollum will again direct the efforts of this organization and we look for another good production in June.

* * * *

Love's a tyrant and a slave
A torment and a treasure
Having it, we know no peace
Wanting it, no pleasure.

* * * *

An honest man is a liar with a very good memory.
Some fools think that they could waltz to Heaven together
but they always forget that they have to reverse.

* * * *

Prof. Brown: Take the rest of Dante's Inferno for next Tuesday.
Senior: Oh, Hell!

* * * *

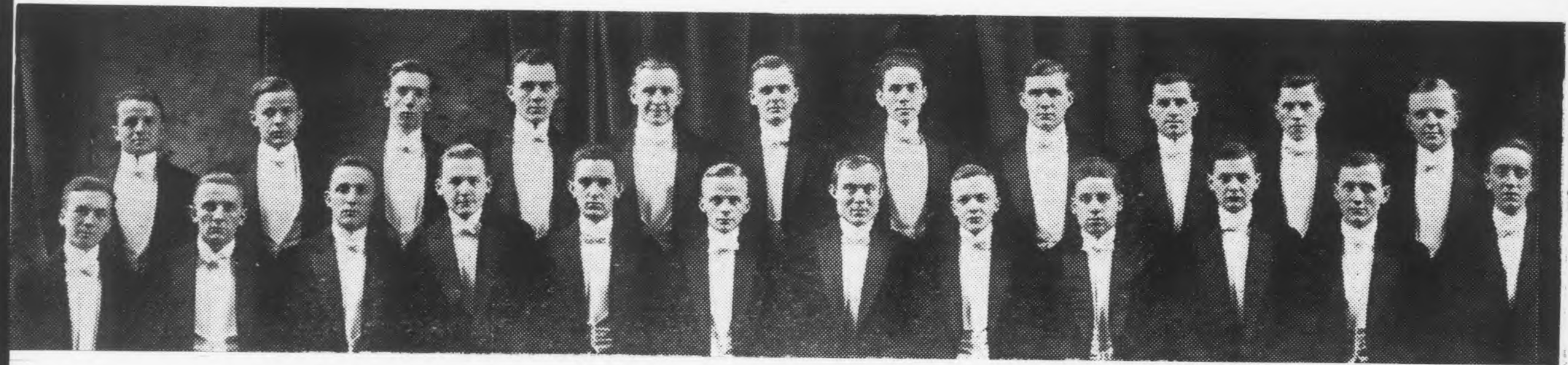
Minks:—"I certainly admire the inventor of the steam engine!"
Jinks:—"Man of iron constitution, eh?"
Minks:—"No; man of great engineuity. See?"
Jinks:—"Watt's his name?" —Princeton Tiger.

* * * *

"Darling," he cried passionately, "won't you marry me? Marriage is only a lottery anyway. Will you take me?"
"A fat chance!" she said scornfully, glancing at his Milwaukee front.
—Minnesota Minnie-Ha-Ha.

* * * *

Rusticus: "Mister, what's that sign over yonder—Tonsorial Parlor?"
Civicus: "Just a local barbarism."



GLEE CLUB

"Dutch"

Great Dane Muhlenberg.

Departed this life January 27th, 1913.

Requiescat in pace.

He Was One Fine Dog!

Two hundred voices mourn his death
His departure we regret
How suddenly flew the parting breath
Of Dutch, our dear old college pet.

* * * *

I should worry a lot and buy a house.

* * * *

Visitor (viewing the new baby): "Do you think he is going to resemble his father?"

The Mother: "I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up all night."

* * * *

Here's a hint for the M. C. A.
That will a menace rid.
Why not get after all the stores
That sell the undressed kid.

* * * *

The injured innocence of some people passeth all understanding.

* * * *

Always try to push upward
Always smile, never frown;
It takes a live fish to swim upstream
Any dead fish can swim down.

* * * *

Small Son—"Father, did God ever make a boy with a black and blue eye?"

Father—"No, son."

S. S.—"Well, look at Johnny Jones and see what I can do."

The Muhlenberg

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Editorial.

We pass by the accustomed platitude "—with this issue the new staff, etc—" and draw your attention to several facts that demand special emphasis. Our first postulate is, "The Muhlenberg" is YOUR journal and needs your support. We need stories, good, bad, and indifferent, and above all, the inspirations of the poetic muse expressed in some readable form of the English language. If our college is to equal the efforts of other institutions in a literary line this is the first requisite. The responsibility of arranging the material devolves upon us and we gladly assume it, but the responsibility of furnishing the short stories is yours. At present we are considering the advisability of removing the wooden panels in the door of No. 322 Rhoades and having "Billy Bryan" replace them with glass. This will alleviate any rude shock to the nervous system with the attending fatal results should any son of Muhlenberg offer us a story of his own free will that we had not coaxed and pleaded for during the greater part of the collegiate year. Remember, "The Muhlenberg" is what YOU make it.

With the advent of the basketball season that "indefinable something" which was so noticeable about the campus during the period of the pigskin ceases to exist. Like the proverbial groundhog we

prefer to crawl into our rooms in the "dorms" instead of hustling forth to encourage the cardinal and gray "five" either at a game or while practicing. How many men have been in the cage while the team was enjoying their daily scrimmage? Ask yourself this question and do your duty. If you don't know how many are present generally, come and count them. Dr. Kline will administer a hypodermic of "Spiritus Muhlenbergiensis" to all students—gratis.

§ § § §

"I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been,
Than a Might Have Been, by far,
For a Might Have Been has never been,
While a Has been was an Are."—Ex.

§ § § §

One day Mark Twain was being shaved by a very talkative barber and was forced to listen to many of his anecdotes.

The barber had to strop his razor and when he was ready, brush in hand, to commence again, he asked: "Shall I go over it again?"

"No, thanks," drawled Mark. "It's hardly necessary. I think I can remember every word."

§ § § §

Mr. Billings (on his way to Portland) at Vancouver, a stranger entered the car and slammed the door quite hard behind him. This brought forth the following remark: "Say fellow, what is the matter with you; were you raised in a barn?"

The stranger, taking the nearest seat, sat down and began to cry.

Mr. B. feeling sorry for what he had said, moved up to the stranger and the following conversation ensued:

Mr. B.—"I am sorry I said what I did. I know, of course, that you were not raised in a barn. I hope you will pardon me."

Stranger—"You were right, sir. I was raised in a barn, and every time I hear the braying of an ass it makes me homesick."—Ex.

§ § § §

Miss Humphreville—"Now when the Muhlenberg Glee Club practices, they practice eight days in a week."—Lancaster High School News.



Athletics.

DAVID BUCKS, '14, Editor.

Basketball.

The era of intercollegiate basketball at Muhlenberg has returned and with it comes great pleasure and pride for the newly elected Athletic Editor, that he is able to report to the STUDENTS, ALUMNI and FRIENDS, the success of Muhlenberg in this renewed field of athletic activity.

Considering that this is the first team she has placed on the floor for years, her successes thus far have been remarkable. Although the schedule is hard, the activity new and the candidates unaccustomed to each other's style of playing, yet our skillful coach has succeeded in rounding into shape a team that can worthily represent our institution. Every student's aim and ambition for an intercollegiate basketball team has been realized in this study and gritty quintet, together with the loyal, earnest and hard working subs'.

The responsibility, therefore, that lies upon each and every man of Muhlenberg is to give each player, "sub" or regular, his personal encouragement and the whole cause his heartiest support.

Although this support was not what it should have been at the beginning of the season, because the activity was new to most of the students and the ability of the players unknown, yet is gratifying to notice the confidence and enthusiasm that has arisen since the opening game. In the past it was the doubt as to what our team could actually accomplish and the success that would be forthcoming that checked the spirit. Today, however, there is no lingering doubt in the minds of the students, as to the success that is awaiting us in the future.

The Alumni and friends are also noticing the growing greatness of our team and are demonstrating and proving it by giving us their

hearty and needed support. This fact should be another incentive to spur us on and give us a glimpse of a still greater season in the future.

Thus, as we realize, that we are supported by the Alumni and friends; as we see, from the games already played and victories won, that we have a top-notch team and as we know, from past experiences that we have a capable and confident coach, let us do our share to make the remaining part of our new intercollegiate basketball season one that shall pass through Muhlenberg's history as being worthy of our praise.

OUR SCHEDULE.

The following schedule is one that requires hard and conscientious work to make successful. It is a schedule that is well worth the effort and one that will add credit to our Alma Mater. The possibility of having such an effective and promising schedule was due entirely to the untiring efforts of our active basketball manager, Paul E. Loser. We commend him for the entire satisfaction his schedule is giving.

Wednesday January 15, Lehigh University at So. Bethlehem.
Friday January 17, Schuylkill Seminary at Reading.
Saturday January 25, Lebanon Valley College at Home.
Saturday February 1, Albright College at Myerstown.
Thursday February 6, Schuylkill Seminary at Home.
Saturday February 8, Pending.
Thursday February 13, Allentown Y. M. C. A. at Home.
Saturday February 15, Pending.
Saturday February 22, St. Joseph's College at Home.
Friday February 28, Delaware College at Newark, Del.
Saturday March 1, Phila. College of Pharmacy at Phila.
Thursday March 6, St. Peter's College at Home.
Friday March 7, Penn. Military College at Chester.
Saturday March 8, Lebanon Valley College at Annville, Pa.
Saturday March 15, Phila. College of Pharmacy at Home.

THE GAMES.

Lehigh 36

Muhlenberg 24

Wednesday, January 15th, Muhlenberg's five launched into the first game of their basketball schedule. Although this was their opening game of the season and they were pitted against what is considered one of the very strongest teams in the east this year, nevertheless they played the South Bethlehem collegians to a standstill in the first half. The team was accompanied by a large percentage of the student body. Never was a body of rooters more surprised than was this body of students, at the fine showing the team put up. No one imagined that we would match our old athletic rivals in the

manner we did. It was a fine game from start to finish and had it not been for the out of bound rules, which were new to our men, our determined collegians would have played a song to another tune and we would have reported a game that would have been still more pleasing to our Alumni and friends.

The floor work of Muhlenberg in the first half was wonderful but in the second half the team work of the Lehigh men, tested in their season which opened early in December, proved too much. The five wearers of the Cardinal and Grey and also members of the football team which threw the biggest scare of the football season into the brown and white, did themselves justice and went down to a defeat that was far from humiliating.

Lineup:

Lehigh		Muhlenberg
Crichton	Forward	Vreeland
White	Forward	Afflebach
Muthart	Center	Ritter
Cole	Guard	Hubbard
Price	Guard	Leisey
(Green)		(Coplay)

Field goals—Crichton, 9; White, 2; Muthart, 3; Price, 1; Vreeland, 1; Afflebach, 2; Ritter, 3; Hubbard 2. Foul goals—Muthart, 6; Hubbard 8. Officials—Referee, Mitchell; Timekeeper, Laudenslager, M; Davidson, L; Scorer, P. Loser.

Schuylkill Seminary 33

Muhlenberg 27

At Reading, January 17th, the Muhlenberg boys put up a stiff fight for their second game of the season. Again the fates seemed to be against them. This time it was the twelve inch extension baskets which were a great handicap to our players. Intercollegiate rules call for but six inch extension baskets, while the Eastern League rules allow a twelve inch extension.

This alone would have been sufficient cause to bring defeat upon the best team besides the severe treatment the boys received at the hands of Referee Glassmire of Albright College.

But despite all this the Muhlenberg team put up a plucky game and shot as many goals from the floor as did their opponents, each side marketing a dozen. Afflebach and Hubbard each caged 4 goals and Hubbard 3 from the foul line. It was a see-saw game from start to finish, each team alternating in the lead. At the end of the first half Muhlenberg led by one point, 18 to 17.

Lineup:

Schuylkill		Muhlenberg
Sengler	Forward	Vreeland
Tindel	Forward	Afflebach
Bohler	Center	Ritter
Paulding	Guard	Hubbard
Miller	Guard	Leisey

Lebanon Valley College 20**Muhlenberg 35**

On January 25th, the Muhlenberg progressive basketball aggregation well entertained the alumni and friends of the College in their first home game against Lebanon Valley College.

In this game the team showed their real caliber when they ran up a score of 35 to 20. A splendid crowd of cardinal and grey supporters were present and delighted in the victory.

The Muhlenberg quintet never lost the lead during the entire game. Hubbard and Afflebach played a great game for the local team, the former capturing 5, the latter 4 field goals. Hubbard also had his eye on the foul goals shooting 7 out of 10 attempts. Ritter, Vreeland and Leisey, our center and guards played an excellent defensive game, which resulted in the low score of their opponents. Coplay our sub also played a good game at guard in the second half.

Lineup:

Lebanon Valley		Muhlenberg
Strickler	Forward	Hubbard
Dearolf	Forward	Afflebach
Miller	Center	Ritter
Schmidt	Guard	Vreeland
Snively	Guard	Leisey
		(Coplay)

Goals—Hubbard, 5; Afflebach, 4; Ritter, 2; Vreeland, 2; Coplay, 1; Strickler, 6; Dearolf and Miller, 1. Fouls—Hubbard, 7; Strickler, 4. Referee, Mitchell; Timer, Miller and Richie. Time, 20 minute halves.

Albright College 44**Muhlenberg 21**

At Myerstown, Saturday February 1st, Muhlenberg's basketball team met the strong Albright College quintet.

Our boys made a creditable showing considering the star players they were pitted against. Hartman, Albright's star, alone made 30 points, 7 field goals and 16 fouls. Hubbard & Afflebach basketed three goals for Muhlenberg. Hubbard also shot 5 foul goals. Leisey our clever guard scooped in the rest of the points.

Lineup:

Albright		Muhlenberg
Hartman	Forward	Hubbard
Bullart	Forward	Afflebach
Pownall	Center	Ritter
Pottelger	Guard	Vreeland
Baker	Guard	Leisey

Field goals—Hartman 7; Bullart 2; Pownall 2; Baker and Pottelger 2; Hubbard 3; Afflebach 3; Leisey 2. Foul goals—Hartman 16; Hubbard 5. Referee, Hummel; Scorer, Loser. Time, 20 minutes halves.

Schuylkill Seminary 22**Muhlenberg 36**

On Thursday evening, February 6th, our boys were pitted against the strong Schuylkill Seminary quintet for the second time. Having defeated us on their own floor in the first game, the Readingites came over here determined to repeat the trick. Their hopes however were far from realized. The first half proved rather indecisive, Muhlenberg leading by only 3 points, which by no means put the game on ice. As soon as the whistle blew it was evident that this was a battle for supremacy to the finish. Bohler the giant center who easily played the best game for Schuylkill was laid out for a few seconds by a collision with another player.

The second half very soon showed which way the tide was moving. Our team played a wonderful passing game and completely outwitted their opponents. In a few minutes they forged ahead and secured a safe lead. The final score was 36-22 in Muhlenberg's favor.

Our team showed wonderful improvement in team work, cutting out all attempts at individual play. Each man put forth his best efforts.

Lineup:**Schuylkill Seminary**

Dengler	Forward
Sindell	Forward
Bohler	Center
Pawling	Guard
Miller	Guard

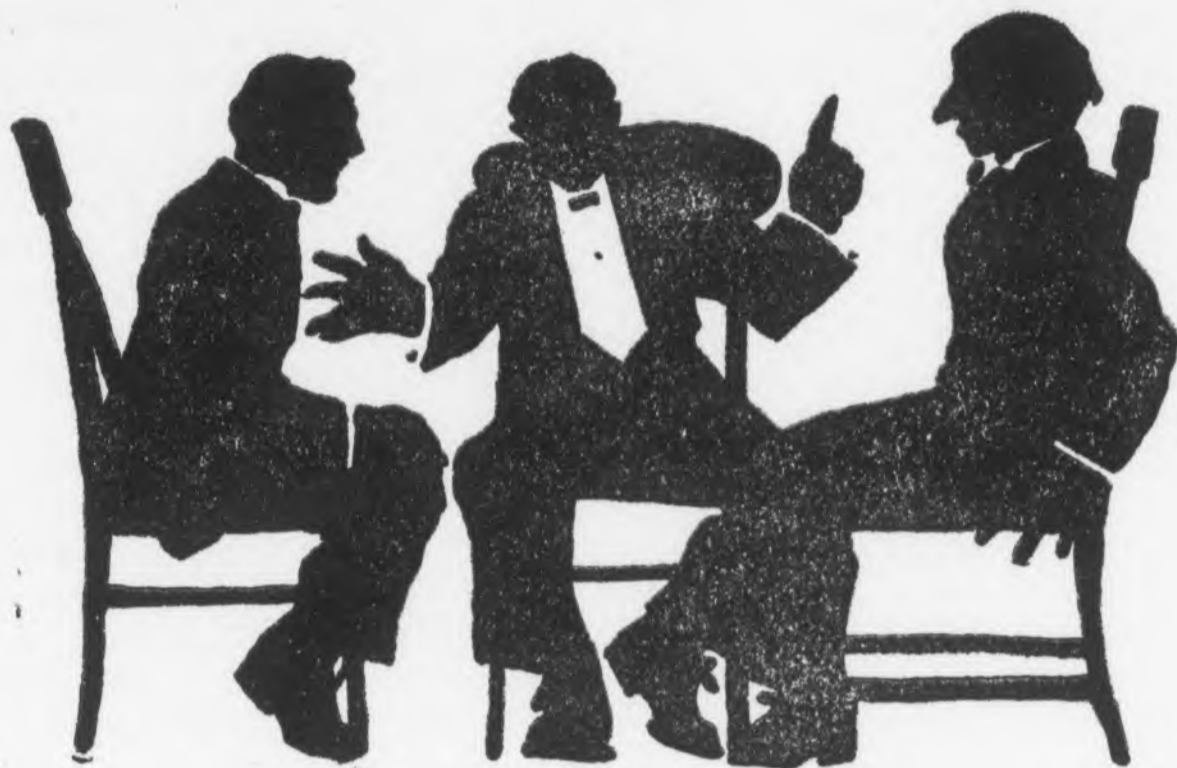
Muhlenberg

Hubbard
Afflebach
Ritter
Vreeland
Leisey

Goals—Hubbard 5; Afflebach 3; Ritter 2; Vreeland 3; Leisey 2; Dengler 1; Sindel 2; Bohlen 3. Fouls—Hubbard 6; Bohlen 5; Miller 4. Referee, Mitchell. Scorer, Loser and Rentz. Timekeeper, Fetherolf.

It is evident that the students are expecting the greatest track season the institution has ever had by the early interest they are taking in it. Already the contestants have begun their seasons training and are engaged in hard indoor practice. The candidates are numerous and prospects seem to be very bright. Look for the big schedule in the next issue.





Alumni Notes.

ROBERT C. HORN, '00, Editor.

'71. Rev. John N. Neiman, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Shillington, Berks County, died at the home of his son, H. L. Neiman, at Royersford. A widow and son survive. Rev. Neiman was ordained in Lancaster 38 years ago and served charges at Conyngham, Catawissa, Palmyra, Royersford and Shillington. He graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1871 with honors. In 1874 he graduated from Mt. Airy Theological Seminary.

'73. Rev. George G. Kunkle, of Sherodsville, Ohio, was elected pastor of St. Paul's congregation of Indian Land and of Emmanuel's, Rittersville. A call has been extended to the pastor-elect and the hope is entertained that he will accept the call. Rev. Kunkle is a graduate of Muhlenberg College and of Mt. Airy Seminary and formerly served parishes in the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

'91. The Lutheran congregation at Berlin, Ontario, has been permanently organized by Rev. M. J. Bieber. At the morning service 25 adults were confirmed; eight of these were baptized at this service. The first class in the history of the congregation was confirmed. The sincere thanks of the members was shown by a fitting address and a gift to the pastor of a purse of gold and a bouquet of white roses and carnations. At the evening service a constitution was adopted. There are 87 charter members. The Sunday School, including the Cradle Roll, numbers 96; the Luther League 21; and the Woman's Missionary 17. The congregation contributed over

\$50.00 to missions. The pastor baptized 17 children and made over 1500 calls since June. Between \$200 and \$300 has been received and a balance of \$75 is in the Treasury. The congregation is enthusiastic and feels that its growth and progress has begun. A further launching forth in local mission work and securing of a church home are the main factors requiring immediate attention.

'99. Ambrose A. Kunkle, former head of the Allentown Preparatory School, but now connected with the S. S. Kresge Five and Ten Cent Syndicate in their Detroit offices, will sail from New York City to spend the next three months in Europe in the interests of this big business, which conducts a chain of 104 stores in the United States.

'00. Rev. Chas. K. Fegely is in charge of the work in English at the Allentown Preparatory School. He replaces Rev. Steinhäuser, and will hold the position for the rest of the academic year.

The Lutheran Church of Clearfield, Pa., has extended a call to Rev. Claude R. Allenbach, former pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, College Hill, Easton, and he has accepted. He will assume his new duties on the last Sunday of this month.

The Clearfield Church is in the Central Synod of Pennsylvania, and the congregation is said to be a large and prosperous one.

'07. A baby girl made its appearance in the family of Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Lauer of Montreal, Canada.



H. P. CRESSMAN, '13, Editor.

During this semester, the department will pay no attention to the criticism of the number of cuts, style or quality of paper nor the arrangement and quantity of your material because we are

not omniscient and cannot realize the financial condition of your paper, the size of your student body, and the numerous other details involved in the editing of a college journal. It has been amusing to us, in reviewing the exchanges, to see a paper with one or two department cuts mercilessly flay another exchange for its lack of cuts or criticize the literary quality of an exchange with an English that was pitiful, not amusing, because it was so crude and uncouth that it excited our sympathy. Such knocks, masquerading under the name of Criticism, are useless either as a space filler or to hide an editor's carelessness or ignorance in reviewing the journal and to avoid making a display of the department we will avoid such blatant advertisement and confine ourselves to criticising what is found in the paper and not what has been omitted. We will omit the usual list of exchanges in each issue because we think it is more beneficial to the reader to have his attention called to stories and essays worth reading than to burden him with a list of some fifty or sixty names which have no purpose in view.

"Number Forty-One" in the January issue of "The Comenian," is a well written story. It does not appeal very strongly at first reading but after making an analysis, we find that its greatness is in its monotonous simplicity. The dull monotone of the language portrays well the gloomy life of the convict, the abrupt conclusion, which leaves the reader feeling as if he were standing on the brink of an abyss that promised much and gave little, shows well the feeling experienced by the convict when he hears the clang of the prison door, cutting him off from his routine life and putting him out into society, an outcast. You have drawn a good picture with your few lines.

During the past month preceding the college exams, we have seen many editorials discussing cribbing. Many rave about it and are lost in their ravings but we are inclined to agree with the "College News" (Jan. 21) that most of the cribbing is due to thoughtlessness. The student strikes an unexpected question and without stopping to think asks the professor or his neighbor for a suggestion or explanation of the question. While we do not sanction dishonesty, we do not place the premeditated cribber in the same class as the man who merely asks for a suggestion, as do some of our exchanges.

"The College Fraternity," in the Delaware College Review, is to our mind a puerile attempt to answer a puerile criticism of one of our exchanges. The first part of the defense is well written but the latter half appears as if it had been written by a man who overstepped his judgment and abilities. The writer confuses the part for the whole and gives the impression that due to the good graces of a fraternity, a college exists. An article of that nature does more harm than good. We also condemn the other extreme taken by "Our College Times" in trying to show that all the evils

of college life come from fraternities. Let us have in the near future, in one of our exchanges, a balancing up of both sides by a keen, logical mind and not the barking of a narrow-minded visionary who sees only the obstruction in his eye and thinks that the speck of dust constitutes the universe. Let us have a criticism, both constructive and destructive, of the practical fraternity and non-fraternity conditions and not the idealistic speculations of a dreamer.

"Another Critical Moment in American History," in the "College Breezes" is, in spite of its heading, a well written article. The entire article shows well the governing power of public opinion and leads up to the main question at stake. The writer of "The More Practical in Education" tried to cover too much ground in the space allotted to the article. You should have taken only one or two phases and treated them more fully and carefully.

The writer of the article, "Weaknesses in the Curricula and Management of the Modern Public Schools," published in "The Albright Bulletin," has evidently been caught in the vortex of materialism. The time spent in studying "the distasteful facts and the lore and knowledge of by-gone ages" is not lost. The modern conditions have arisen from just such a study and to correct any evil, if evil it is, that arises from it needs more than a repetition of the criticisms of other men. Why not suggest a good workable scheme of education that will fit all the conditions which you cite, and we will acknowledge, and send your name ringing down the halls of fame.

"The Lafayette" has begun and successfully carried out so far the dedication of each issue to some specific purpose. It is a very difficult process but you have handled the problem well in your issues.

Success in some writers can be attributed to their ability to find what the common trend of thought is and write accordingly. The author of "An Evolution in Country Society" published in "The Spectator" (Capital University) belongs in that class and has chosen a subject that is foremost today. Instead of taking up the myriads of changes in rural society he portrays only one phase and the contrast is well drawn.

We discovered a very entertaining article on a subject very seldom treated in modern times and from its novelty derives its attraction. "The Lincolnian" publishes a short sketch on "Life Among the Greeks in Homer's Day" which subject combined with "What the Romans Ate" and "Why Hannibal Did Not Capture Rome" or "Did Alexander Part His Hair or Forget to Comb it Entirely," form about the most interesting subjects that can be taken up by an amateur. Such a subject is all right for an essay in a Greek society etc. but is out of place in an undergraduate paper that is supposed to show undergraduate originality. Perhaps it would be more at-

tractive if the writer would use his own style of description instead of that used in the edition of 1704 of "Greek Life" as do most writers.

The attention of the waiting world is respectfully called to "The Perils of the American Judiciary" as set forth in "The Susquehanna." As usual, when an undergraduate tackles a proposition that has puzzled the brains of the political economist, the writer makes a few statements that are dangerous. He claims that when the multitude give counsel the right purposes find safety but we cannot quite agree because in case of murder the few officials decree that the suspect shall be given a free trial, as is right, but often the multitude counsels otherwise and we have a Coatesville stain on our State record which lynching "decree of the universal conscience is the nearest approach to the presense of God in the soul of man." Promiscuous recall and the counsel of the multitude will but open an avenue for demagogues and ward heelers who will cause more injustice than the educated neutral judge who would condemn a political leader.

"Mob Violence" in "The Senoirian" brings out strongly the result of "when the multitude gives counsel" as mentioned in the foregoing criticism.

The fickleness of humanity in regards to legal proceeding is shown in "The Morning Star" (Conception College) in the article "Trial by Jury." Nations' opinions ebb and flow and the tendency today is to change our legal proceedings, one shouts for recall and control by the multitude, the other says twelve votes in a jury gives too many people say in the matter and asks for a eight vote conviction. A comparison of "Susquehanna's" plea for mob rule and "The Senoirian's" and "The Morning Star's" discussion on the other side is very interesting.

The reverie "A Faded Rose" in "The Argus" (Findlay College) is a fine portrayal of the struggles of a college man who tries to convince himself that he has risen beyond the old folks at home and how foolish and narrow that opinion appears when he has reached the age of common sense. More articles of such practical value and fewer about ancient Greek and Roman idiosyncrasies or criticism of judiciary and pedagogical conditions would make college men more sensible of the value of home ties and benefits.

* * * *

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"Mamma," came a shrill voice from the head of the stairs, "Jimmy found a bed-bug."—Ex.

* * * *

Student (after the last exam)—"Well, the reign of terror is over and we are again free."

* * * *

Probably the following should be in the Local or Alumni columns, but we reprint it anyway and perhaps the business manager may profit by its use:

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* * * *

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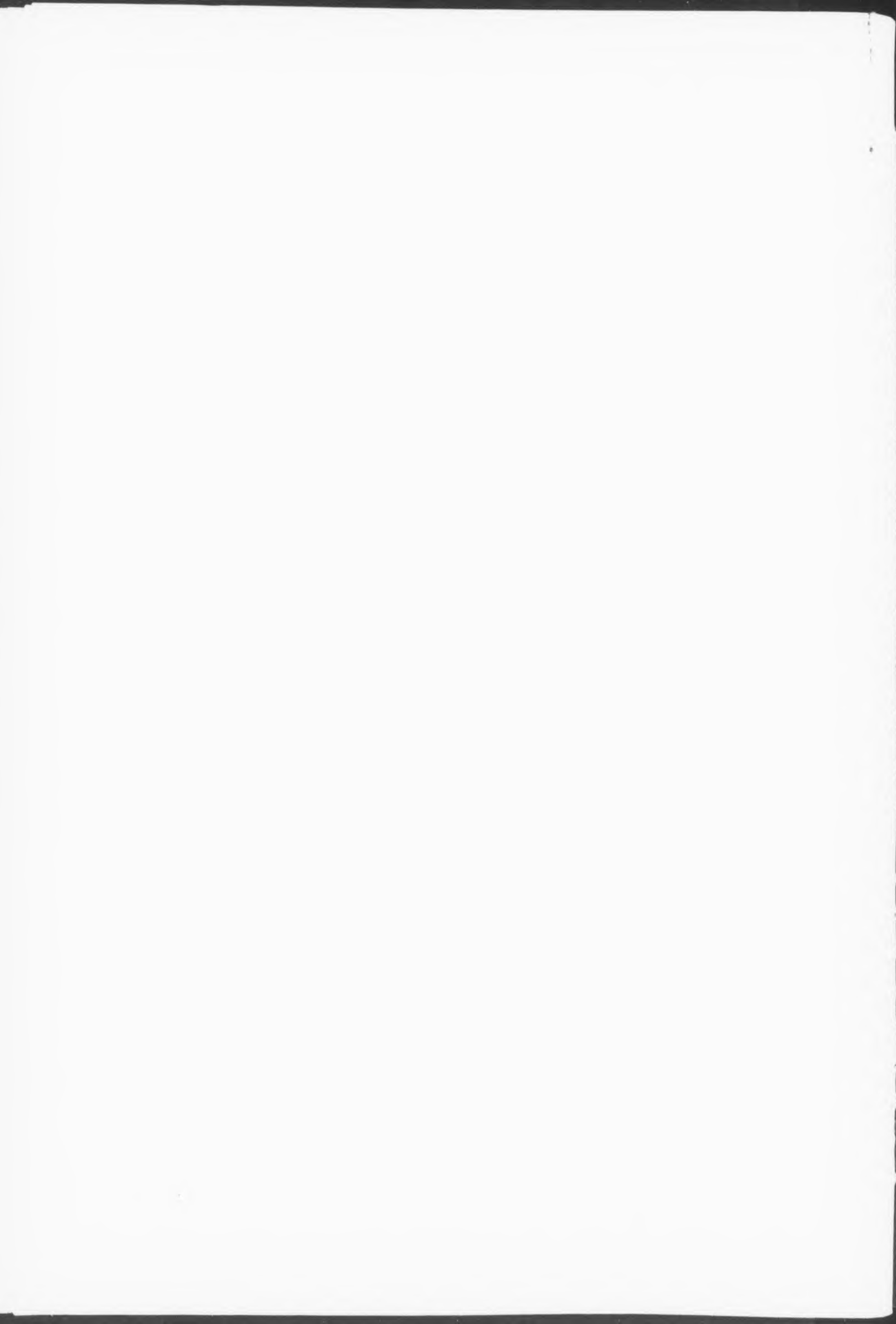
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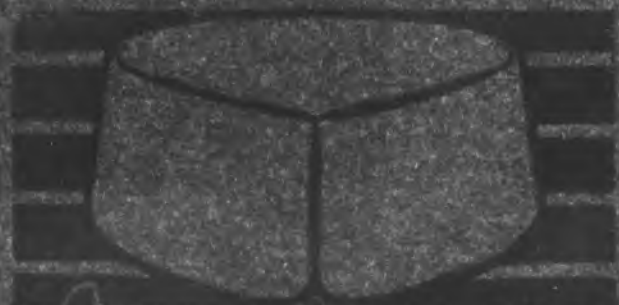
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March, 1913.

Vol. XXXI. No. 6

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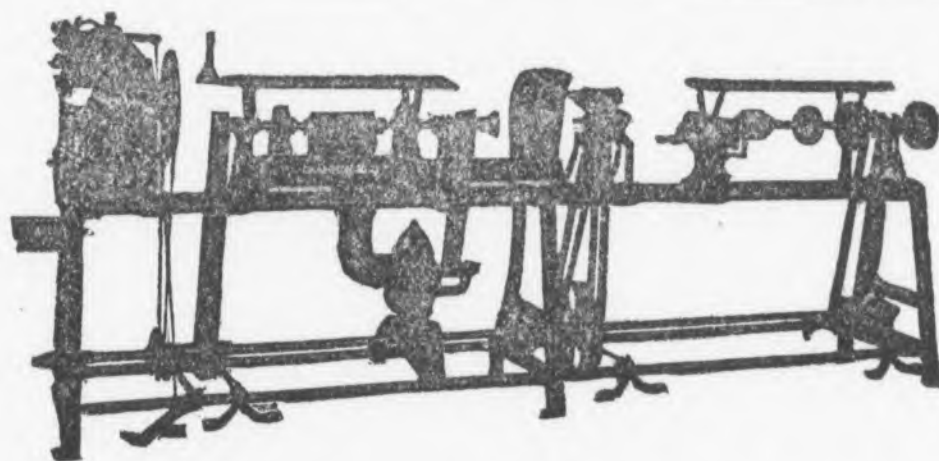
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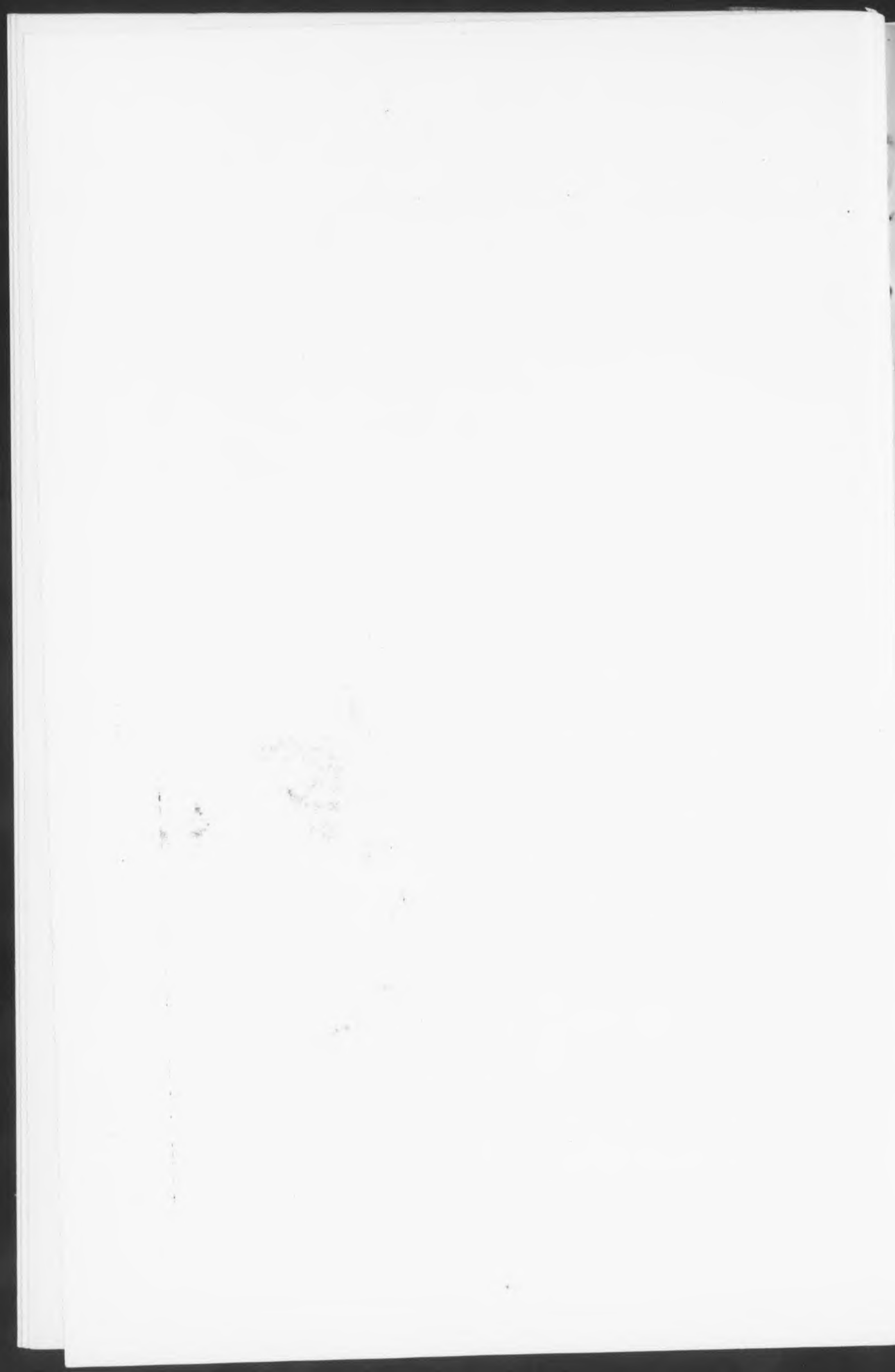
L. V. PASSENGER STATION

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MAIN BUILDING, North Prospect.





New York's Tubes and Subways.



VERY morning, between seven and nine o'clock, over 1,000,000 people of every class and description must be transported from their homes to their respective places of business. Every evening, between five and seven o'clock, the same 1,000,000 must be carried back to their homes. In addition, thruout the day, thousands of others must be cared for, with only a slight lull in the rush during the middle of the afternoon. Such is the problem of transportation that faces New York City and one cannot but wonder how it is possible to care for all these people satisfactorily, especially during the aptly named "rush" hours. An investigation may be of interest for it will disclose one of the most stupendous propositions ever undertaken or carried thru in any city. This vast enterprise is the subway and tunnel system of the metropolis. As we shall see the subway has relieved the traffic congestions considerably and has supplemented the elevated and surface lines and the bridges and ferries to such an extent that they are now constrained to accommodate only twice their intended number of passengers.

Now let us glance superficially over this vast system and see what it comprises. In short, it is made up of a total length of fourteen miles of subaqueous tubing and 29.3 miles of subway with a total of 105 miles of track. This it can readily be seen literally honey-combs the bowels of New York and certainly calls for admiration. Thru this great net-work of under-ground and under-water tubes, trains made up of 10 cars, each over 60 feet long, carrying over a thousand people at once, are continually flying along one after another with only a minute and a third headway, pushing on ceaselessly only to reach their destination and come back again loaded as fully as ever.

Let us compare this system with the original subway of New York and we shall better be able to understand and appreciate the immensity and importance of the present-day transportation facilities in that city.

The first subway was secretly built by Alfred A. Beach, the chief editor of the Scientific American, who, having seen the success of pneumatic letter carriers, thought that the same principle might be applied in the transportation of people. He therefore invented a very satisfactory shield and proceeded to build a tunnel under Broadway. After 400 feet had been made, it was opened for public inspection and for a year people were transported thru it in a "spacious car with a seating capacity of eighteen, well-lighted and richly upholstered." The car was blown thru the eight foot brick-lined tunnel, into which it fitted closely, by compressed air furnished by a large plant of one hundred horse power. Such was the first subway but because of political opposition it was made necessary to close it after one year of service and an expenditure of \$350,000. Moreover for some years after this, the leading engineers of the city thought that if Broadway were burrowed, the foundations of the great Trinity Spire, then the tallest structure in the city, would be shaken to pieces. So, for thirty-one years, New York slept over the idea until in 1900 the first contract for the present subway was awarded.

The subways of today may be best observed as belonging to several distinct companies, namely, the Interboro Rapid Transit, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Companies.

The subway of the Interboro is the oldest having been begun in 1900. It comprises a four-track trunk line from City Hall Park thru Lafayette Street, Fourth Avenue, Forty-second Street and Broadway to 96th Street, having two tracks for local trains and two for express trains. From 96th Street there are two northern branches, namely, the Broadway or West Side division extending up to 242 Street or Van Cortlandt Park. In this division there are three tracks up to 132d Street and from there on only two. The second branch is the Lenox Avenue division with two tracks terminating at Bronx Park.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company's subway is merely a southern extension of the Interboro from City Hall to the Battery which is continued across the river at Joraleman Street and extends from there to Fourth Avenue and Forty-third Street.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has merely two tunnels, double tracked, extending for one and a half miles across the island of Manhattan at Thirty-third Street and connecting the East River and Hudson River tubes.

The Hudson and Manhattan has a line, more commonly known as the McAdoo tunnels after the name of the chief political backer, which extends from the North Tunnels of the Hudson over to Sixth Avenue and thence over to Thirty-third Street.

Now let us see the extent of the New York subqueous tunnels popularly called "tubes" to distinguish between them and the subways. These belong to the Pennsylvania, the Hudson and Manhattan and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Companies.

The first consists of the Hudson River tunnels from Weehawken, N. J., to the Pennsylvania Station at 33rd Street, New York, made up of two tubes over 6,000 feet long, and the East River tunnels between 33rd Street and Long Island City, made up of four tubes each 4,000 feet in length.

The Hudson and Manhattan comprises the North Tunnels under the Hudson River from Jersey City to Morton Street and has two single track tubes each 6,000 feet long and the Arutu Tunnels from Jersey City to the Hudson Terminal Building on Cortlandt Street, with two tubes each 6,000 feet long.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Tunnel is made up of two 7,000 foot tubes, connecting the Battery and Joraleman Street, Brooklyn.

The general construction of the subway may be briefly summed up as follows: A standard four-track cross section with two tracks each for local and express trains, is 54 feet 9 inches in width and 16 feet 7 inches in height, while the roof is supported by steel columns. In the construction of the Interboro, for example, in a distance of 23 miles, 97,500 tons of structural steel and 725,000 cubic yards of concrete were used. The cost was about \$75,000,000. In the subway the rails are laid on ties firmly imbedded in crushed stone.

The construction of the various tubes is, of course, somewhat different, but as a rule they are made of cast iron rings varying in diameter in the several tubes, from 23 feet to 15 feet 6 inches. These are firmly held together being formed with internal flanges which take a firm hold in the concrete lining within the tubes. Most of the tunnels have been made by the hydraulic method by which a large shield with open inlets in the front is forced forward by hydraulic rams. As it moves the mud and silt squeezes through the inlets into the interior of the shield and is broken off, loaded into trucks and drawn away by a cable from the heading.

Such is the network of tubes and subways undermining New York City and the adjacent waters and it will probably be of interest to see that careful provisions are made in the equipment for the large number of people to be transported and for their safety and comfort.

First, let us see what is done to increase the speed of transportation. The Interboro will serve very well to illustrate these provisions. The cars used are about 10 feet long and hold over one hundred and twenty people in the "rush" hours. These cars, tho coupled into trains of ten and loaded with over a thousand passengers, attain a speed of 45 miles per hour at times and keep up a steady average rate of 25 miles, enabling one to get from Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, to 180th Street, New York, a distance of 18 miles, in 50 minutes, including the travel under the East River and all for the small sum of five cents. Moreover the trains run during the rush hours on a schedule of 1.4 minute headway. Even the local trains cover 16

miles an hour with their 6 cars and about 800 people. Of course all this is made possible by the enormity of the power houses supplying the current for the third rail, the longest of which has a ground area of 200 by 690 feet. It is divided into two parts by which the engine room is cut off from the boilers and coal bins which latter have a capacity of 25,000 tons of coal, which is fed by gravity into an automatic stoker.

Nor is speed attained without regard for personal safety for in the Pennsylvania tubes, for example, a concrete platform is provided which extends thru the tube at the height of the window making it possible for passengers to walk in case the train is delayed or blocked. Moreover at distances of every 200 feet thruout the tube there are telephones by which all information can be given to the general offices. Then again as in the Brooklyn Rapid Transit tube there is at one end a room in which an electrically operated map is used to provide for safety. On this map every signal, switch and telephone in the tubes is definitely located. When a train enters the tube a green light appears and shows on the map the exact location of the real train, moving and stopping as it does. Another safety device is found in the push button on the handle of every throttle. As long as there is pressure on this, it will allow the train to go right along. When, however, pressure is released, the train stops very quickly. Not long ago this was well tested when a certain motorman died while on duty. The pressure being released in death the train stopped and over 1,000 lives were saved from possible destruction.

Again there is an absence of bell ropes, for a very successful substitute has been found which operates more safely as follows:

When all the doors are shut a signal is electrically flashed to the motorman but until every door is absolutely closed, this will not appear. The fact that a door is open a fraction of an inch is enough to throw out this scheme.

Now in addition to speed and safety, comfort is given. Each car provides seats for 80 persons, and while in rushes, half as many again must stand, there are abundant provisions for this in the form of metal rods from ceiling to floor and in the metal grips which are very practical.

The air problem is a very important one, but what with a half dozen fans whirring overhead in each car an abundant supply of fresh air is continually provided to relieve the heavy and poisonous air that otherwise would remain. Another comfort—providing as well as time-saving arrangement is the use of doors in the center of the sides of each car by which entrance and exit is made, relieving greatly the otherwise congested end doors. There are many other comforts which are afforded by devices such as metal grips which can only move laterally thus preventing a great deal of tiring exertion which results from hanging on the ordinary straps

of cars. Each day some new devices are being tried and as each day passes the patrons are being cared for still better.

This superficial yet accurate and fairly extensive examination of the value of the subway and tubes as factors in the satisfactory transportation of the thousands, even millions, of New York, will serve to show what great advances are yearly being made in the field of transportation.

H. H. Bagger, '15.

The Typical German.

Where shall we find the typical German? Is it Wagner the heaven-inspired musician. Goethe the world-honored man of letters, Gutenberg the inventor of printing. Lubig the scientist who renewed the physical life of half a continent. Kant the philosopher, Bismarck the statesman, Moltke the general, Luther the reformer who opposed the greatest of all known organizations, William the Great who fashioned a great nation? In almost any branch of human achievement Germany has exponents who rank with the greatest, but these are geniuses. The typical German is not a genius. With half a dozen lines—ordinary lines—his picture can be sketched.

The typical German is an industrious man. He does not, like the modern American, wear down his health with work, closing but one eye when he sleeps. Nor does he loaf at the market place all day like an Athenian. He merely plods ahead with his work, leisurely it is true, but so steadily that any little obstacle doesn't make him stop; slow, and consequently very sure. His is therefore the kind of progress that ends not with broken-down health or mind, not with retirement after a few year' exhausting work, but with a secure achievement that can smile at death.

The typical German is a prudent man. If there is a hare-versus-tortoise race to be sure, he generally takes the part of the tortoise. He doesn't work all his life and die a poor man; he works all his life and dies owning his own house and lands, having money in the bank. He can take care of himself.

The typical German is a contended man. He doesn't work harder than he feels inclined to work, and then rests on the fruits of his industry. He is not troubled by a sharp conscience, so that he can "eat, drink, and be merry" to his heart's content. He is in a family of sturdy, successful children just like himself. He is not always heading some kind of complaint or strike. Others can fight the real and imaginary evils of the day, others can advocate higher wages and shorter hours, others can preach temperance and female suffrage—he smokes his pipe at his hearthstone at night, says he hopes all these things will come out right, and falls into a doze. Few people are as contended as the German. It may be more honorable to struggle against injustice, to strike for freedom, to become unhappy for the sake of principle; but notwithstanding it all, the German prefers to be lazily happy.

The typical German is an honest man. He thinks that "honesty is the best policy" for him, and doesn't stoop to meanness and subtle or open theft to get his gain. That is one great way in which he serves this inconsistent country of ours and it is the reason that German order, knowledge, science, and life in general is so much surer than that of most other nations. He isn't a fake, he isn't a bluff; what he has in his soul or mind or bank is really his own, and honestly procured.

The typical German has a well-developed soul. He can put himself in touch with God, and we call him devout. Somehow, with all his realism, he has the time and natural inclination to turn his thoughts to God. He also puts himself in touch with his fellow-man, and so we find that he is generous. He is the kind of man that feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, cares for the fatherless, and can never close his heart against the prayer of distress. His religion is to this extent practical morality—not the morality of Pharisees and Puritans, but of Him who went about doing good. Similarly we find the typical German interested in that art always dear to the higher souls—music. Few of his kind are there whose home has not some musical instrument; and where this is present, he himself can generally play something on it, if it be nothing more than "Eie' Feste Burg."

The typical German is a solid man. There is something to him. He is the man who when multiplied makes a successful State. It is this solidity of his that puts him always on welcome list of immigrants. He minds his business, does what God and man require of him and does it well, and consequently makes a good citizen. This quality belongs to the average German; and when it is intensified in a genius, he becomes—like Otto the Great and many successors—a force that moves the world.

T. K. Finck, '15.

Bertie, Betty and Fate.



NY healthy young man would have turned to steal a second glance at her trim, little figure. And Bertie—well, Bertie was never sick of much account in his whole life. His head twisted cautiously around and—Elixir of Life!—their eyes met.

She turned away quickly in charming confusion. But—goodness! gracious! me!—a nasty telegraph pole got in her way and she came up against it with startling abruptness. There was a moment of blushing confusion, of cross thoughts, and juggling parcels; then one of the bundles she had been carrying slipped out of reach and fell in an unwrapped heap on the sidewalk.

Bertie rejoiced and did the intervening space in seven and two-fifths, reaching the scene of desolation before she had time to stoop over.

"Let me pick it up," he begged breathlessly. "I'm a wonderful picker-up of busted things."

She blushed warmly and tried to say "no, never mind," "it's nothing," "please don't bother," all in the same breath. And all the while the bundle lay grinning up at the two in open effrontery. Dainty, white things rolled out and lay all starched and laundry-like on the pavement. Some of the things were new to Bertie's innocent gaze, but seeing their owner's glowing cheeks, he gallantly shut his eyes, gathered up the parcel and retied it with frightful confusion.

"There," he said, triumphantly, placing the bundle in her arms and opening his eyes. "Not a bit of the laundry soiled." Then he stared. "Betty Manners!" he ejaculated, reading the laundry slip.

She faltered, blushed some more, and stammered prettily: "That's—me."

Bertie's heart stopped beating for a moment.. He gazed at her in wide-eyed surprise, and slowly his face twisted itself into a delighted grin.

"You! Betty Manners!" His heart rushed on again, clapping its hands for joy. "Not Betty Manners, daughter of Daniel Manners, from Danville, up the Hudson?" eagerly.

Dismay rushed to Betty's face in full force. She recoiled a step, staring at Bertie nervously, frightened. All the roses left her cheeks—and lillies began to bloom.

"No! No!" she gasped. "I'm not that Betty Manners. Really I—I'm bad—I'm an actress." Then swiftly, with a sob:—"I must go."

"But, I say," exploded poor Bertie, in astonishment, "won't you let me take you to your home—your hotel?" he began. "I meant no offense. I—I've been looking for a certain Betty Manners for—"

"I know! I know!" she broke in wildly, and the next moment disappeared down into a nearby subway entrance.

Misery! despair! chagrin! Bertie could have kicked himself. He made a mad rush after her. Too late! He reached the bottom of the steps just as the train, with an angry roar, started down the black tunnel. Then gloom hung her sign out also, and Bertie ploughed his way home, feeling like the victim of some Waterloo.

Thereafter the chain of events was linkless for a matter of three weeks. Then—joy bliss! rapture!—Bertie's search was victorious.

He had then been drifting aimlessly around down near Washington Square, his eyes overflowing with bundles, laundry slips, and wonderful, pink, pouting faces, when a rapidly driven victoria bore down on him. Somewhat bewildered he leaped aside, and as the carriage grazed his coat, glanced up. And his heart made an awful dash up along his wind-pipe. No wonder! There she sat. Yes, sir! No dreaming this time. He was wide awake and he knew his bundle girl when he saw her. She was in that victoria, sure as guns!

A frantic gesture, a flash of money and a hansom rolled sleepily up at the curb. With his pulses prancing madly at their hitching posts.

"Bertie leaped inside and called orders up through the little trap-door. "And there's another dollar awaiting you as soon as I get her number," he added.

Then money began to talk. The cabby's whip cracked savagely and that equipage went bowling through those streets as if pursued by the headless horseman himself. Pedestrians stood and stared; chauffeurs pulled up their cars and turned, gazing in wonderment. A "copper" waved his "billy" at the reckless cabby and waddled fatly after.

One block—two blocks—three blocks of a headlong dash. Then around a corner on two wheels and they were directly behind his "bundle girl," in a very neat looking apartment square.

Presently her victoria drew up at the curb of number nine hundred and sixteen; she stepped out and paid off the driver. The pursuing hansom rolled past at a walk and in another moment Bertie had her number in a memorandum book. A block further on he dismissed his cab and danced happily along toward Broadway. The second link was forged.

Two days passed and on the third day a young man, carrying a suit-case, made his appearance over in a certain neat-looking apartment square. It was Bertie. He walked down the street glancing fitfully, eagerly, up at the house numbers. Suddenly his face lit up. Only a few more steps! Then—here it is! Nine-sixteen! With a firm, unwavering tread he mounted the sandstone steps, pulled the tarnished bell and waited. He was bound to get Betty Manners even if he had to endure two or three weeks of boarding-house life.

Presently a girl with green eyes opened the door five inches, parleyed, summoned another person from mysterious depths, opened the door another ten inches, and Bertie sidled into his new home, wearing a Thanksgiving Day smile.

At the same time a wildly pleading voice arose faintly above the stairs, reaching his ears. His smile faded and for a moment he stared up the gloomy stairway. Then he glanced inquiringly at the servant girl.

"That's Betty Manners," she explained indifferently, "an actress. She—"

Again the voice arose, interrupting her—a sweet, thrilling voice, pitifully unsteady, yet every word exquisitely distinct; and Bertie frozen to attention, listened, his heart swelling in his throat.

"P-please don't be so heartless—so—so cruel," were the first sad sobs he heard. "I—I have no more—m-money. Oh! believe me!" chokingly.

Bertie's lower jaw dropped—so did his suit-case. It was her voice—his bundle girl's. His pulses pounded sickeningly.

"Oh,—t-truly, truly," continued the voice more wildly. "I'm all alone—I—I—Oh! Don't strike me * * * * I'll do as you say. Just give me—time. I—Help! Murder!"

"Good Lord!" gasped Bertie, and he bounded up the hall stairs, swung head-long around the banister, and galloped madly back in the

direction of the voice. In a moment he had flung open a door, and there in the centre of the gas-lit room lay his bundle girl in a heap on the floor.

She sat up quickly, nervously, and looked at him, wide-eyed, frightened, bewildered.

"Where is he?" panted Bertie, an excited color flying in his face. "Where is he?" he repeated heroically.

She was white, silent and staring; her fingers tearing nervously at her kerchief. There was a moment's pause—a melo-dramatic scene—then: "In there," she whispered, indicating an inner room.

Bertie's hands clenched, his jaw squared, and with determination pouring steadfastly from his eyes, he strode through the open doorway. Then it happened, and so quickly that for a moment Bertie stood wondering what really did happen. There was a quick, feminine step behind him, the click of a key, and the next moment he heard her voice coming sweet and tearful from the other side of the locked door.

"Please, please be calm, like the gentleman I think you are. I—I simply had to do something. That line of talk about murder was only my part in a new play. I'm an actress."

A little astonished gasp escaped Bertie.

"Forgive me," pleadingly. "Please do not think ill of me till I've told you all. Father wanted me to marry a certain young man, and I—I ran away." A sob broke her voice. "I had to live and I went on the stage. I know you're a detective come to take me home, but I won't go. Do you hear? I won't marry a man I've never seen. Can, can you blame me?"

What! marry another man!

"No!" exclaimed Bertie emphatically. And again—"No!"—but I say," he added quickly, "won't you let out of here. I'm no detective. I'm simply a man."

"No detective," she gasped, but before he could assure her, there was a knock on the hall door.

Bertie heard her trip across the floor, heard the door open, and then a man's heavy voice saying, "Miss Manners, I presume?"

A pause. Then, "Yes, sir," she answered faintly.

Bertie strained his ears. The heavy voice continued; "I'm your father's New York lawyer. He requested me to find you and let you know that unless you returned home immediately and willingly marry Mr. Villiford he will disinherit you."

Mr. Villiford! Bertie's whole frame caught fire and his heart tried to jump for life. With excited, trembling fingers he seized the door knob and shook for all he was worth.

"Hey, lawyer," he cried. "Here I am."

At last the door flew open and Bertie dashed frantically into view.

"It's all right lawyer," he beamed. "Tell Mr. Manners that Betty has agreed to keep her inheritance."

The lawyer stared at him blankly, wondering.

"But"—began Betty, faintly.

"Don't worry, Betty," laughed Bertie, catching her helpless little hands in his. "I'm your father's 'Mr. Villiford!'"

Surprise, confusion, happiness—all strove to be victor in that little scene. Then came a magnetic pause, a swift movement, and two hearts clashed together. The lawyer turned and inspected the patterns on the wall paper.

"We'll be married—to-night?" whispered Bertie.

There was a half-hearted struggle, a sweet confusion, then—"Yes," she murmured faintly.

C. F. Miller, '16.



Athletics.

Basket Ball.

To date our team has made a splendid showing. We have played ten games and won five. Of the remaining five games which we lost several were due to circumstances for which the team is not to blame. The fellows played to the finish and deserve commendation for they certainly exceeded the brightest hopes of the most optimistic supporters who always considered the fact that this was the first year of our return to this branch of inter-collegiate sport. With the marked and rapid progress the team has made we feel confident that the remaining games will be entered on the right side of the ledger.

THE GAMES.

Y. M. C. A. 31

Muhlenberg 18

Thursday February 13th, our quintet met the experienced team of the local Y. M. C. A. on its own floor. The cage was familiar to both teams and a hard struggle resulted. The National Rules were new to our men and fouls were frequent on both sides. Roughness was also prevalent to such an extent as to force the rooters of both teams, who were very much in evidence, to lose interest in the game. Our men displayed the proper spirit and ginger.

Lineup:

Y. M. C. A.

F. Clauss

Ruhe

Schoenly

Werner

Oberholtzer

W. Clauss

Forward

Forward

Center

Guard

Guard

Subs.

Muhlenberg

Hubbard

Afflebach

Ritter

Vreeland

Leisey

Copley

Field goals—Hubbard, 2; Copley, 1; Clauss, 6; Ruhe, 3; Werner, 1; Oberholtzer, 1. Foul goals—Hubbard, 7; Vreeland, 5. Referee, Hawk; Scorer, Loser; Timekeeper, Fetherolf.

St. Joseph's 20

Muhlenberg 46

The Muhlenberg boys returned to form on Saturday night, February 22, when they trimmed the St. Joseph College quintet to the score of 20 to 46. Throughout the game our men played the college aggregation to a standstill. Passing was the interesting feature of the game. Repeatedly the ball was carried from one end of the cage to the other by clear and clean cut passing. In the second half of the game a number of substitutions were made. Witmer, for the first time in the season played a showy game at Center and Loser held their forwards in check. Hubbard, our star forward by continually carrying the ball up the floor succeeded in capturing ten field goals while Afflerbach our other promising and active forward followed with six. Ritter the giant center played a great defensive game and also added two points to the score. Leisey and Vreeland, our guards, by their usual team work snatched many sure shots from their opponents. This game give us a glimpse of a promising season next year. Witmer's playing will encourage many other men to come out and scrub to make the team next season.

Lineup:

St. Joseph's

Gavin

Lecktie

Yates

Stoll

Considine

Forward

Forward

Center

Guard

Guard

Muhlenberg

Hubbard

Afflerbach

Ritter

(Witmer)

Leisey

Vreeland

(Loser)

Field goals—Hubbard, 10; Afflerbach, 6; Ritter, 1; Vreeland, 1; Gavin, 2; Lecktie, 1; Yates, 2; Stoll, 1. Foul goals—Hubbard, 10; Yates, 8. Referee, Woerner; Timekeeper, Smeltzer; Scorer, Heuer, Waters.

Score, St. Joseph's 20, Muhlenberg 46.

P. C. P. 26

Muhlenberg 36

Our basket ball team went to Philadelphia on Saturday, March 1, and in a well played game defeated the team of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy by the score of 33 to 26. P. C. P. led in the first half of the game but by final spurt in the last few minutes the Cardinal and Grey team overcame the lead and won handily.

Hubbard in forward position for Muhlenberg played his usual fast game and dropped six goals from the field into the basket and also scored five points with as many foul throws. Big Bill Ritter was a tower of strength at center for the local collegians and also scored six of their points.—The Morning Call.

The lineup:

P. C. P.

Rutter

Hughes

Evans

Reichard

Schadt

Forward

Forward

Center

Guard

Guard

Muhlenberg

Hubbard

Afflerbach

Ritter

Vreeland

Leisey

Field goals—Hubbard, 6; Ritter, 3; Vreeland, 3; Leisey, Copley, 1; Rutter 6; Hughes, 2; Evans, 4. Foul goals—Hughes, 2; Hubbard, 5. Substitutes—Copley for Afflerbach. Referee, Safe. Time, 20 minute halves.

Delaware 13

Muhlenberg 44

After the excellent game with the P. C. P. aggregation, the team journeyed to Newark, Delaware, where they won from Delaware College, our old football rivals, by a score of 44 to 13. Our forwards and center starred in the scoring. Hubbard captured 8; Ritter 5, and Afflerbach 4 field goals.

Lineup:

Delaware

Thomas

Lacklen

Weimer

Doherty

Sawdon

Forward

Forward

Center

Guard

Guard

Muhlenberg

Hubbard

Afflerbach

Ritter

Vreeland

Leisey

Field goals—Hubbard, 6; Ritter, 5; Afflerbach, 4; Vreeland, Copley, Thomas, Lacklen, Weimer. Foul goals—Thomas, 5; Hubbard, 6. Substitutes—Loser for Leisey. Copley for Afflerbach. Referee, Griffin of Swathmore. Time, 20 minute halves.

St. Peters 21

Muhlenberg 28

Thursday, March 6th, the Muhlenberg aggregation again added a scalp to their belt when they defeated the St. Peters' College team of Jersey City. The first part of the game was very lively and superior passing was shown by our team. Leisey our clever guard, was unable to play on account of a bruised foot. His position was filled by Copley. The game was played without any undue roughness. Each team tried to show the best team work by real clever passing. In the second half Copley substituted for Ritter, our skilled center, who was hindered somewhat by illness. Copley's position at guard was filled by Loser. Hubbard, Afflerbach and Ritter were stars in offensive work, each scoring four baskets. Vreeland, our guard, also managed by clever shooting to capture 2 goals. The game was well attended and was very interesting as the score indicates.

Lineup:

St. Peter's

Ormsby

Dougherty

Positions

Forward

Forward

Center

Guard

Guard

Muhlenberg

Hubbard

Afflerbach

Ritter

Copley

Vreeland

Copley, Loser

Field goals—Hubbard, Afflerbach, Ritter, 4; Vreeland, Ormsby, 2; Dougherty, 3; Burke, 2. Foul goals—Hubbard, 5; Vreeland, 3; Ormsby, 7. Referee, Mitchell.

Sophomores 24

Freshmen 18

The Sophomores and Freshmen opened their inter-class basketball series Wednesday, February 12. It was a high-spirited, enthusiastic and hard fought game, typical of the rousing games of preceding years. The regular inter-class series has been abandoned this year on account of our inter-collegiate team. A five game series, therefore, has been arranged between the two lower classes. The series will be fiercely contested as both classes are evenly matched.

In this game, however, the Sophs ran away with the Fresh. Throughout the game the former showed superior playing due to team work acquired in last year's contests.

The Freshies were not lagging far behind in the second half after a few substitutes and rearrangements were made.

Witmer, Brubaker and Legg put up an excellent game for the Freshmen while Reisner and Young showed real basketball skill for the Sophs.

Lineup:

Sophomores		Freshmen
Reisner	Forward	Brubaker
Miller	Forward	Weber
Royer	Center	Witmer
Geiss	Guard	Wetherhold
Young	Guard	Legg
		Frankenfield

Referee, Hubbard. Timekeeper, Heilman. Scorer, Zeimer, Laury.

The second game of the series was played Wednesday evening, February 27. It was a roaring game from beginning to end. Both teams played a consistent, scrappy and praiseworthy game and the Freshmen were fortunate to close the game with a score of 14-11 in their favor. The freshies took the lead from the beginning and held it throughout the game. The Sophomores played hard and made the Freshmen work for all their points. No star playing was evident on either side. Each player worked for the good of his respective team.

Lineup:

Sophomores		Freshmen
Reisner	Forward	Brubaker
Miller	Forward	Afflerbach
Royer	Center	Witmer
Geiss	Guard	Wetherhold
Young	Guard	Legg

Field goals—Reisner, 3; Witmer, 2; Afflerbach, 2. Foul goals—Miller, 3; Brubaker, 2; Afflerbach, 2.

Score Sophs 9, Fresh 12.

Referee, P. Loser. Scorer, Zeimer.

Football.

The schedule for next year is almost complete and our active Football Manager, Elmer Bausch, submits the following dates for your approval:

SCHEDULE.

September 27. Lafayette at Easton.
October 4. New York University at New York.
October 11. Dickinson at Allentown.
October 18. Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
October 25. Lehigh at South Bethlehem.
November 1. Lebanon Valley at Allentown.
November 8. Franklin and Marshall at Allentown.
November 15. Albright at Allentown.
November 22. Bucknell at Lewisburg.
November 28. Susquehanna at Allentown.

This is surely some schedule for a college of our size but with "Tom" Kelly, on the job, good material, and every man in the student body back of the team we can and will make good. Lebanon Valley and Albright have not appeared on the Muhlenberg gridiron for years. Susquehanna has not been represented by a team for the last two seasons and remember we have an old score to wipe out. We are inclined to be extremely optimistic about Lehigh and N. Y. U. and one good whack at F. and M. will square accounts with our Lancaster friends. On the whole the manager is to be congratulated and we look forward eagerly to another glorious season.

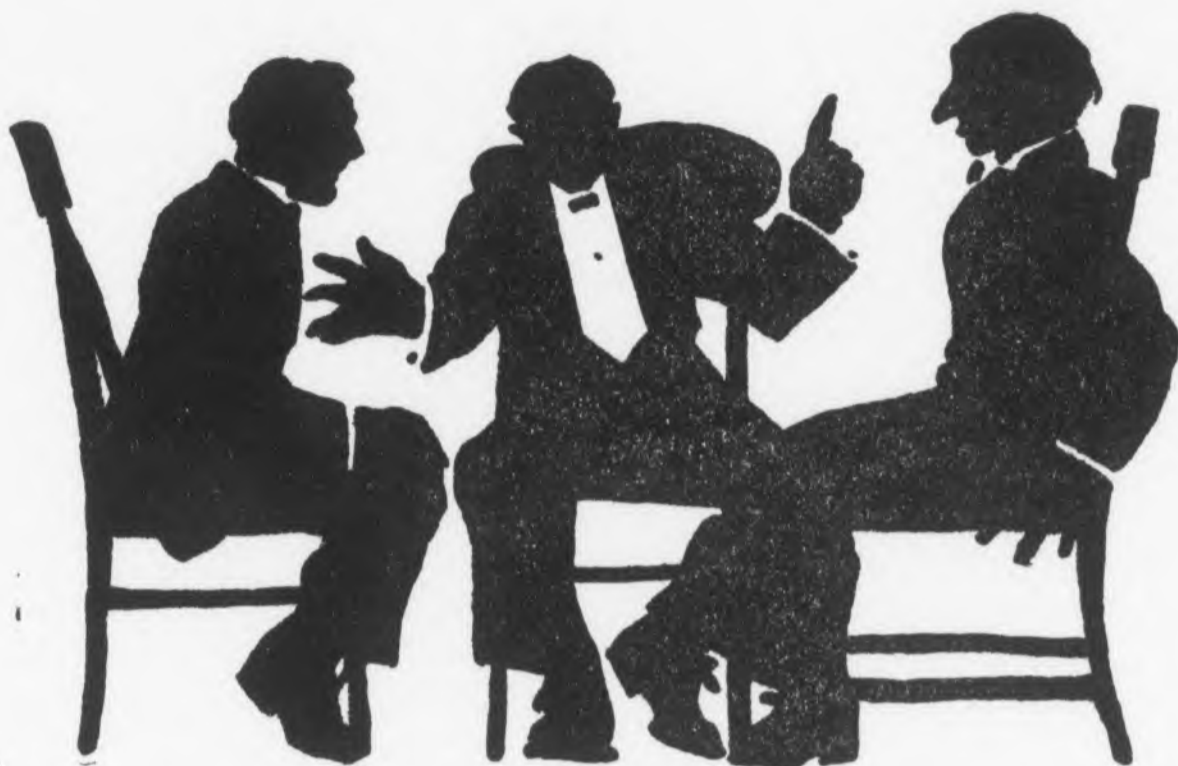
TRACK PROSPECTS.

The outlook for track is none the less bright. The men have been gradually rounding into condition and there is an abundance of material. Shelly the sturdy sprinter and Snyder the reliable weight-man are the only members of last year's team lost to us by graduation. The new candidates are Hubbard, Copley, Vreeland, Heuer, Brennan, Witmer, Rahn, Ritter, Wickmann, Parker and Weber. With this material plus the old record breaking champs we are confident that the coach can develop a good, evenly balanced team.

All credit belongs to our hustling manager, "Butch" Cressman, for the best schedule we have had for many a year.

TRACK SCHEDULE.

April 26. Penn Relays, Philadelphia.
May 3. Gettysburg at home.
May 10. Open.
May 17. Inter-Collegiate meet, Easton.
May 24. Lafayette at home.
May 30. Delaware at Newark.



Alumni Notes.

1896. Marcus Hottenstein, of Allentown, has recently delivered three excellent lectures on the "Trusts" in the college chapel. The same course of lectures is to be given at Franklin and Marshall College later in the season.

1900. A recent visitor in Allentown is Arthur G. Beck, of Alberta, Canada. After leaving college Mr. Beck took up the cement business and for the past two years has been superintendent of plant No. 12 of the Canada Cement Company in the province of Alberta.

The Company operates thirteen cement mills in Canada with headquarters in Montreal. Mr. Beck was called to that city to a meeting of the superintendents of the plants. He extended his trip to his home at Mt. Bethel, Northampton County, and Allentown.

The Muhlenberg reports the marriage of Miss Jeanette H. Ritter, of Allentown, and Mr. Clark W. Heller, of Wapwollopen, Pa. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Ritter. After graduating from the Allentown College for Women with the class of 1909 she attended Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Massachusetts. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Heller, of Wapwollopen, Pa. He attended Muhlenberg College and later graduated from Gettysburg College.

'09. Albert C. H. Fasig, former chemist in the office of Meat and Milk Inspector Fetherolf, at Reading, resigned, in order to accept the position of assistant instructor of chemistry and physics at Muhlenberg College.

Mr. Fasig has been in the office of Mr. Fetherolf for nearly two years, and established an excellent record. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg, Class of 1909, and specialized in chemistry and physics.

Mr. Fasig was graduated from the High School for Boys of Reading, in the class of 1906. At Muhlenberg he was an end on the varsity football eleven for several years, and was also a member of the basketball five. He is a member of the Alpha Iota Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

TWILIGHT REVERIE.

The western sun in silence o'er the mountains,
Is fast descending now to night and rest,
And we too, love, from youth's pure crystal fountains
Are parting, roaming down life's golden west.
The radiant fire in our eyes is dying;
Our childhood's hair casts now a silv'ry glow,
Would I had wings! I'd be forever flying,
Again to love's bright days of long ago.

My hick'ry cane now steadies and supports me,
That melancholy crack is in my laugh,
Our sons' and daughters' faces, fresh and cheery,
Have left our lonely breath and dreary path.
The slanting sun is growing old and dying;
The moping owl supplants the blitheful lark.
Oh, would I were an arrow swiftly flying!
Those morning love days bright, would be my mark.

F. C. W. '11

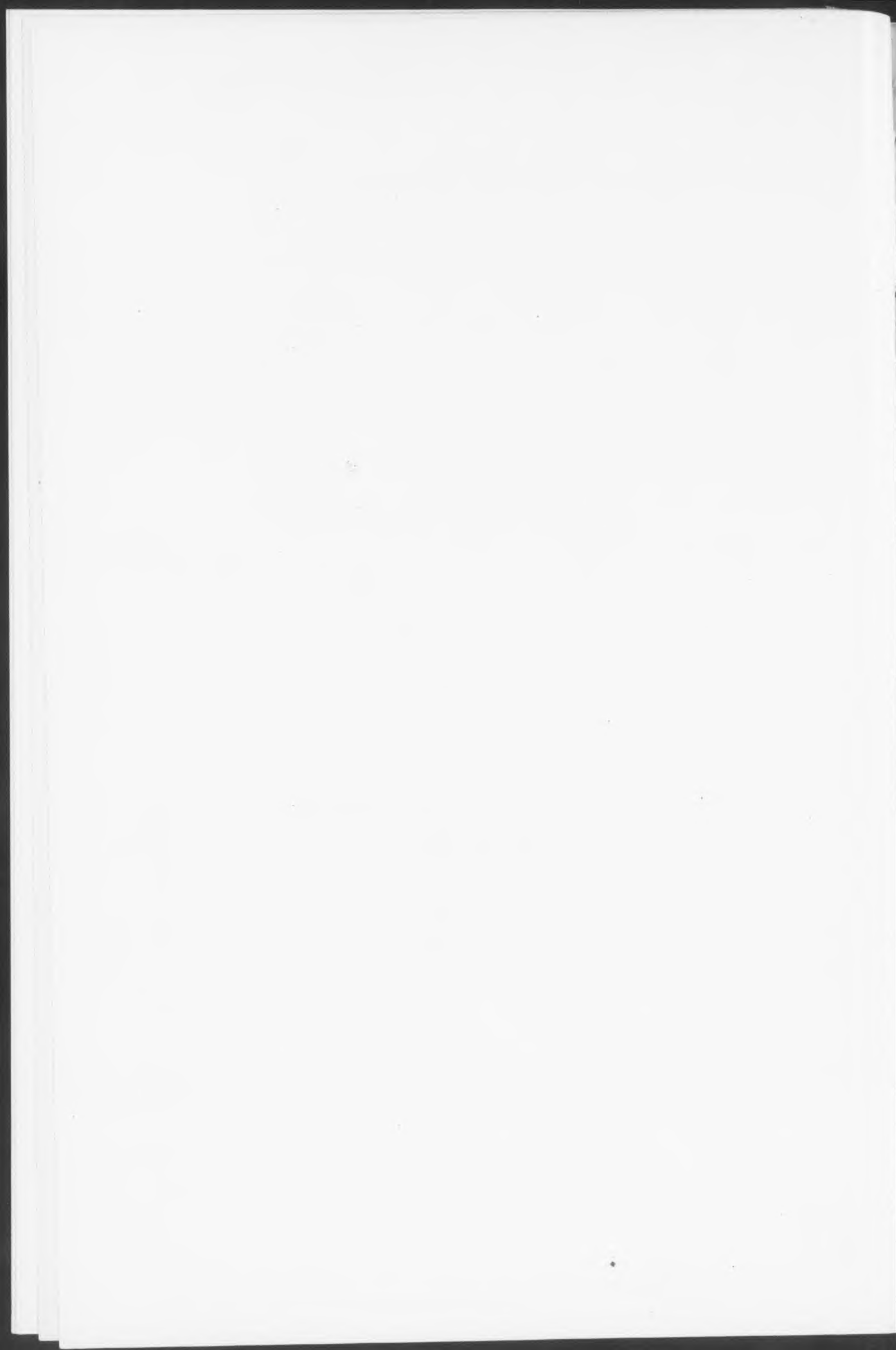




THE COMMONS, Exterior.



THE COMMONS, Interior.



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Editorial.

EASTER.

It is the prevailing fashion at this season of the year for editors to reel off an editorial a yard or more in length upon the beauty and significance of Easter. We do not wish to ransack our vocabulary in a desperate effulgence on Easter lillies, Easter hats or Easter bunnies. Neither do we wish to weary the reader with wild bursts of exuberance over the fact that vernal spring is again with us after an absence of a year.

On the other hand, we trust, that Easter will cause the average chap a serious thought, especially about the story of our Saviour's passion and death, burial and resurrection and that the thoughts of bunnies, hats and other things that the fancies of young men turn to at this season of the year will be made subordinate to those which are worth while.

The incident of the mysterious disappearance of certain red lanterns recalls several occurrences of a similar nature, of which the present subject may be of less importance, but which, nevertheless, contribute to the indefinable something known as "good collegiate stuff." It seems that we "studes" after reaching a certain point in our college course become overburdened with the great mass of knowledge

acquired, and desire to disseminate it, particularly to the towns-people, seemingly, to educate them in our ways of doing things. The result is speaking in the vernacular, "we get in Dutch."

What the motive of the lantern lifter, or lifters, may have been is a matter to be conjectured. These are some of the possibilities associated with the idea of red lanterns. First, the gentleman in question may have been overcome by the objections to the economic theory of private property and wished to experiment. If this be the case he will be universally mourned as a man too progressive for his age. Secondly, he may have been overcome by the reports of the Illinois vice-commission and wished to inspect local conditions for himself. Thirdly, like the ancient Diogenes he, the lantern-lifter, may have been hunting for an honest man. Fourthly, realizing the power of attraction that the color red has for the bull he may have wished to have this attention centered upon his person. If the latter was the motive he has succeeded admirably.

Seriously, we as men should have the goodwill of the towns-people. The old town versus gown feeling dare not exist in this community. Muhlenberg is judged by the behavior of the individuals who compose its student body. There is therefore, a responsibility resting upon each and every one of us. Whether to incur the ill-will of the residents of Allentown thru a pseudo-collegiate spirit, or their good will by gentlemanly conduct is the problem. We need them and they need us. It is up to you.

THE EASIEST WAY.

The Easter poem is a cinch!
There's really nothing to it,
And, should he need to in a pinch
Most any one can do it,
And if you follow it you'll gain
A lot of money by it.

Of eggs and chickens you must sing,
And fashion's merry revel,
With lots of dope on "vernal spring"
And "Cupid" and the "devil;"
Then flavor with a dash of love,
And mix some smiles and curls in,
The Easter hat and gown and glove,
And put a lot of girls in.

Then to the editor straightway
You take your little lyric,
And golden ducats he will pay
(Of course that's meant satiric.)
And if you'd gain much fame in print,
As authors low and high do,
To finish up your little stunt,
You'll sign your name—as I do.

Campus Clippings.

In this glorious Easter season, the Personal Editor hopes that we all may return from our homes refreshed and awakened to the new possibilities that are before us. More work and less play is generally the battle cry of the Faculty at the close of another collegiate year. This will possibly eliminate the fooling in the dormitories, although it seems the more we are burdened with work, the less we accomplish. A better remedy for such evils would be more real college activities, instead of a general Babel that exists occasionally.

There is a decided deficiency of college activities. Inter-class sports, to develop inter-class enthusiasm, are highly commendable, and then speeches in chapel would be unnecessary. A great wave of reform seems to have struck the college. Why not destroy the cause of the evil instead of legislating against the effect?

§ § § §

Dr. Ettinger's advice to the sick is: "A little philosophy and care of your body is better than Pillosofhy."

§ § § §

We must have peace if we get it by fighting for it, because Kelly said in the commons, "If you want to fight in here, get out."

§ § § §

St. Patrick's Day brought the Irish to the front. They owned the campus and did not seem to care who knew it. Orange ties were conspicuous by their absence while even the "frosh" were displaying the green. The day was generally observed by lying on green grass, eating green apples, and enjoying a good joke at the expense of the green freshmen.

§ § § §

Dr. Bachman: "Are you awake Legg?"

Arthur (dropping a book): "Don't it sound like it?"

It is too great a distance to Legg it to Kingston. Ouch! Leggo my leg!

§ § § §

On Wednesday March 12, 1913, the Sophs enjoyed a luxurious feast at the Hotel Allen. The banquet hall was appropriately decorated with the class colors, red and white, and carnations, smilax and sweet peas abounded. The music for the occasion was furnished by Maximilian Joseffer, the popular leader of the Lyceum Orchestra.

The early part of the evening was spent in partaking of the Allen's finest delicacies served in their best style. Edward H. Stolz-

enbach acted as toastmaster and the following toasts were ably responded to:

"Our Studies," Ralph Merkle. "Nil Desperandum," Henry Bagger. "Our Victories," M. W. Brossman. "The Frosh," J. Melvin Fried. "Bombs et cetera," Fritz E. Sermulin. "The Banquet," Harold I. Macadam.

§ § § §

On Tuesday evening, March 4th, the annual Inter Society Oratorical Contest was held in the college chapel. The judges were F. B. McAlee, Esq., H. W. Eluidge and Judge Frank Trexler. Professor Reese presided in the absence of Dr. Haas. Musical numbers were rendered by Moyer '15, Frederick '15, and Finck '14, and were enthusiastically received.

The following were the subjects of the several orators:

"The Yoke of Youth," H. J. Fry. "The Modern Problem," C. E. Keim. "These Little Ones," J. C. Seegers. "The Eternal Mystery," P. V. Taylor. "The Military Moloch," A. P. Grammes.

The judges selected H. J. Fry as Muhlenberg's representative at the Inter-collegiate Contest and Arthur P. Grammes as alternate. As we go to press we are able to report that Mr. Fry received honorable mention in the contest at Swartmore. The first prize in this contest was awarded to Swarthmore and the second prize to Franklin and Marshall.

Lafayette, Swarthmore, Muhlenberg, Ursinus, Gettysburg, and Franklin and Marshall competed.

§ § § §

Mention in the Alumni columns, has been made of our new instructor in Physics and Chemistry, Mr. Fasig. We extend to him a hearty welcome.

§ § § §

DON'T FORGET THAT ALLENTOWN GLEE CLUB CONCERT!

§ § § §

Another dead-head has been added to our student body. The men taking the anatomy course will have the pleasure of dissecting him, and will doubtless have razor strops for sale in the near future.

§ § § §

Companions at the opera were discussing the various musical motives of the Wagner creations.

"Did you ever hear of the steam engine motive in 'Das Rheingold?'" inquired the one of the other.

"No," replied the other. "What is the answer?"

"Why, the Loki-motive, of course." And then somebody shouted Fire!

Toff—"Wasn't General Grant rather cold at Appomattox?"

Soff—"Why?"

Toff—Because today the Prof. said that, while Lee wore a suit of warm Confederate gray, Grant was attired simply in a Union suit.

§ § § §

Chaplain.—"He that entereth not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is—"

Student, audibly—"Some athlete."

§ § § §

Bob Dwyer, fresh from college, opened a real estate office in an attractive neighborhood and hoped to make his fortune. For days he sat undisturbed in his little office staring out at the dusty roads or twiddling his thumb. On the afternoon of the fourth day he saw a man crossing Ogden boulevard diagonally, headed for his door. Surely this was a customer. He must be made to feel that business was flourishing.

As the man stepped over the threshold, Bob had the telephone receiver at his ear and was talking earnestly into the transmitter.

"That's correct," he said as the man stood before him. "Right. We will accept your \$15,000 cash tomorrow and let the \$30,000 remainder stand on a ten-year mortgage. What? Yes. I'll bring the deed at 11 o'clock. Good-by."

Bob hung up the receiver and turned an important visage to the visitor.

"Now sir," he said, "What can I do for you?"

"Why, I just come over," said the man grinning, "to connect your telephone instrument with wires."—Harpers Weekly.

§ § § §

Prof. Bossard (speaking of the Beef Trust): "They use everything of the pig except the squeal."

Bowsher: "The lumber business can go one better. They even use the bark."

§ § § §

Speaking of the derivation of words Dr. Haas said to the class in Ethics: "No wonder your teeth are not competent to chew strong food; you have not practiced enough on roots."

§ § § §

A youth who'd been going the pace
Dropped finally out of the race—

He fell quite a bit,
And I know where he lit,
Though, of course, I can't mention the place.

§ § § §

Prof in English: "Name eleven of Shakespeare's plays."

Student: "Ten nights in a Barroom and Macbeth."

EXCHANGES



College students should keep themselves above the failures of life, but some of our exchanges have fallen into the error of "indefiniteness." A good example is the "College News," (Lebanon Valley College) which informs its readers that they are to "address all business communications to———, all other matter to Room———." That dash leaves much to conjecture. We very respectfully ask if you refer to the place usually indicated by a dash in literature.

The editorial on "Collegitis" in *The Argus* (Findlay College) is just a trifle extreme. If a man is too servile to collegitis and tries to conform all of his actions to what he thinks is student sentiment he kills his own popularity, becomes a mass of clay moulded by every change. The student who creates and lives up to his standard is the man who is respected. Popularity, in the sense you use it, seems to tend towards notoriety. The abhorrence of the appellation "pious" is due not to collegitis, but to the fact that the term pious is usually applied to a tin-horn-saint, i. e. a five-cent sport in religion.

The average college man admires true reverence but abhors and dreads to be called a white-washed Christian. The story "4" is well written and very amusing. It shows what seemingly big risks foolish man will assume to win a fickle specimen of the opposite sex.

The article "A Civic Blunder" in the "Otterbein Aegis" is a treat. The writer presents his subject in a forcible and logical manner that holds the readers attention throughout. We agree with him when he

says that "hunger and cold has taught the poor to steal but never to pray" and the child of the slums naturally becomes a thief. However, his statement that our present system of penal punishment is founded entirely upon the theory of revenge is a very broad statement which he will find very difficult to maintain. His final appeal to students for aid in rectifying our civic blunder is strong. Articles of this nature are a credit to a college paper.

You sketches headed "Otterbein Products" are good. It is a good idea to present to the student body the history of some of its illustrious alumni to act as an incentive.

"College Spirit and Success" in "College Chips," (Luther College) has a good beginning where it shows the interrelation of the two, but in his commentary on hard work at the close of the paper, the writer evidently forgets that college spirit is part of his subject and the reader feels that someone has slipt in an essay on work, rather than the conclusion of the article "College Spirit and Success."

The essay on "Robin Hood in Ballad Literature" is very long-winded. The frequent quotations of poetry are alright to let a professor know you have read the poem but it is a hindrance when the article is written to be read by the average person.

The Freshmen number of "The Thielensian," (Thiel College) does credit to the embryonic minds. Their onylsplurge in high life is when one of their number discusses "Christian Character." Essays of such a nature, by a man starting out in college life, can only be repetitions of another man's ideas and should be avoided. Subjects where the students' originality can be exercised more advantageously should be given preference. When you have learned something you will laugh at your infantile fallacies just as we are amused when we look over our own past record.

Evidently the writer of "Americanism vs Parasitism" in "The Albright Bulletin" has not made a very close study of the economic conditions in our land. The popular cry of the Independence Day orator that "in America there can be no aristocracy, no peasantry" does not hold today. We have an aristocracy of wealth and a peasantry of poverty with lines as distinctly drawn as any foreign nation and the day that man can work from extreme poverty to great wealth, in a generation, lives in the minds of our ancestors only. You make a very unjust characterization of the socialist. Your conception is that of the average man who does not make a careful study, with an unbiased mind, of the subject. To call their leader, Karl Max, a hook-worm" type of man is rank injustice. If we had a few more hook-worm men of his type we would be better conditioned today.

"Only a Harmless Joke" in the "Delaware College Review" as told by the old man is a good story and if read and digested by some of the jokesmiths about a college, it would keep them from playing

some of their would-be jokes. The lament of the fellow who got "stung" with his "boss" in exams, as noted in your locals, is very expressive. Strong as the description is, it is nothing compared to the feelings you enjoy when stung. Your account of Wally McCall's work at the prom portrays a true man. It takes self sacrificing men like that to make the world go around and makes us feel that, after all, there is still some good in man. We also take off our hat to you, Wally McCall.

"Two Would-be Burglars" in the "Buff and Blue," (Gallaudet College) has a good beginning but the ending is weak and too commonplace. It is the same old story of catching a much-sought for fugitive from justice, captured unexpectedly. The author fails to remove his hero from the financial predicament in which we find him and which was the cause of the hero's attempted robbery. In the article, "The Chosen People," we find the interesting statement that after a Jewish funeral the nearest relatives sit on the floor and keep this position seven days. We always admired the stick-to-itiveness of the Jewish race but we never thought that they would pull off anything like that. No doubt they hunt out the soft side of the plank before they begin their sedentary dissipation.

"The experiences of Jeremiah Jones" in "The Midland" (Midland College) is a fine character sketch of the over-wise, would-be-shrewd son of the soil on his journey to the great city. The country gossip and horse trading ethics are touched upon just sufficiently to give the true tone to the story and picture the life of which the central figure is a product. The humour is not over done as in some of the stories we read, but the author has sense enough to draw the line at the proper place. The sketch has our commendation.

After reading the above sketch it was a pleasure to find in the forum of the "Collegian" (Grove City) the reflections of a farmer, under the title, "Farmer Haskins Has His Say." Here we have portrayed the farmer as he really is, a deep thinking and observing philosopher. Haskins distinction between an educated and a so-called cultured man is fine and his condemnation of those chasing after the junk cart of knowledge, illustrated by a story of the junk dealer's cart, strikes home to many a college student. A balancing up of the folly of Jeremiah Jones, who is an exception to the general rule, and the common sense philosophy of Farmer Haskins, who is the type of the average farmer, is very interesting. As a test of the city and country man's gullibility, ask a patent medicine fakir where the suckers are caught the easiest, and he invariably refers to the farmer as a tight-wad and the \$5-per clerk in the city is an easy mark. The story, "Two Gooseberries," has the same fault that so many of the stories have, a good beginning and a weak conclusion. Don't expend all of your energy in introduction, you may not get your second wind at the conclusion.

The editorial in "The Weekly Gettysburgian" strikes at the root of the evil which exists in every college. Today, oratory is shamefully disregarded by both faculties and the student bodies of our institutions and we should have a renaissance in the near future. A man must be able to express his thoughts intelligently if he expects to be a leader and by the way a modern college man cuts public speaking, you would think that oratory was a hindrance to an educated man instead of his great aid.

Judging from the material in our exchanges, the editors are the only men in the student bodies who seemed to realize that in February we celebrated the birthdays of our two greatest leaders. Generally the editorials are short and make good space fillers which is about as much as we can say about them. The only exception to the charge is a short essay in "The Midland" on the "Two American Heroes." We are lead to believe that Lincoln and Washington are only types and not real persons by sections of this essay.

The "Mirror," (Moravian Seminary) is very versatile for a publication of a college for women. First, we have a history of a chap, "Percival Cadwallader," a name to be thought of only by a fantastic female mind, in his effort to get into the "Bunch." Then we have admirably portrayed the hypocrisy of Mrs. Burley when her system goes wrong and she arrives behind time. The story "Lost and Found" is a good climax to the other two stories as here we have an actual full grown man, no doubt the personification of the author's soul longing, introduced when Ocil Graham finds his long lost father and has his longings for a pater fulfilled.

§ § § §

A gentleman who was asked to illustrate the difference between "sit" and "set" recently answered: "The United States is a country on which the sun never sets and the rest of the world never sits."—Ex.

§ § § §

Some students waste their precious time and golden opportunities while at school and after they go out in life hold down a job as stationary engineer on a peanut roaster.—Ex.

§ § § §

Good Scenter-Piece for the Dinner Table: A bowl of flowers.
Be thrifty. The onion gives away its last scent and only lands in the soup.

Don't strike while the boss is hot; he might fire you.

Don't count your chickens after they are snatched.

"Start at the bottom and work up" is no advice for digging a well or a post hole.

If the house was full and the water drunk, would the hose reel around?

A fair co ed from Michigan
In basketball secured her "M;"
With her B. A. content? Nay, nay.
From out th' Alumnae portals then
She straightway searched an "M. A. N.!"—Exchange.

* * * *

Mary had a little lamp,
Which was well trained, no doubt,
For every time her lover came,
The lamp, bright thing, went out.—Ex.

* * * *

"Are you a good baseball player?"
"No. I'm a prohibitionist."
"What's that got to do with it?"
"Well, I don't like a high ball and never touch a drop."
"What did you do last summer?"
"Worked in the lumbering and staving business."
"Honest?"
"Yep. Lumbering down the street and staving off my creditors."

* * * *

Dr. Payton of Princeton says everybody is insane. It is easy
to come to conclusion like this in a college town.

* * * *

Little Bobby will not go.
Seems he'll stay eternally,
Watching sister and her beau
Sitting there, just He and She.

But the time drags slowly by,
And he leaves them finally.
Much relieved they softly sigh,
Sitting there, just He and She.

Harvard Lampoon.

* * * *

Here's to the man proud of his wealth,
But careful of his tin;
He often blows about his dust,
But never blows it in.

Ex.

O, 'TIS.

John held her hand, and she held hizen;
Soon they hugged and went to kizen,
Ignorant that her pa had rizen;
I—O!—x ? ? ? — ! ! ! — ? — ? ! !
Gee, but John went out a whizzen.—Exchange.

§ § § §

Germany is being blamed for the story of a factory notice now going the rounds. Prominently displayed near all live wires it reads: "To touch these wires means instant death. Anyone failing to repsect this warning will be prosecuted and fined." No one has up to the present time been prosecuted.

§ § § §

In Shake Class—"Portia was just the kind of a girl that would go for a midnight walk with you, whether the Dean allowed or not.

§ § § §

First he pledged his love; then he pledged his heart; then he pledged his watch to buy the ring, and later he pledged the ring to buy a nursing bottle, and the pledge was broken.

§ § § §

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship was at anchor;
She woke in dismay
When she heard the mate say:
"Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker."—Ex.

§ § § §

A woodpecker lit on a Sophomore's head,
And settled down to drill.
He bored away for half an hour,
And then he broke his bill.—Ex.

§ § § §

"William's soda fountain is now giving a bird with every drink."
"Indeed, what kind of a bird?"
"A swallow."

§ § § §

Percy: "Do fish sing?"
Roxey: "No, you stupid, they don't sing."
Percy: "Well, they run scales through high seas."

He sadly gazed at the hogs and heifers,
As the Kansas zephyrs toyed with his pfeffers.
Then he swore a gol dern at the innocent sod,
Because it was covered with golden rod.

Ex.

§ § § §

The clergyman who boasts that he read the Bible from cover to cover in sixty-seven hours probably belongs to the class of preachers who go elsewhere for their texts.

"Who can tell me the Golden Text?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

Johnnie's hand went up eagerly. "Hhe that humpeth himself shall be exalted!" he repeated triumphantly.

§ § § §

Minister—"Deacon Jones will you lead us in prayer."

Deacon snoring peacefully.

Minister (louder)—"Deacon Jones will lead us in prayer."

Jones (disturbed)—"It isn't my lead I just dealt."



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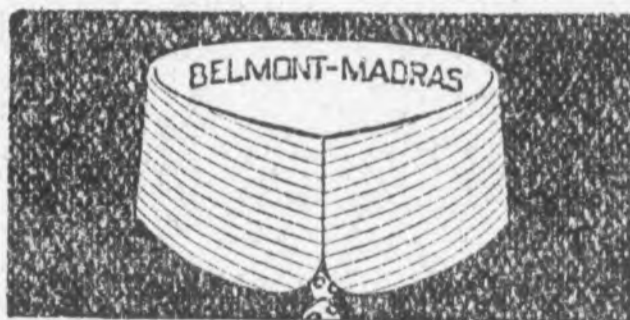
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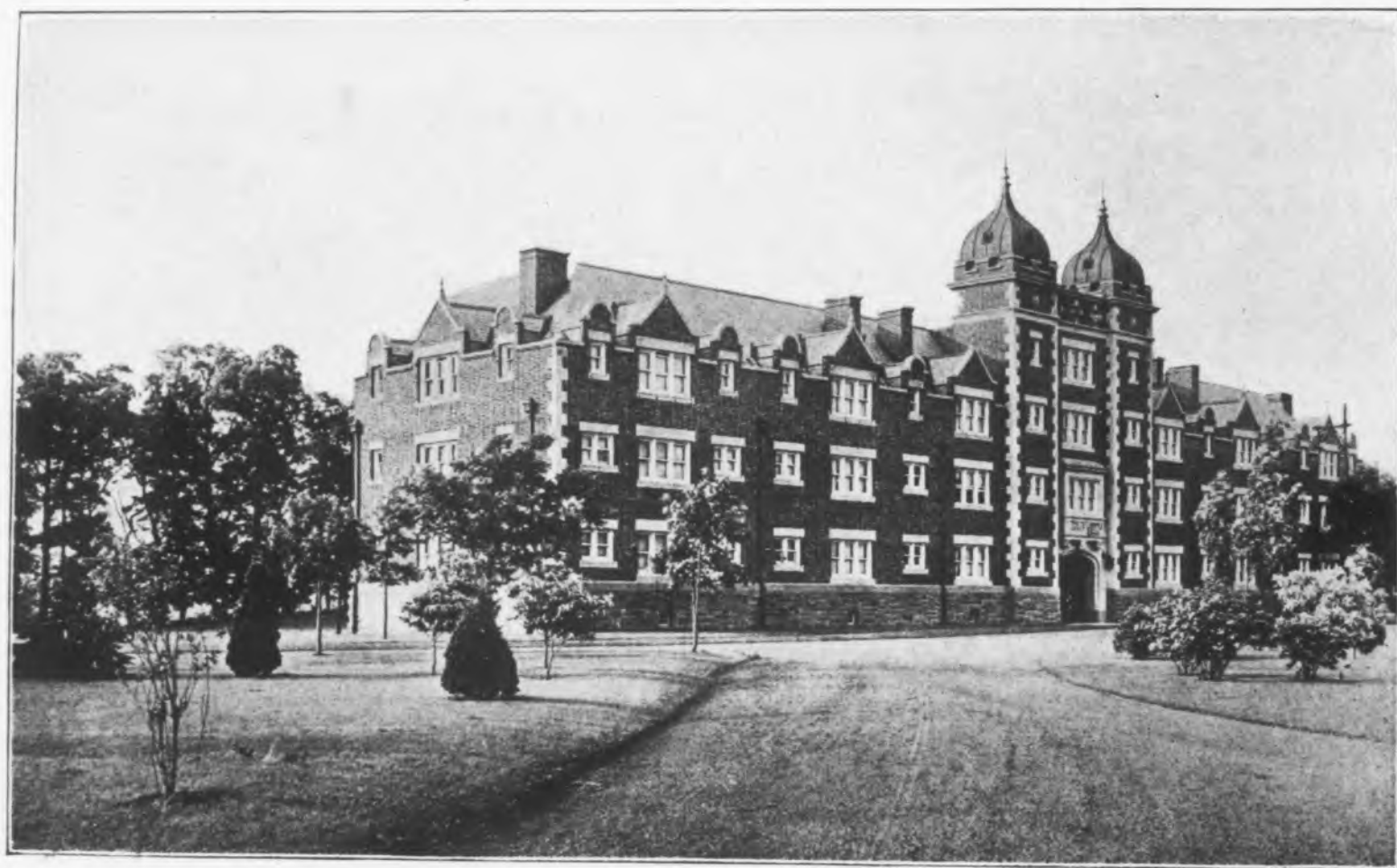
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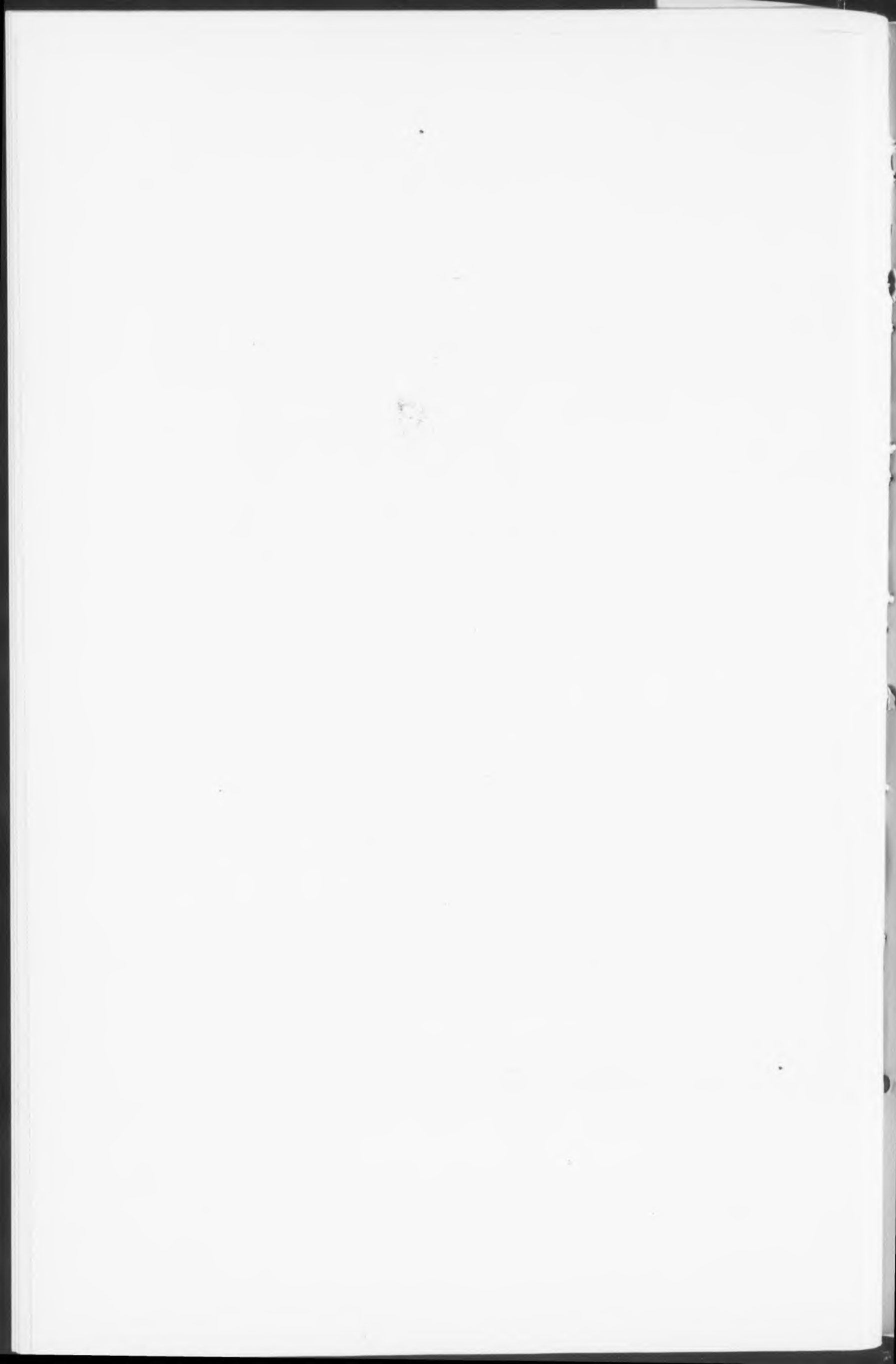
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"THE DORMS"





The Pessimism of Alfred Noyes.



N April eleventh, 1913, Mr. Alfred Noyes delivered an address on "Poetry," in Allentown. In it he spoke with admiration of Tennyson, Browning, and Wordsworth; he condemned the present age for breaking from the past to follow Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, using literature as an evidence of the upheaval which is taking place in all spheres of life today; he expressed a hope for the future provided that we return to the conditions of our fathers and trust in our fathers' God. The following essay was written as a reply. It endeavors to show that the past was not all golden; that he has no grounds for an optimistic view of the future; that his idea of his fathers' God is pure imagination; that, in spite of his tirade, the present age has an economic value; that, even tho it had not, he has nothing better to offer us as a substitute for the present unrest; that, when he has, we shall gladly accept it. He, who has patience enough to read this essay to the end, will notice that the last line is a strong affirmation and not the doubtful question with which (in the same words) Mr. Noyes closes his poem entitled "A Reply."

He who clings to old conventions we call a reactionary; he who anticipates time with eager visionings is a radical; what of the man who lives both in the past and in the future? For the past is but a memory, the future merely a dream; only the present is real. And when we tire of the dreary monotony of our never ending drudgery, when our ears ring with the incessant clamor of industrial strife, when our eyes blur before the riot of mad colors men call life, when our hands and minds grope blindly, as in the dark, to find something firm, something sure, then turn we back, trembling with fear, to lay hold on the past, then plunge we on alone to the great unknown. What the world calls suicide, is cowardice perhaps, perhaps is reckless bravery.

But some remain, too cowardly or too brave, to curse the present. They praise the golden memories of the past; they uncover the stagnant rottenness of today; and paint in still more lurid colors their premonitions of the future. We call them pessimists. To others the barbaric splendor of old is a hateful thing, convention bound and filled with superstition; pleasing to them the vague mutterings and uncertain questionings of all things which fill the air today; and gladly do they prophesy of the glorious beauty of harmonious perfection in days to come. We call them optimists. But he who sees in the unreasoning superstitions of the past, faith in the God of our fathers, who beholds thru the dread uncertainty of the unknown future in the guiding hand of the Lord, and yet in the present spirit of unrest and doubtful stirring can discern only madness and folly, darkness and death; what, then, is his creed? What is the creed of Alfred Noyes?

If you believe in your fathers as you say, and yet have lived yourself to see their works forgotten or despised, how can you believe in a glorious future? Or, if you feel that our sons will in time return to the pristine glory of our fathers, dare you say that after that renaissance another generation of fools shall not mock their fathers' works in turn? The golden age of the past has come, and gone you say; why shall not the golden age of the future come—and go? Today your cry to Robert Browning that

“Paradox, mockery, doubt, and greed
Break down the shrines with crackling laughter,
And where a jester deigns to lead
The lawless throng runs tumbling after.”

recalls to us Wordsworth's apostrophe to Milton:

“England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness, we are selfish men.”

The cry, that Wordsworth voiced even in that golden age, that you take up today, will not some lover of the past repeat in years to come? If periods of creation and destruction flourish in the haphazard manner, which you conceive—or at least you revile the present era as tho there were no reason whatever for its madness—by what philosophy can you declare yourself an optimist?

“Enter God,” you say with Stevenson. Aye, but, to paraphrase the “greatest American poet,”

As you are
So is your God.

That God of yours and of your father is a peculiar being. Instead of the God of a thousand creeds, (in which the historian delights), you remember a God without creed or dogma. You overlook centuries of dissension and revile our doubting questionings.

You censure our writers for inconsistency in denying and then calling on God, while you yourself complain with Browning,

"God is not in His heaven today

And with thy country naught is right."

and then utter to God a prayer for peace, and write of

"wrong crying to God on high."

A strange being, this God who reigned yesterday and will rule tomorrow, but today is seen only in fair weather. If your God is not in His heaven today, He is not worth believing; if He does exist today, then surely there must be some good among His subjects.

But to your eyes the present world is evil. The painted fantasies of Matisse and Picabra dazzle us; the discordant symphonies of Schoenberg charm our ears; the concentrated artistry of Rodin excites our admiration; the wild ravings of Giovannitti comfort us. We vie with each other in vain endeavors to secure originality and abandon time-honored culture for the novelties that cannot survive the passing fancy of the hour. We flaunt convention in the face, we mock at old traditions, we scorn the patiently acquired knowledge of our fathers. The wisdom of the centuries we fling away for a bauble. And each in his own mad way dances thru life pursuing his own fleeting phantom of delight. This is your condemnation.

All this must be destroyed, you say. "The white light of vision has been broken up into a thousand prismatic and shifting reflections." It is true that in an age of specialization, answers the philosopher, there must be a distorted view of life, but only in order that the future may embrace a broader outlook upon the whole of life. It is true, explains Rodin the sculptor, that to copy the outward form is art, but it is finer art to understand and copy the muscular system that plays beneath the skin. It is true that our writers descend into vilest depths of degradation for their subjects, yet no matter how low they descend, they always find living men and women there. And in this age of the awakening of our social conscience, they teach us of our brothers, whom we did not know before. Our prismatic and shifting reflections may tire your eye, but after you have seen the vari-colored light, how much more you will be able to enjoy the pure white light. Yesterday the white light was to you a single pure flame, but tomorrow, after you have beheld it thru a prism, it shall appear again as pure and white as before, but far more wonderful, a symbol of the beautiful, harmonious perfection of the future. For that perfection we are seeking, with mockery of traditions, with intensified individualism, and with fanatic zeal.

All this must be destroyed, you say. Yet what can you offer us in its place. You cry to God for peace, and then explain that you do not care for peace, but merely wish to substitute industrial

and moral strife for national warfare. You hark back to your superstitious fathers, and would have the wheels of time reverse their movement. You would have us worship your fathers' God, a fickle creature of your own imagination. You write well, of many things, with many shades of sorrow and of joy. Our creeds have been shaken, our dogmas have been shown to be questionable, our traditions have dissolved, and we ourselves have helped in the unmasking; but can your poetry supply their place? You say with Matthew Arnold that "poetry is the strongest part of our religion today." Does your poetry measure up to this high standard? No, but, in truth, you are one of us, seeking to destroy, offering vague ideals of your own as a panacea for the ills of the world. Only when your God will be in His heaven today, as He was in Browning's time, only then can you have a message for us. Then, when the vague ideals, which you hint at today, shall be clearly seen in the wonderful white light of vision, then can you speak to us and for us. For we shall listen, when, with wisdom that comes of experience, with love born of sympathy, and with prophetic vision, you reveal to us your creed, whose very foundation is

In the beginning, God.

Wm. L. Werner, '15.

A Jolly Good Fellow.



ACK DARLING threw himself on his massive Morris chair by the fireside for a few moments' reflection, before he retired to his couch for the night. He lit his antique Indian pipe, exhaling rings of smoke, with a sigh of relief. As he reclined there, pondering over the past, there rushed thru his tired brain the harrowing experiences of his early college days. He felt a momentary pang as he remembered how foolishly his school days had been spent, but his countenance suddenly wore a smile when the recollections of better days loomed up before him. In this reverie of days gone by, fond memories presented themselves. Jack had spent his youthful days in a secluded country town and had come to college with every appearance of a genuine rustic. Although entirely ignorant of the ways of the world he became conscious of them shortly after being thrown into contact with the society of people of a higher culture and refinement. Week after week of the first term passed by until the great football game between his Alma Mater and Franklin College suddenly created more enthusiasm among the boys. The day of the game was an ideal one because the air was bracing and the temperature was down to about 40° F.

The vast stadium was filled with thousands of people, attired in gorgeous Autumn costumes, wearing chrysanthemums in honor of the Cardinal team. Vehicles of all descriptions were gaily bedecked with pennants and bunting. The gridiron reechoed with the lusty college yells of enthusiastic undergraduates and the violent uproar of the old grads who came back in high hopes that their Alma Mater might win its great annual game by an overwhelming score, to wipe out all former defeats.

Jack was more than anxious for the game, partly from a love for the college and partly on account of a financial return that victory would bring with it for him. He paced nervously up and down the side of the gridiron with its well marked white lines, apparently engaged in deep thought. Amid a roar of applause the opposing team dashed on the field closely followed by his own varsity with an entire second team on their heels. Both teams engaged in snappy practice while their respective captains held a consultation in mid-field with the officials. The thud of a toe against the ball that was sent spinning into the air told the throng that the game was on. Never were two teams more evenly matched and never did two teams fight for the honor of their respective institutions as they did that day. The first half ended with no score and the suspense was awful. When the whistle blew for the beginning of the third quarter the opposing quarterback fumbled a well directed kick-off within fifteen yards of his own goal. After a violent scramble for the ball it was found in the arms of a Cardinal end. In a series of bewildering plays the ball was carried over the line for what proved to be the only score of the game. The last quarter was an uninteresting kicking duel with no decided advantage for either team.

After this memorable victory a crowd of Jack's friends brought their fair friends into his room for a chat before returning to their respective homes. Among this delightful circle was a clever little blue-eyed miss who immediately attracted Jack's attention. After a confidential chat he secretly resolved to see more of her. Her personality conveyed an influence and her reserved manner suggested the fact that she never said all she knew at first meeting. The company dispersed in high spirits and Jack was left with his thoughts once more. Suddenly his mind turned toward the celebration that would probably follow the contest and finding his hat and coat he boarded a downtown car for the Club House. He decided to cast aside the cares of the future for a night and join his friends in their wild orgies.

As he stepped off the car everything seemed inviting and happy. The bright glare of the arc lights was lost in the glow of a full moon, which was disseminating its soft light on a cold and dreary night. Surely, such splendor, alone, destroys all vestige of melancholia and banishes every thought of sadness! Before him stood the gigantic monument on the square and the spacious structure on the

northeast corner presented an inviting aspect. Jack's original decision to pass by was cast aside with the familiar expression "I should worry" and he entered the arched doorway to join his friends who had congregated there almost an hour before, to celebrate in their usual manner.

Here in this royal dispensary of the Demon Rum, Jack found himself in an exuberance of palms and an abundance of potted plants which he could imagine an earthly Paradise not unlike the traditional Arden of Elizabethan literature. Loud talking of men whose minds were fired with Bacchanalian spirits, and the shrill voices of women, singing in fiendish glee, detracted his attention for a moment from the usual scene of a cafe with its clink of glasses, measured tread of waiters in trim Tuxedos and quaint statuary of ancient mythological figures, placed there for the express purpose of reproducing all that is suggestive of modern vice and ludeness.

The room reechoed with music of a cabaret orchestra, playing the familiar strains of the Heidelberg Stein Song. The music seemed to thrust the human vanity and inconsistency of such a cosmopolitan gathering into a veritable Babel. Jack's profligate companions seized him by the arm, leading him here and there with careless smiles and grins of derision. He met the millionaire whose daily income of a hundred was squandered in riotous living, side by side with his clerk, who had developed a champagne taste along with a "Horlacher" income. It seemed rather paradoxical that such finely clad people should so thoroughly enjoy ragtime music. Our hero thrust himself heart and soul into this hilarious merrymaking, joking here and engaging in a light conversation there. Occasionally his better self predominated and he was on the point of leaving, when he remembered his newly made acquaintance who would not approve of such degradation. But his friends would not tolerate such a rash decision and they induced him to stay. It is interesting to find that in such gruesome surroundings one can hear the finest dispensation of philosophy, the strongest pathos of human experience, together with the edifying discussion on the profound problems of modern life. "Were these the sands in the desert of high society life." Not a redeeming feature, not a slight excuse nor yet a vague reason could be found to pardon such wantonness and vulgarity as it existed in this fountain of ill-repute. Why should he leave? Why should a "good fellow" sleep when to sleep meant missing something? The huge town clock pealed forth the hour of four and the light of another day was soon to break in on the wickedness of the shadows of a misspent night.

The glitter of imported wines seemed to dazzle him, he staggered against the buffet containing costly china and expensive cut glass dishes and fell to the floor, a helpless heap of hypocrisy. He lay there benumbed by intoxication while his friends continued

their wild carousal until dawn. They ordered a taxicab and took him to the club house. Surely Jack was in a sorry plight for to be a "jolly good fellow" according to his definition of that much abused term meant to eat, drink and be merry while money and senses remained with him. He was in a drunken stupor until almost noon when the twitter of swallows outside of his window awakened him. For a moment he was confused and then the terrible scenes of the previous night presented themselves to him in the most awe-inspiring manner.

Jack dressed that morning with more than his usual pains and partook of a light lunch with the boys at the club. The conversation seemed to have no interest for him and he listlessly walked to the telephone and asked central for 426 O. After indulging in a frivolous conversation he made an engagement for church that night. After hanging up the receiver he tried to picture the outcome of their meeting but he was all at sea. He had met her just the day before and possibly she knew what had happened and to be reprimanded by her would be to him the greatest ignominy. The sermon was unusually uninteresting and the music had no charms for him because he was lost in thought of the coming conversation. No sublime figures of a poet's pen, no dexterity of a painter's hand, nor all the genius of sculptural art could suffice to picture the charming innocence of this lovely young lady, dressed as she was, in a neat, rose colored gown, and a lavender band entwined in the folds of her wavy hair.

The contrast with the scene of the previous day completely overpowered him. As she left the room for a few minutes to bring delicacies from the dining room, his eyes quickly caught sight of the surroundings. At a single glance he surveyed the entire situation; the hard wood floor was covered with finest Brussels carpet, the large open fire place, brilliantly illuminated, cast its radiant light on an oil painting of the Madonna, the spacious bookcase revealed masterpieces of English literature.

The conversation turned from the events of the previous day to a more serious discussion. She talked so frankly and expressed her opinions in such a straightforward manner that Jack at once felt himself unworthy of such a friend.

As Jack left the house that night he made a firm resolution that he would alter the course of his wretched life. The influence of so sweet a disposition, so loving a trust, and so honorable a friendship was quite sufficient to keep Jack on the straight and narrow path. His life at college continued to be that of a "good fellow" not a riotous "midnight son" but a loyal schoolmate with versatile ability, a quick witted talker and a generous companion. He strove to live a life that was acceptable in the sight of his friends as well as a credit to himself.

As you sow, so shall you reap,
It was there, their love arose,
But in that scene, seen at a peep,
When he was low, lo! how he arose.

E. L. Leisey, '14.

By the Aid of a Hound.



HE brougham had halted with a sudden jolt. The coachy raised the lid and peered down into the darkness of the vehicle, at his employer.

"Hoss hurt, sor," he explained briefly. "She must h'a rest, sor. We can't make the town; but we can stay h'at th' summer home, sor."

The male occupant cursed softly under his breath, then broke out with: "Well, if we must, we must, but for the lady's sake close that lid.

This is worse than an ice box."

"Yis, sor," replied the dutiful driver, and the trap door came down with a snap. Then the team continued slowly.

"It's deuced cold," shivered one of its occupants, as he leaned back on the wide, luxuriously cushioned seat and held his unconscious companion close to him. But his thoughts wandered uneasily, and almost instantly into another channel.

"Higgins knows his business to perfection," he muttered. "He made off with those Markham jewels in fine fashion. Whv I defy the whole of Scotland Yard to track us. With these jewels (he felt in one of his fur-lined coat pockets and touched a jewel-case) and the sweetest girl in all England as a wife,—ah!" He bent over and kissed the lips of his drugged companion. And as he did so, a fierce passionate joy seized him. "She is all mine—all mine. Yes! she will see her folly in refusing me, because she imagines herself in love with that young barrister, and will consent to marry me. Then—" but his muttering trailed off into nothingness, and he fell into a dream—a dream of a happy, contented future.

"This his th' house, Sor Hedmund." They had stopped. The sudden announcement of Higgins, the coachman, and the sudden inrush of cold, crisp night air as he opened the door, caused the man in the brougham to turn with a start.

"O,—ah—yes, Higgins!" He sprang out into the clear, moon-lit night, and turning to his coachman, said sharply: "Remember, not a word of this affair to anyone."

"Yis, sor!"

"And Higgins, I wish to be on the road for the village as soon as possible."

Sir Edmund Grafton—for that was his name—then lifted from the brougham the limp form of a young and pretty girl. With her tenuous figure in his arms he mounted the steps to the veranda, and after much fumbling with lock and key, entered the dark, chilly hall. Higgins was leading the team around to the stable.

Walter Speedwell, barrister, entered his pleasant rooms in a large apartment house on Park Lane with a sigh of satisfaction. He had been out of town for a full week, and it was infinitely pleasant to

return to his old rooms with their cheery surroundings.

He had dined. So after relieving himself of his heavy fur overcoat, he slipped into a house jacket and subsided into a comfortable cushioned chair to read the day's news. On unfolding the paper, these headlines, printed in large black type, immediately drew his attention:

"Bold Burglar Escapes With Famous Markham Jewels—Slight Clue—Thief has But Three Fingers on Left Hand."

Following this was the story in detail, which did not interest him then, for on glancing over the page, his eyes lighted on another headline that staggered him:

"Strange Disappearance of Pretty Heiress, Miss Vera Brant."

The paper slipped to the floor. There he sat, staring down at a rug at his feet as if enchanted. Vera, his own Vera—disappeared! He gazed at the rug as if in a dream. And as he gazed, the figures on the carpet seemed to concentrate and form the daintily shaped head and graceful curved shoulders of his sweetheart. There was the oval face with its rosy tint; the grand, dark eyes; the smiling, scarlet lips, slightly parted, revealing two rows of pearly teeth; and, framing all, the long, wavy tresses of light brown hair, falling in all their beautiful abundance over the rounded shoulders.

So wrapped up in this picture was the young lover that he did not hear the chug of an auto as it stopped before the house, nor the hurried footsteps that ascended the stairs leading to his rooms.

Slowly his vision dimmed and vanished. He passed his hand over his brow in a bewildered manner. It was then that he heard a commotion in the corridor. Suddenly the door opened and some one burst excitedly into the room.

"Lorry!" gasped Speedwell, "I have—he paused. The pale countenance and excited appearance of the intruder brought him to reasoning. He would now hear all about the disappearance that had so startled him, for the young man was Lorry Brant, Vera's brother.

Walter collected himself with an effort and again was his clear-minded young self. The barrister, and not the lover, now confronted Lorry Brant.

"Try a Havana," he said calmly, throwing his cigar-case on the table toward his friend.

"Walter—" exclaimed Brant, without glancing at the case, "Vera has disappeared."

"That much I am aware of," said Walter grimly. "Come Lorry, be seated and narrate your story—for I know you have one to tell."

Lorry complied with this request, and after a moment of silence, began his story in a low, intense voice.

"This forenoon Joe Danwell strolled over to the house from the Freeman's Club to examine Dahmo, my bloodhound. I had permitted Dahmo to run loose in the garden for exercise, and had to whistle twice before he came hounding toward me with a yelp of excitement. His actions told as plainly as if he had spoken that he wished me to

follow him, which I did. We struck the drive leading to the road running over the common in the rear of our grounds. At the gate which opens upon the road, Dahmo stopped. There I discovered nothing that could have excited him; but found this note." He paused and passed a bit of crumpled paper to the barrister, who smoothed it out on his knee and read:

"Miss Brant—

'If you are at the cross-roads in Defna's Grove at ten A. M. you will learn something to your personal benefit.

A FRIEND.

"When did you find this?" asked Speedwell.

"About the time stated there, ten this morning."

The barrister was thoughtful for a few seconds, then he told Lorry to proceed.

"This note excited my curiosity, so I hurried to the grove, but found nothing of Vera. I grew alarmed and hastened back to the house, but found that she was missing from there also. Then I questioned the servants. Ben, the hostler, stated that he had seen her hurrying down the rear driveway. It seemed that Vera had gone to the cross-roads, but I knew that she was not there then. I 'phoned to Police Headquarters and gave the facts to Inspector Dallas. Then—well, this evening the thought struck me that you expected to be in the city today. Tell me Walter, that you will find Vera."

But Walter was already thinking hard and fast. Probably Vera had been hurried to the grove when Ben noticed her. But why should she answer such a strange summons? This would be a simple question to answer, for one knowing her curious disposition. Vera was a lover of the mysterious and of excitement. But her strange disappearance? Vera certainly could not have run away. Had she been kidnapped? Everything seemed to point in that direction. The note had been sent as a decoy, and while hastening to the grove Vera carried it with her. At the drive entrance the abductors sprang upon her. In her struggles, she dropped the note. Dahmo might have been a witness and possibly interefered; but being faithful to his master, he obeyed Lorry's call. This explained the hound's excited appearance. By the time Lorry arrived at the gate the kidnappers had vanished with Vera. But who—? A sudden suspicion entered Walter's mind and a pallor overspread his face.

"Was Sir Edmund Grafton at your house lately?" he questioned, fixing his eyes keenly on his friend, who appeared startled at this question. He glanced searchingly at Walter, as if trying to read his thoughts; but the barrister's visage was now stern and set.

"Yesterday," Lorry answered. "Vera told me that he again asked her to marry him. She refused, and Sir Edmund left the house in a furious state."

While Brant was speaking, Speedwell's countenance grew dark

with anger. Despising Sir Edmund, he firmly believed that he was correct in his suspicion.

This man—a poor specimen of English nobility—had met Vera at a ball. Since then, he had forced his company upon her, who detested him. He had asked her to be his wife, but had been coldly refused. The man was madly in love with Vera, and grew desperate and threatened to abduct and compel her to marry him. The threat she soon forgot, knowing him to be a sneaking coward.

All this Vera had told her lover. And now all these thoughts flashed through his mind, he became furious, for it seemed that the scoundrel had indeed executed his threat.

"You don't think—" cried Brant.

"Yes, I do think," interrupted the barrister harshly. "But now we must act."

He crossed the room to his desk, and from a small drawer drew forth a brace of pistols, one of which he handed to Lorry. After donning his surtout and pocketing a small electric torch, he declared himself ready for a view of the place where the note had been found.

They rushed from the house into Lorry's car, and after a few minutes of speeding, were deposited before the Brant mansion on Dearborn Street.

"Hurry up and find Dahmo; chain and bring him along," said Walter. Brant hurried into the house, wondering what his friend wanted with the hound. He asked no questions, however, knowing that Walter loved his sister passionately, and would do all in his power to find her. He soon appeared with the huge beast. Then they hastened down the rear drive-way to the common entrance.

"Now what do you propose doing?" questioned Lorry, anxiously. "For Vera's sake act quickly. This suspense is awful."

"Don't worry, Lorry, we will soon find her," returned Walter. "Now let me have charge of Dahmo."

Speedwell gave a sharp command to the hound. The intelligent animal appeared to know exactly what was wanted of him. He threw up his head and gave vent to a long howl, then placed his muzzle to the hard ground and scratched furiously. It was but a second, then he bounded at a furious rate toward the public road. It tired Walter's arms terribly to hold the great beast back. Still he did not mind the strain, for he was drawing nearer to Vera. They went on and on. Passing through the grove and many by-roads, until dawn, they were on the Ackrin road—before a large seemingly unoccupied house. Dahmo stopped and threw up his head.

"Here we are," whispered Walter, breathing heavily. "Be careful. We must not be seen." They drew back behind a thick cluster of dried, leafless shrubbery.

"This is Sir Edmund's summer home," panted Lorry. "If Vera is here—. But, no! It is unoccupied."

"All the more reason for Vera's being here," retorted Walter.

"I don't understand—" began Brant, impatiently, almost angrily, but was interrupted by a soft warning. Walter's keen ears had heard the rumble of wheels on the road. Peering from their hiding place they saw a brougham pull up before the house.

The driver sprang from the box, and running up the veranda steps, disappeared into the house. Dahmo tugged eagerly on his chain. In his gleaming eyes shone the light of recognition as he watched the man enter the house. He soon reappeared, followed by another, bearing the slim figure of a young girl in his arms. It was Sir Edmund.

"I can't stand this," muttered young Brant through his clenched teeth.

"What if he had forced her to marry him? Oh! I must save my sister from that fiend's grasp." He drew his revolver and ran toward the house shouting like a mad-man. Walter attempted to stop his friend, but failed. Quickly throwing Dahmo's chain about a bush, he followed Lorry. Sir Edmund and his coachman had fled into the house.

However, in his haste, Speedwell had not chained Dahmo securely. Left alone, the hound strained on his chain and it slipped from the bush. Free, Dahmo did not run away, for he had recognized Higgins, the coachman. He crouched low and watched the house with fiery red eyes.

When the pursuers entered the long, gloomy hall they heard the faint sound of a closing door in the rear of the house. Lorry followed frantically in the direction of the sound.

"Walter—Lorry, where are you?" It was a very faint call, but Speedwell heard and recognized the sweet voice of Vera, his sweetheart. It came from within a nearby room. Hastening there, he opened the door and found Vera.

"Walter," she exclaimed, joyously, rushing to his side. Just then a distant shot rang out on the cold morning air. Through the open door there came a snarling roar like that of a savage lion; a shrill scream of a human being in suffering followed by a cry in the voice of Lorry Brant.

"My brother," cried Vera, with a choking sob, clinging to her lover, white as death, her whole body shaking convulsively.

"Dahmo must have torn loose. Remain here, dear. It is safest." He put her from him as gently as he could, and rushed from the room. With his electric torch throwing a dim light before him, he picked his stumbling way through unfamiliar halls and at last found himself before an open doorway leading into the garden. Running in the direction from which came the low, rumbling snarl of the hound he arrived upon a horrible and revolting scene.

Sid Edmund was supporting himself against a tree, his face a deadly hue. Blood flowing from a bullet wound in his left shoulder, stained his coat. Nearby lay his coachman, his arms thrown out and crouching on his body was the enormous weight of the dog.

The hound had the man by the neck, his jaws sunk into the warm flesh, causing a gash from which the blood flowed steadily. From Dahmo's mouth proceeded a deep, guttural growl. Brant stood gazing at this scene with wild, spell-bound eyes, his still smoking revolver lying on the ground at his side.

Walter turned sick at the sight, but acted quickly. Grasping a stout stick lying nearby he struck Dahmo a terrific blow, at the same time uttering a sharp command. The beast slowly released his victim and slunk away, his manner changing from one of ferocity to that of deep dejection.

"Come Lorry, this is no time to stand dreaming," said Walter sternly. "Help Sir Edmund."

He then turned his attention to the coachman. The blood was still flowing from the wound in his neck. He did all he could for Higgins, but knew that too much blood had been lost, and that he could live but a short time.

"Take th' beast hoff," muttered Higgins thickly, as he opened his bulging eyes. "He—" his glassy stare wandered wildly from one man to another, but finally settled on Sir Edmund. He shot a glance of hate and rage at his former master.

"There h'is th' cowardly villain that caused h'all this." His voice trembled. "There h'is th' hon'able and rich Sor H'edmund. Yis! Rich h'on other peoples money. Too cowardly to steal that he must tempt me, h'a poor man, to steal fur 'im."

"I—it's a d-dastardly falsehood," stammered Sir Edmund weakly. "Do not believe a raving man, sirs."

"You forget," said Walter coldly, "that you have done one deed already, for which you must face the court."

"H'its th' truth," shrieked Higgins, the anger and excitement raging in his body giving him strength, "h'every word. Sor H'edmund Grafton is no richer than h'i am. Look here." He raised his left hand. Walter glanced at it and noticed that it had only three fingers. Could he be the thief of the Markham jewels? But, stay! Higgins was speaking. "Thet 'appened while stealing h'off with diamonds h'in th' city, so thet he could live like h'a lord. Now h'it's th' h'only clue known to th' police workin' on th' Markham case. Yis," he cried fiercely, "h'i stole those jewels, but was forced to h'it by thet sneakin' coward

"See 'im shrink!" His voice grew faint; but still the note of contempt could be distinguished in it. "Sors," glancing at Brant and Speedwell, "you 'ave th' honor h'of capturing th' most cowardly criminal h'in h'all H'england. H'i 'ave had 'eavy sins h'in my times, but not until h'i was forced, tempted, because h'of poorness, to work fur—fur thet dog.

"Th—jewels, sors," he gasped on, "h'ar 'on Sor—on 'im now. Take—th' criminal. His victim's— done-fur. H'i—h'i—" There was a short gasping struggle, a little fluttering of the heart, then

all was still. So this man, confessing, passed from this world into eternity.

Sir Edmund was searched, and the jewels found. He was taken back to the city to be dealt with by the law of the country.

Walter received a handsome reward on delivering the jewels to Mrs. Markham. He had achieved what he had been striving for. He saw success and fame within his grasp. His name was echoed over the whole country, and he was regarded as a promising young barrister.

"Yes, Walter," said Vera in concluding her explanation to her lover, "all your theories were correct. Why, dear, I'm proud of you. You thought of everything."

"Except what happened after you left your home," said Walter with a smile.

"Oh! of course you couldn't know that. I'll tell you. Dahmo deserted me to answer his master's call; but the good dog remembered Higgins." Then with sudden recollection: "Oh, Walter! Wasn't it horrible— Dahmo killed him." She shuddered. Then: "But I'm not telling you. Well, I struggled, but Higgins threw a cloth over my head that smelled sweet and soothing. Then I fainted. When I recovered, I found myself lying on a sofa with Sir Edmund bending over me. He urged me to marry him peacefully. I felt weak from the drug, but I was strong enough to answer no. And Walter, I believe I struck him. He was going to carry me to Devon village, and there by some means, force me into a marriage, when Lorry and you rescued me." Then with sudden vehemence: "O, I wouldn't have been his wife for anything in the world."

"But it was not the will of Providence that you should have become the wife of that scoundrel," said Walter.

She smiled at him through a mist of happy tears.

"Was it not nice," she said, "how it all came about? You rescued me, found the thief of the Markham jewels, and now you are what the papers say—'a promising young barrister.'"

"Yes," he answered, gathering her fondly in his strong, young arms. "And all 'By the Aid of a Hound.'"

C. F. Miller, '16.

DAYBREAK.

E'en ere the first pale streak of dawn
The feathered hosts in mirth
Awake to serenade with song.
The Day-King of the earth.

As each new rosy-fingered herald
Appears above the wold,
The woodland swells its note to greet
Sol's car of flaming gold.—F. C. W. '11.



Athletics.

Basket Ball.

Our first Varsity basket ball season after a lapse of several years, has been a decided success. It is true that we suffered five reverses, but above that fact looms our victories. The team played remarkably well and deserves all the credit that can be showered upon it. We feel that with the nucleus that remains an even better team will represent Muhlenberg next year. This season has proved to us the value of a mid-winter sport in keeping alive the enthusiasm of the student body which generally wanes after the football season. Our hats are off to Kelly and to the team and here's to a good season next year.

Track comes next on the calendar, but it is a little too early to make any predictions. Rest assured, we are going to have a better team than last year's aggregation as the time that the men have made in practice thus far, has been considerably better than that of last year. The new material is the best we have had for years in this branch of sport.

Penn Military College 15.

Muhlenberg 13.

The game between the Pennsylvania Military College quintet and Muhlenberg's five was severely contested on Penn's floor Tuesday, March 7th. This fact is plainly proven by the score which shows a difference of only two points. Although the fates decreed that the palms of victory should fall on the other side of the fence yet our team deserves great credit. They were pitted against a team of equal strength and to play such a team to a standstill on their own floor, our boys must have showed the Chester people a lively time. This was the first game on a two days' trip and only put our fellows

in excellent shape to meet the Lebanon Valley College aggregation at Annville the following day.

Line up:

P. M. C. 15		Muhlenberg 13.
Cocco	Forward	Afflerbach
Rosenbloom	Forward	Hubbard
Thomfordt	Center	Ritter
Campbell	Guard	Vreeland
Frick	Guard	Copley

Field goals, Hubbard 2; Afflerbach 1; Ritter 1. Fouls, Hubbard 6; Vreeland 1.

Lebanon Valley 36 Muhlenberg 48

The Muhlenberg team trimmed their Lebanon Valley College rivals for the second time Saturday night, March 8th. This time the game was fought on their own floor with the resulting score of 48-36. Every man on our team played a superior game especially Hubbard and Vreeland, the former capturing ten baskets and the latter five baskets and also ten fouls. The guards also played a snappy game holding the opposing forwards to only three baskets each. Clever passing and good team work were the features of the game.

Line up:

Lebanon Valley		Muhlenberg
Strickler	Forward	Hubbard
Dearolf	Forward	Copley (Afflerbach)
Miller	Center	Ritter
Schmidt	Guard	Vreeland
Lerew	Guard	Loser
(Snaveley)		(Leisey, Copley)

Field goals, Strickler 3; Dearolf 3; Miller 3; Schmidt, Hubbard 7; Copley, Ritter 2; Vreeland 5; Lerew, Afflerbach.

Foul goals, Strickler 2; Dearolf 4; Hubbard 2; Vreeland 10.

Referee, Haddow. Time, 20 minute halves.

P. C. P. H. Muhlenberg 69

Our Varsity basket ball team closed its successful season March 15th by defeating the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy five at home. Although the points scored seem to be all on one side, yet the game was lively and spirited. Our opponents played a scrappy game and are to be commended for their guarding, passing and all around team work. Our men, however, were in their best form, and for this reason proved just a little too much for the Philadelphia boys as the the score indicates, it seems as if each Muhlenberg man felt that this was his last chance to do justice and credit to his Alma Mater and to perform penance for all the errors he committed in the previous games.

Big Bill Ritter, at Center, seemed to have committed the most errors in his basketball career at Muhlenberg, because he tried to mend his past with 9 baskets.

Ben Hubbard, our clever forward also made a few slips on account of his cleverness, because he tried to polish his past career by shooting 8 field goals.

Copley and Afflerbach, the former a guard, the latter a forward, thought their future would pass without spot or blemish if they made 5 baskets.

Vreeland, the guard, who is always on the jump tried to clear his account with 4 goals, no doubt he needed more. We will give him his 7 foul goals and call his account squared.

How about "Poly" Loser? His number of baskets was 0. Was he errorless? Oh no! But he was manager therefore we will let him pass.

Where was Jack Leisey? Oh yes! He was playing for all his wrong doings in basket ball with a sore foot. He thought his penance would be equally as great if he allowed a man to tread on his foot instead of capturing a few baskets.

Line up:

P. C. P.		Muhlenberg
Reichard	Forward	Hubbard
Taylor	Forward	Copley
Rutter	Center	Ritter
Schadt	Guard	Vreeland
Goodfriend	Guard	Loser
		Afflerbach

Field goals, Rutter 6; Goodfriend 4; Hubbard 8; Ritter 9; Copley 5; Vreeland 4; Afflerbach 5. Foul goals, Ritter 6; Vreeland 7.

Referee Mitchell; Scorer E. Loser. Time 20 minute halves.

Summary of Scores.

Muhlenberg	24	Lehigh	36
Muhlenberg	27	Schuylkill Sem.	33
Muhlenberg	35	Lebanon Valley	30
Muhlenberg	21	Albright	44
Muhlenberg	36	Schuylkill Sem.	22
Muhlenberg	18	Allentown Y. M. C. A.	31
Muhlenberg	46	St. Joseph	20
Muhlenberg	46	Delaware	13
Muhlenberg	33	P. C. P.	26
Muhlenberg	28	St. Peter's	21
Muhlenberg	15	P. M. C.	23
Muhlenberg	46	Lebanon Valley	24
Muhlenberg	69	P. C. P.	26
Total	444	Opponents	339
Games won, 8. Games lost, 5.			

INTER-CLASS SERIES.

The Freshmen again rose to the occasion on Friday afternoon, March 7; when they downed the Sophomores by a score of 14 to 5. The game was hard fought. Early in the first half the Sophs had a few points lead but the Freshies soon past them and retained the lead throughout the game. The Freshmen had good team work and displayed excellent passing. The Sophs did more individual work and failed to pass which fact greatly weakened their offense. Reisner the Soph's clever, forward was substituted for by Royer. The former returned again to the game in the second half. The Freshmen's regular forward was also out of the game and Witmer was shifted from center to forward. The new Freshman center, Young, played an excellent game, scoring two baskets for his team. Young, the center of the second year men played the best game for his team. Freshman Fry also played his first game, displayed marked ability. On the whole the two teams were well matched.

Line up:

Sophomore		Freshmen
Miller	Forward	Brubaker
Royer	Forward	Witmer
Young	Center	Young
Bagger	Guard	Fry
Geiss	Guard	Legg
(Reisner)		

Field goals, Young 2; Witmer 2; Young 2; Brubaker 2; Legg 1.

Foul goals, Miller 1; Brubaker 1.

Score, Sophomore 5, Freshmen 13.

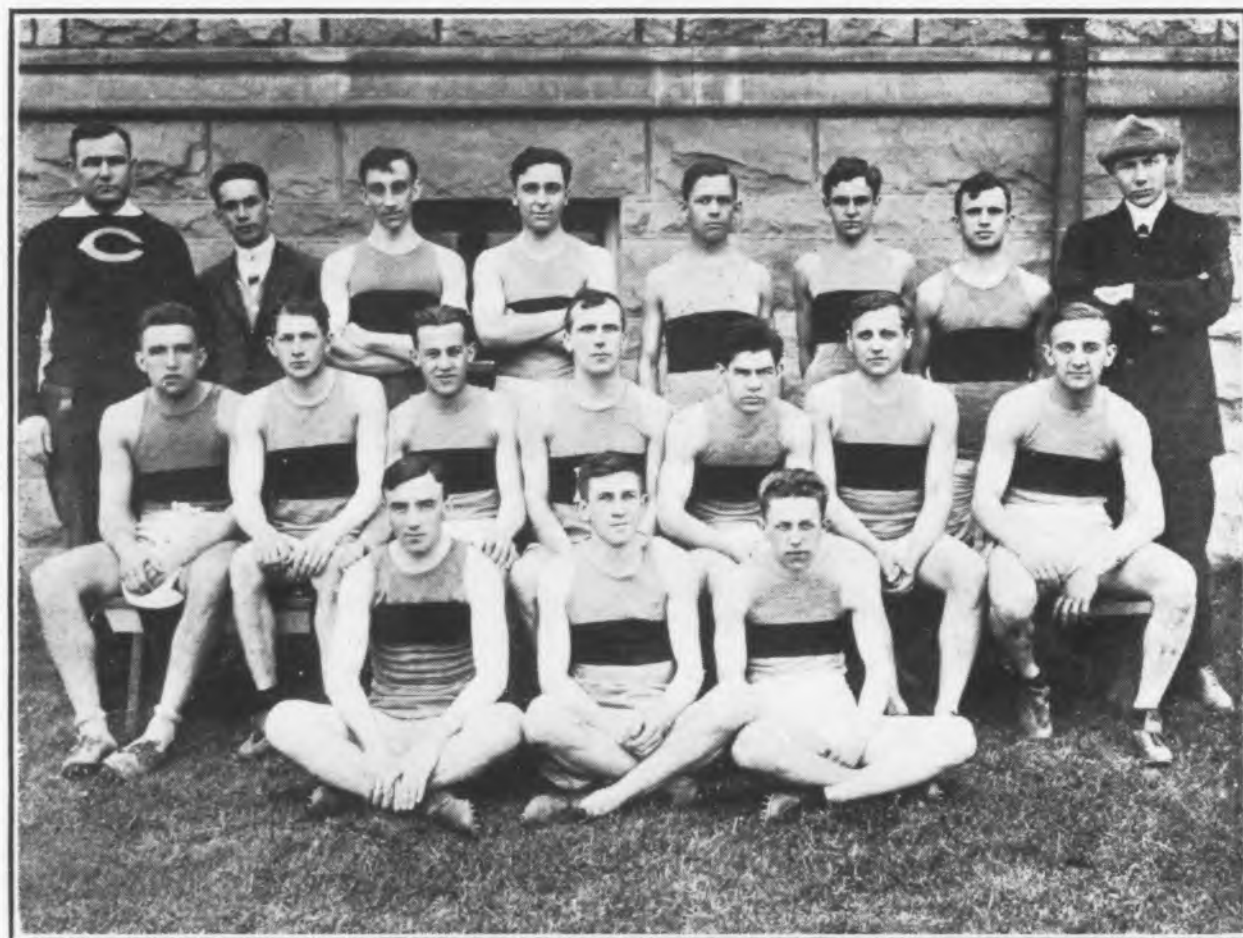
Freshmen 19

Sophomores 9

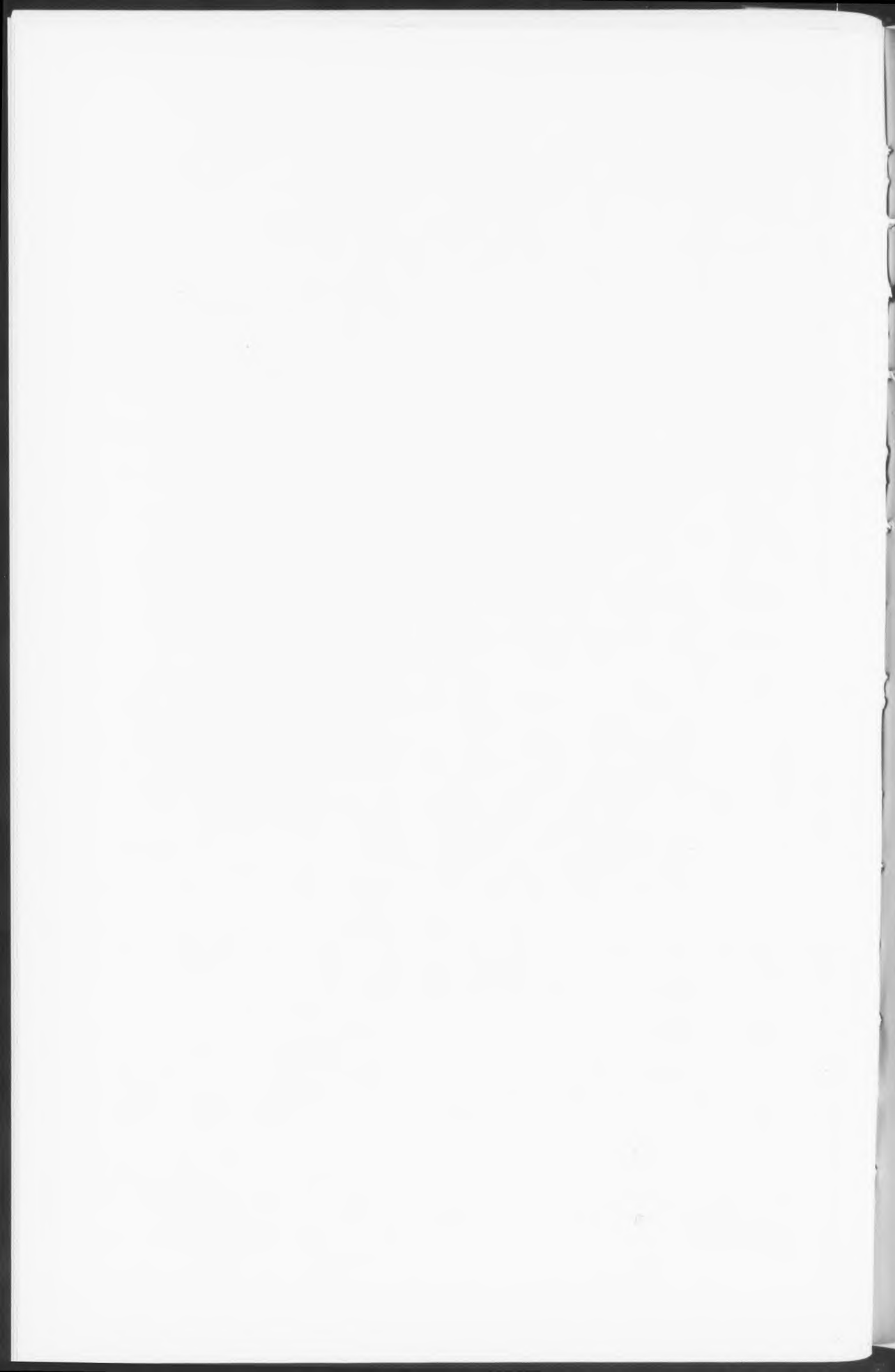
On Wednesday afternoon, March 12, the Freshmen closed their series of five games with the Sophs by beating them to the tune of 19 to 9. This game marked the third straight victory for the Fresh, the series requiring only four games instead of five. The Sophs were always at the mercy of the Fresh, but nevertheless they gave them a nice reception. Enthusiasm ran high not only among the Freshmen and Sophomores but also among all the classes. Roughness was the feature of the game but very few internal or external injuries resulted except probably a few sore heads on both sides. The Sophs made a number of substitutions to save the day. Reisner, their best player, was unable to play on account of an injured knee. The Fresh had the same team on the floor that played the preceeding week and made no substitutions during the game. The only stars in the game were those resulting from the downs between the rushes although Witmer, Young and Brubaker displayed a little class.

Line up:

Freshmen		Sophomores
Witmer	Forward	Miller
Brubaker	Forward	Young



TRACK TEAM 1912.



Young	Center	Snyder (Royer)
Legg	Guard	Bagger
Fry	Guard	Werner (Giess)

Field goals, Miller 2; Witmer 3; Young 2; Brubaker 1. Foul goals, Young 3; Miller 2; Brubaker 7.

Ministers 6 Pagans 2

The game was called at 3 o'clock sharp on the dirty rainy afternoon of April 15th. During past years the worldly element of the different classes have always shown that they were superior to the spiritual part of these bodies in ambition, muscle and brains.

The class of 1914 shows however more of an equality in the distribution of these vital forces; the teams being evenly matched apparently. The first inning opened with the ministers at bat. The fact that the Pagan pitcher became slightly excited and allowed two men to walk, permitted the ministers to score two runs; which lead the Pagans found impossible to overcome.

When the saints, contrary to the usual run of things, began to put confidence in their battery the determination of their antagonists to win was neatly counteracted. Spectacular plays were in order throughout the game, especially in running bases, both teams showing an exceptional knowledge of inside baseball. The Pagan team "blew up" in the fifth inning when the rain began to come down in sheets, handicapping the pitcher to such an extent that the Ministers scored four additional runs. Quinn, the umpire, seeing that Fate sided with the pure; called the game. This is the first time that the future reverends came out ahead since Noah built the ark. Their victory is probably due to the line of talk they handed out which disconcerted and even shocked the Pagans. Drs. Haas and Wacker-nagel were on hand to encourage their "pets" while Profs. Reese and Bailey ably represented the Pagan element of the faculty.

Ministers.								Pagans.							
	Ab.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	S.H.		Ab.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	S.H.
Phillips, P.	2	3	1	0	1	0	0	Nenow 3rd	3	0	0	0	1	2	0
Heilman, 2nd	4	1	0	1	0	0	0	Cook rf	2	0	0	0	0	1	0
Taylor, ss	3	1	1	0	0	3	0	Heuer (p) c	2	0	0	2	2	2	1
Leisey c	1	0	0	13	5	0	0	Seidel c lf	2	0	0	1	0	1	0
Bucks 1st	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	Zeim'r c 2nd	2	1	1	9	3	1	0
Bieber 3rd	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	Fetherolf 1st	2	0	0	5	0	1	0
Fry lf	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	Gebert ss	2	1	1	0	2	1	0
Kidd cf	3	1	1	0	0	1	0	Mock cf	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Crouth'el rf	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	Hoehle 2nd p	2	0	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	24	6	4	15	6	6	0	Totals	19	2	2	17	9	11	1

Struck out by Phillips 13; Heuer 7; Hoehle 2.

Dropped third strike, Zeimer 1.

Base hit, Taylor 1; Phillips 1; Gebert 1.

Base on balls off Phillips 1; Hoehle 2; Heuer 3.

Hit by pitcher, Fry by Huer;Nenow by Phillips.



Alumni Notes.

'99. Rev. J. W. Koch, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Fullerton, and Grace Church, of this city, was given a pleasant surprise when about fifty members of his congregation called at his home, No. 613 St. John Street. A celebration was held in honor of the clergyman's thirty-eighth birthday anniversary. A. L. Held, principal of the Fullerton schools, made an address, expressing the satisfaction of the people of Fullerton with the pastorate of Rev. Koch, now almost a year in duration, concluding by presenting him with a handsome purse of gold. Rev. Koch responded. Henry Herman also made an address. Games were played and a sociable time spent. Rev. Koch came to this section from Pittston and has succeeded in building up both congregations in a remarkable manner.

'00. Rev. Arthur G. Flexer now has charge of an Evangelical congregation at Shamokin.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Statler, of No. 727 North Seventh Street, are the happy parents of a baby daughter.

'02. An enthusiastic meeting of the Bucks Democratic County Committee was held at Doylestown recently and J. Ralphus Freed, was re-elected chairman. Chairman Freed is a graduate of Muhlenberg College.

'07. On Thursday, March 27, at 5.30 o'clock, Rev. Arthur T. Michler and Miss Carrie Minerva Ritter were united in marriage. The bride is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Francis O. Ritter, of 1430 Hamilton St., Allentown. She is a graduate of Irving College. Mr. Michler is pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church at Lebanon.

'10. Friends in this city were greatly surprised when cards arrived announcing the marriage in Tokyo, Japan, on March eleventh of last year of Kotaro Tanaka, a graduate of Muhlenberg College, and Miss Tomeko Maruta, of Tokyo. Mr. Tanaka was in this city visiting friends for the past few weeks and left here March 13 for San Francisco, whence he sailed on Saturday for his home. Mr. Tanaka graduated from Muhlenberg, class of 1910 and afterward took a post graduate course at Brown University. Before coming to this country he was graduated from the University of Tokyo. After finishing his work at Brown he came to this city and stayed here for some time, when he secured a position in New York City. Later he was called home by the serious illness of his father and it was on that trip that the marriage must have been consummated. Later he returned to this country and to Allentown, where he resided with Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Kleppinger on South Madison street. A few weeks ago he announced that he would shortly leave for Japan, probably never to return to this country and a farewell dinner was tendered him by the members of the Delta Theta fraternity, of Muhlenberg, of which he is a member.

The marriage unites two families who are prominent in the Japanese government. Mr. Tanaka's father has been continuously identified with the official service of his government and so have members of the Maruta family. It was generally believed that Mr. Tanaka was returning to Japan to take up the duties of his father, who is about to retire as the result of advanced years and ill health. During his extensive stay in this city, Mr. Tanaka made many warm friends who wish him the greatest possible success and happiness.

'96. It is reported that Major Rhoads has been active in the relief work made necessary by the Ohio floods. We quote the following from the Allentown Chronicle and News of March 13:

Major Thomas L. Rhoads, of Boyertown, is continuing his White House service indefinitely, at President Wilson's request, because of the former's familiarity with the requirement of his position. He is likely to obtain satisfactory recognition from the War Department when the President is willing to relieve him of his present duties. It is Major Rhoads' personal wish to devote his attention to surgical work in the army medical service when he can be spared from his duties as White House aide.

§ § § §

A school paper is a great invention,
The staff gets all the fame;
The printer gets the money,
The editor the blame.—Ex.

The Muhlenberg

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Assistant Editor-in-Chief	-	-	-	Elwood Unangst, '14
Alumni Editor	-	-	-	Robert C. Horn, '00
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The Manager requests each subscriber to remit their arrearages in order to avoid inconveniences to him in meeting his obligations. The paper will be continued until otherwise notified.

Editorial.

Apropos of Commencement week each year cards are sent out to every living alumnus requesting him to return for a few days to his Alma Mater. A great many of these cards are returned which declare the writer's inability to be present. We "undergrads" want to make a special effort to have as large a number as possible of the old "boys" on hand. This has been an epoch-making year in the history of Muhlenberg and the affairs of Commencement Week will be a fitting climax. As examinations approach we realize, in a measure, the pressure of business and professional life, but urge you to make a special effort this year. Come back and see for yourselves the progress this institution has made, inspect the "Commons," have a look at the new "dorms," chat with the professors who are always glad to greet old acquaintances, rub elbows with the "undergrads," recount your old pranks and those of your classmates, and attend all the old "lit" society and other reunions and functions. There is no better cure for a body or mind that is burdened with the trials of everyday life. We wager that within two minutes after you step on the campus you will begin—"Now when I went to college we, etc."—and keep it up until you leave. We "undergrads" want you to return and to influence every other alumnus that you can reach to do likewise.

You will be amply repaid and it will do the institution a world of good.

At a nearby university the date for the annual straw hat debut is fixed by an intercollegiate baseball game. It so happens that on this same date Muhlenberg has a track meet at home. Can't we relegate the old derby to the closet shelf or Squire's waste boxes and establish a precedent by turning out with the new "lids" on that day? Think it over.

Our hard-working staff has been considerably hampered in its endeavors by the great diversity of college activities. Since this body is composed entirely of upper-classmen there are innumerable counter-attractions. First there is the Ciarla, then the Glee Club Student Council meetings and a thousand and one other things that are of equal importance. This is particularly true in the second semester when college activities of all types are more numerous than the all-engrossing football of the first semester. A remedy has been suggested. Allow the "Sophs and the "frosh" to select a staff from their respective classes to serve for one issue only, and to at all times be under the guidance of the regular staff, who will only suggest and not interfere with any ideas the under-classmen may wish to work out. The idea is that each of these classes publish an issue, which is to be composed solely of the literary efforts of the publishing class, to wit: cuts, stories, poetry and the material for the various departments, to be known as the Sophomore and Freshman numbers.

The result of this policy is apparent. We would not restrict the training literary and otherwise, to be derived from publishing this monthly to a few, and the ability of our younger men could be noted and recalled when a new staff is to be elected. Competition for positions on the staff will mean greater efficiency and consequently greater progress for the paper. Finally a hard-working and perspiring staff will be momentarily relieved and receive a stimulus that cannot otherwise be derived. Sophronia and Euterpea please take notice.

BIRTH OF SPRING.

How balmy, dreamy, are these days
Of Spring's new gorgeous birth!
Melodious is the air with lays
That thrill the awak'ning earth.

The willows droop in tender lines
Of filmy new born lace,
And life in every budlet climbs
To ope its dewy face.

That note behind me breathing love,
Atilt the swaying nest,
Betrays the love of God above
In every wooing breast.—F. C. W. '11.

Campus Clippings.

Spring has at last arrived in all its glory. New life and larger activity manifest themselves everywhere. Let us make use of our larger possibilities. The athletic field is being renovated for the track season, the work upon the new dormitories is progressing rapidly, and "Billy" Bryan will soon have the campus in tip-top shape. We are enjoying great opportunities in our weekly lecture course and work will soon be begun for the erection of a ninety-foot flag-pole of Oregon pine, the gift of the class of 1913. With all this activity the "profs" have not been idle and some of us have to spurt to reach the tape or be hopelessly distanced.



On Thursday evening, April 3rd, Prof. Herman Harrell Horne, of New York University, delivered the first of the spring course of lectures in the College Chapel. His subject was "Complete Living" and it was handled in a masterly manner. He brought out the following ideas, and substantiated them with proofs on "Complete Living." What is, is real; what ought to be, is ideal. The soul of man is identical with his mental process. Complete living physically means health. A test of complete living is one's appreciation for the beautiful and true. There is no distinction between the sacred and the secular because God is God of the whole world. The lecturer possessed a pleasing style and a powerful voice.

On Wednesday evening, April 9th, the second lecture of the series was delivered by Mr. Hamilton Holt, the editor of the "Independent" on "The Federation of the World." The speaker is a leader in the movement for the fulfillment of the prophecy of "Peace on earth, good-will to man," and a large audience enjoyed his efforts to the utmost. Mr. Holt sketched briefly the development of the movement, and gave his hearers an insight into the great game of national diplomacy. He also laid special emphasis upon the results achieved by the various conferences at the Hague, and impressed upon his audience the part that our nation has played in this great movement. Muhlenberg is to be congratulated in that she is able to bring men of Mr. Holt's ability and reputation to Allentown.



Pessimism.

There are friends that roam and leave you,
There are flowers that fade and die,
Most scenes in life deceive you,
Even birdies cannot fly.

Prof. Bossard: "Why did Common's write this book on the Labor problem?"

Deibert '13: "Because he needed the money."

§ § § §

Some Doctors think you are well
When you're very ill with the "con"
But the saddest tale we have to tell
Is about "horses" refusing to run.

§ § § §

Let us remember that Dr. Ettinger tells us that half knowledge is a dangerous thing because you never know which half you have.

The Glee Club.

The Glee Club closed the most successful season it has probably ever enjoyed, with a concert at Stroudsburg on Friday evening, April 25th. This is true not only from a financial standpoint but musically speaking as well. Many students as well as the numerous Alumni who heard the club on its various trips pronounce this year's organization the best yet. Flattering press notices were received in every city that was visited. Financially, the club has eclipsed every other previous record and that, with the speedometer recording a total of about 1,500 miles. Other college men have noted the success of our organization and commented upon it. The largest crowd greeted the club at Philadelphia where about 1,000 people were in attendance. Many hundreds of people thru out New York State as well as Eastern Pennsylvania greeted the efforts of the club enthusiastically and the advertisement the college received in this way was invaluable.

§ § § §

Writing notes at lectures and delivery by a classmate may save postage but "Hap" ought to spend a nickel once in a while.

§ § § §

We welcome the 1912 class picture to our Hall of Fame. Its late arrival makes us appreciate the fact that a fellow is "broke" once in a while, even after he leaves college and "Bernie's" store.

§ § § §

The library is now in splendid condition, due to the untiring efforts of Prof. Simpson who has originated and worked out his own scheme, with excellent results.

§ § § §

We are glad that our Shoemakersville starboard flinger has returned after an absence of a few weeks. We hope "wifey" won't detain him so long the next time.

Will we have a car line to Muhlenberg next year? Come on L. V. T. loosen up and solve this eternal question. We expect to find the Slatington Limited listed as Exhibit A within the Fair Grounds if the roadbed is not improved very soon. Remember! A stitch in time gathers no moss.

* * * *

Fresh: Why was Eve?

Soph: For Adam's Express Company?

* * * *

Willy: Was she "maid" of honor?

John: No; she was "made" of dust and ashes.

* * * *

Dr. Haas is very solicitous in finding out the kind of society that his Juniors associate with. He took almost a whole hour to ask his "good looking" boys whether women flirt with them or vice versa.

* * * *

Ask John I. Meck about some of his "dear" Reading friends, the Elks.

* * * *

Steve Royer saw the sights from the Big Rock amidst pleasant surroundings. O Steve! O Steve! Art thou bereft of all thy reason.

* * * *

NEW DEFINITION.

Flotsam: What is a theater?

Jetsam: A theater is a place where people who have any lingering respect for the drama go to have it removed.

* * * *

First Convict: They say it took Milton fifteen days to write one page of a book.

Second Convict: That's nothing! I've been on one sentence six years and I'm not thru yet.

* * * *

"Pop, what's 'poise?'"

"Poise, my son, is when a man can pick up a pretty woman's handkerchief in a street car on Chew St. beyond 17th, and then look at the other passengers without feeling and acting like a fool."

* * * *

"Why does that darned old hen always want to roost on a letter box?"

"She was hatched from a parcel-post egg."

George—Yes, dear; anything you say goes.

Margaret (bored to death)—George—Columbia Jesper.

§ § § §

Laymahn—They've passed a law against parlor matches.

Ponthiff—That's good! Le 'em get married in church, say I.

—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern

§ § § §

Rose—He said he would kiss me or die in the attempt.

Marie—Well?

Rose—He has no life insurance, and I pitied his poor old mother.

§ § § §

Can Harvey T. Sell Fatimas? Neither can he buy them at five cents a package.

§ § § §

Senior: Why does an ostrich have a long neck

Junior: Because its head is so far from its body.

§ § § §

Rumor has it that "Effie" Fry and "Ungie" the famous exponents of the Socratic method, annoyed the "shuffer" of Diehl's truck to such a degree that he was with difficulty restrained from getting away with murder. The last-named gentleman is now deeply engrossed in some research work that is expected to reveal the expletives that St. Peter used before the cock crew thrice.

§ § § §

DER CHUNIOR AUSFLUG.

The annual Junior Ausflug was held on April 15th at Pleasant Corner, Pa., (wherever that is). The class made the trip in Diehl's truck and partook of an excellent menu. Frederick P. Heuer ably filled the position of toastmaster and the following men responded: Albert H. Slean, "Pain and Sham Pain;" Elmer S. Kidd, "Die Reiden;" C. P. Jensen, "Our Year Book;" G. H. Norgang, ("Die Pfarrer;" M. D. Fetherolf, "Breakage;" G. A. Eichler, "Retrospect and Prospect;" "Pop" Reese took care of the crowd and incidentally impressed upon them, in a neat speech, the sense of responsibility and dignity which soon-to-be Seniors should cultivate. Reference to the Minister-Pagan game which preceded the "eats" has been made in the Athletic columns of this issue.

§ § § §

Beware Fresh! The Sophs are going to lose some of your beds when you hold your banquet. Perhaps we had better announce it now and give them a tip. Here goes!

Freshmen Banquet at Phil's on May 1st, 1913. Milk will be the chief thing on the menu.

After noting the length of time and great efforts expended in amending and printing the constitution of the Student Body the voting public will make a great mistake in the future if they overlook the qualifications of some of our legislators now in embryo.

* * * *

"Noodles" Fagan in the Orpheum, talking of Fritz Sermulin:
See those fellows in the bald headed pew,
Two are Irish, two are Dutch,
The one in the middle is a Jew
And never will amount to much.

* * * *

Teddy Ritter is laying aside his violin accomplishments preparatory to taking lessons on the harp.

* * * *

SOLOMON'S PILLS.

Boston—We live and move and have our beans.
Chicago—If the shoe fits its made to order.
New York—One touch of nature makes the whole world sin.
Philadelphia—Familiarity breeds drowsiness.
Reno—A fool and his money are soon parted.
Actress—Mind your he's and cues.
Aeronaut—I'd rather be Wright than President.
Boy—Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from girls.
Bartender—A soft drink turneth away trade.
Debutante—Better to have a short than never to have loved at all.
Doctor—Where there's a pill there's a pay.
Dentist—Patients and long-suffering.
Dressmaker—Figures don't lie.
Editor—The more paste the less speed.
Gambler—A rolling bone gathers no loss.
Gossip—One touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.
Grocer—Honest tea is the best policy.
Lawyer—Where there's a will there's a fray.
Old Maid—Never too old to yearn.
Philanthropist—With all my goodly words I thee endow.
Policeman—God help those who help themselves.
Politician—Profit is without honor in this country.
Preacher—The wages of gin is breath.
Railroad Man—They also serve who only stand the freight.
Scholar—A word to the wise is repented.
Society Man—An ounce of convention is worth a pound of character.
Star Boarder—Be ye therefore breakfast.
Suffragette—The thing of duty is to jaw forever.
Traveler—Look before you sleep.
Widow—True love never dyes.



"The Appeal to Labor" in *College Breezes* is, in its subject matter, very good but the treatment is rather weak. The short sentences and questions make the reading very uneven and breaks the reader's interest. The conclusion however is a decided improvement and if the entire article was as well written as the closing paragraphs are, it would be a masterpiece. "A Flier in Politics" is an interesting sketch and the manner in which the hero is rescued from his plight and is put into office by the intervention of an old law arouses in us the suspicion that the author has lately read Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

The editorial in "*College Chips*" on "Specialization" is interesting and well outlined but the succeeding one discussing knockers vs. boasters is much weaker and does not carry as strong a conviction as the article discussing specialization. "The Moral Influence of Good Literature" is slow reading. The author has good illustrations and discussions but they are connected disjointedly. You have it outlined well and in each paragraph you adhere to your one thought but in following the letter you have lost the spirit of the law of writing and as a result, your article is not as interesting as it might have been had your treatment been somewhat different.

"Keeping a Secret" in "*The Eureka College Pegasus*" shows well the falseness of woman and is a strong support for Kipling and man to lean on, if we are a believer in the theory that the female of the species is most dangerous. The method the heroine employs

and her falsifying after she has obtained the secret makes the reader despise her. On the other hand, we can take the story as a proof that man, in his vanity, is easily flattered and will betray the most sacred trust to a woman, just because she is curious or that there are other ways of leaving the public know a secret other than letting a woman know about it, altho she generally acts as the intermediary. Which impression do you wish to convey, author. The only complaint I have to make is that you spoil the entire story by your concluding sentence. You will have quite a task to find a more destructive sentence for the conclusion of a story of your type than "After talking a while longer, George left, having spent a pleasant evening." Why did you not use such a thriller as "They calmly sipped their tea" or "Again they made use of their smelling salts" instead of such an awe-inspiring climax as you used.

Your college must be the wild, outlawed—past class. We see by your notes that your Sophomores partake of such violent exercises as "guit," flinch, dominoes and writing exercises. That a college, in a civilized land, would tolerate such barbarous undertakings within its domain is unbelievable, especially when such innocent pastimes as murder, arson, burglary, etc., are open to everybody who wishes to hurry time in its flight. We are thankful that we live in the Conservative East.

In "The Lenoirian" we find another condemnation of woman under the title of "The Captain of the Mary B." The story is in the narrative style as is "Keeping a Secret," discussed above, but the author does not destroy the story by the conclusion. "Man's Inhumanity to Man" is a well written and up-to-date article. The writer shows the folly of a man who voted for the protection of skunks and against a labor bill, the hypocritical pseudo-Christian who gave \$250,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building and cut the wages of the girl laborers from seventy to sixty cents per day to make up the \$250,000 and how the laborer is driven to anarchy by the injustice he must bear. We long, with you, for the time when industrial peace shall reign in America, but extend our longings to embrace all nations and men.

The editor of "The Crescent" allowed his pen to get the better of his common sense in his political editorial. His accusations that ministers of the gospel hurried the victims of their blunders into prison is an unjust charge and cannot be proven. The politicians are responsible for such conditions of affairs and you cannot call a man who turns to anarchy, does a rash deed and is imprisoned, a minister's blunder because he does not lead a right life, but the fault lies in the methods of politics which allows conditions to exist that make anarchists. We respectfully refer you to the article "Man's Inhumanity to Man" in the "Lenoirian." To say that the ideas of neither Bryan nor Roosevelt are worth stealing and there-

fore of no value, shows that what you know of their ideas isn't worth the trouble it would take to forget such meagre conjectures. Our political leaders are not honored for the sake of their politics but because of some great good they have done. Is Penrose, Joe Cannon, Murphy or others of their type idealized by the American people—well, hardly, not that you could notice it.

We have found a very interesting tale, having as its theme the adventures of a young man searching for happiness. "The Quest of the Star" in "The Sorosis" is the old, old story of a man traveling thru the world to find the star of happiness, only to return to his home in his old age and find what he sought where he started in his quest. Your treatment is of the fairy-tale style but is interesting to a grown-up person nevertheless.

We see quite a few of our exchanges devote a half page editorial telling the world at large that they are sorrowfully retiring from the board of publication and a new staff is entering. They use the same old, old expression that Adam no doubt used when he gave up his position as the "Stone Herald" editor; that the difficulties have been many and discouraging—no doubt intended to have the world admire their conquering abilities—, that they have failed to reach their ideal—we don't care about the world's failures, we have enough of our own to take care of—and that the staff has loyally cooperated in all work, and all success is due to them—honestly, did the majority of the staff ever do more than give their assent and let the editor do the work? If they did, we have at last found Arcadia.

Perhaps the editorials are intended as a hint to the reading public that hereafter a new staff is at work and of course, being inferior to us, the nature of the publication will be different and so don't blame us for the poorer grade of work. Whatever the idea is, it doesn't appeal to us; the new staff has trouble enough without arousing public suspicion against them.

"Happy and the Pictures" in "The Collegian" is happy in more than title. It breaths the light, carefree atmosphere of college life and the disappointment of the conspirators when they learned who the original of the one picture was is "rich." To find a story of such easy reading relieves the strain of wading through philosophical essays by freshmen and hints to the Almighty as to how to run the universe in the best manner possible, by the giants of the intellectual world, sophomores. By the way, speaking of philosophical essays, we have just discovered a would-be masterpiece by a freshman entitled "Ideal Citizenship" in your monthly. We do not want to discourage a beginner but for your own good, lead up to abstract discussions in later years by making yourself a master of the foundations of concrete subjects—not a mixture of sand, stone cement and water—and then on that build up your abstract discussions. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak and so curb the spirit until the flesh is strengthened.

The editorial on "The Fully Unfolded Life" is well written and shows great care in the preparation. It is not the jumbled mass of phrases that many editorials are but this may be accounted for by the fact that "Our College Times" has an alumnus assistant editor, and the average college paper has an undergraduate as an editor. We feel that a paper with three alumni on the editorial board hardly reflects the undergraduate abilities and naturally, can present better material than the paper which must use the writings of men who are still being unfolded. Nevertheless, we call attention to the editorial on the unfolded life because the reading of that article will repay the reader for his trouble by presenting to him the true qualifications of an educated man.

"The Spectator" presents "The Mission of a College Journal" in an able manner. The use of similies, while somewhat farfetched, brings out the writer's ideas well. If every student would read the article and stop to think over its contents, we feel sure that editors would not have the trials and tribulations in the future which they were compelled to endure in the past, for just as the laws of an age reflect the morality of the people so does the college journal reflect the lift and the abilities of the students. Lack of interest shows a lack of college spirit, and a lack of college spirit leads to destruction so do not advertise that your college is declining. I cannot quite see the idea or connection of the last paragraph to the other parts of the discussion.

"Paying the Price" shows us another side of the immigrants life which we seldom realize. The bright prospects and the high hopes of the foreigner in our land are thrown into despair, the more terrible because of the rosy past in their home land, by their treatment in our mines, mills and factories. Our condemnation of the stranger would be less severe if we would but put ourselves in his place and view his life from his view point, as the writer does.

Your editorial on fraternities is the most sane one on the subject that we have read in quite some time and is in harmony with the tone of your entire paper, well-written, well-balanced and a pleasure to review.

During our tenure of office we have read so many condemnations of our working-systems, of society, of man's treatment of man and of every existing evil that our faith in the finer qualities of human nature was on the verge of the darkest pessimism, but our soul has been rescued from its dangers and given a new lease of life by "Broken Loaves" in "The Midland." The writer contrasted the entire disregard of the poor in the early ages with the modern care bestowed upon them by our schools, our juvenile court, the "big brother" movement, and the parole system for old but repenting criminals. It may be modern for each man "to draw the Thing as he sees it, For the God of Things as They are" but is it not

a nobler and a higher being who does not stop at the veil of sighs and tears with a loud complaint but who goes beyond the veil, sees the helping hand extended to the sufferer and calls our attention to it. Such a one does not overlook the miseries of life but tries to remedy them, working silently but surely for the seeking and saving of the fallen brother.

Having read "Broken Loaves" our faith in religion and its power has increased and we read with enjoyment "Gypsy Vandal" in "The Argus." The story is centered on the conversion of a young gambler by the efforts and example of a young lady with a strong religious nature. Perhaps the heroine had heard "Billy" Sunday's advice to the weaker sex "never marry a man to reform him, reform him first" and so she starts her work, which is completed in the rear room or gambling joint of the village tavern. The average writer avoids carefully any religious trend in his story but writers who can successfully treat this generally avoided subject can be proud of his achievement, using his as the pronoun representing the entire human race and not man alone.

§ § § §

1st Stud.: "Schumann-Heink is coming in May."

2nd Stud.: "Is she going to sing?"

1st Stud.: "No, she is going to stand on a street corner and imitate Caruso playing a bicycle pump."

§ § § §

A fat woman entered a crowded street car, and, seizing a strap, stood directly in front of a man seated in the corner. As the car started she lunged against his newspaper and at the same time tread heavily on his toes. As soon as he could extricate himself he rose and offered her his seat.

"You are very kind, sir," she said, panting for breath.

"Not at all, madam," he replied. "It's not kindness; it's simply self-defense."

§ § § §

Some men never head a procession until they're dead.

§ § § §

"Go ask papa," the maiden said;
But the young man knew that her papa was dead;
He also knew the life that her papa had led,
And he knew what she meant when she said,
"Go ask papa."

§ § § §

A school paper is an institution where the editors get all the blame, the managers all the experience and the printers all the money—if there is any.—Ex.

§ § § §

Son—"Say, pop, what is the 'lull before the storm?'"

Father—"A honeymoon I suppose."

A little boy was trying to ring a doorbell but could not reach it. A minister, passing by, walked up to the lad and said:

"Here, my boy, let me ring that bell for you."

"All right. Will you, mister?" said the boy, his face all on a grin.

The minister rang the bell.

"Now run like the devil, mister," said the boy, as he took to his heels.

§ § § §

Freshie—"I am trying my best to get ahead."

Senior—"Land's sakes! You need one."

§ § § §

Fair One: "Put me off at the next corner please, conductor."

Conductor: "I shouldn't like to do that, but I will stop the car and help you to get off."

§ § § §

A—"In what terms would you express yourself if you saw a minister smoking?"

B—"Can't say. How would you?"

A—"I guess I'd say 'Holy smokes.'"

§ § § §

"Did you take a bath?"

"No, is there one missing?"

§ § § §

"The difference between a large University and a small college is that in the large University the student goes through more college but in the small college more college goes through the student."—Chief Justice State of Maine.—Exchange.

§ § § §

Gabe—What is an optimist?

Steve—An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful that he is not bow-legged. —Ex.

§ § § §

"Speak to me," she pleaded, stroking his head and gazing earnestly into his deep, blue eyes, "please speak to me. What have I done that offended you?" A moment he gazed at her, yawned, then barked. She smiled.

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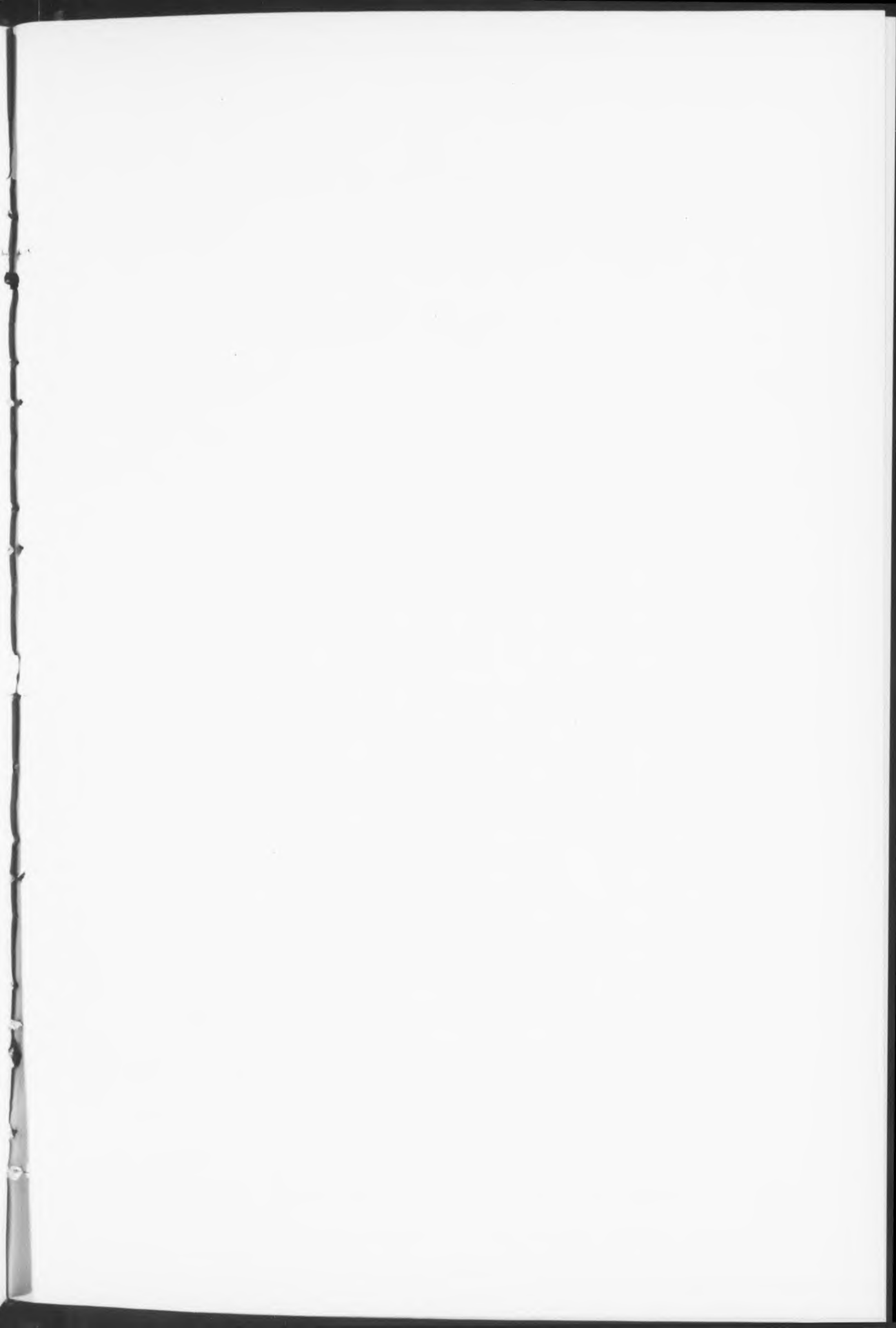
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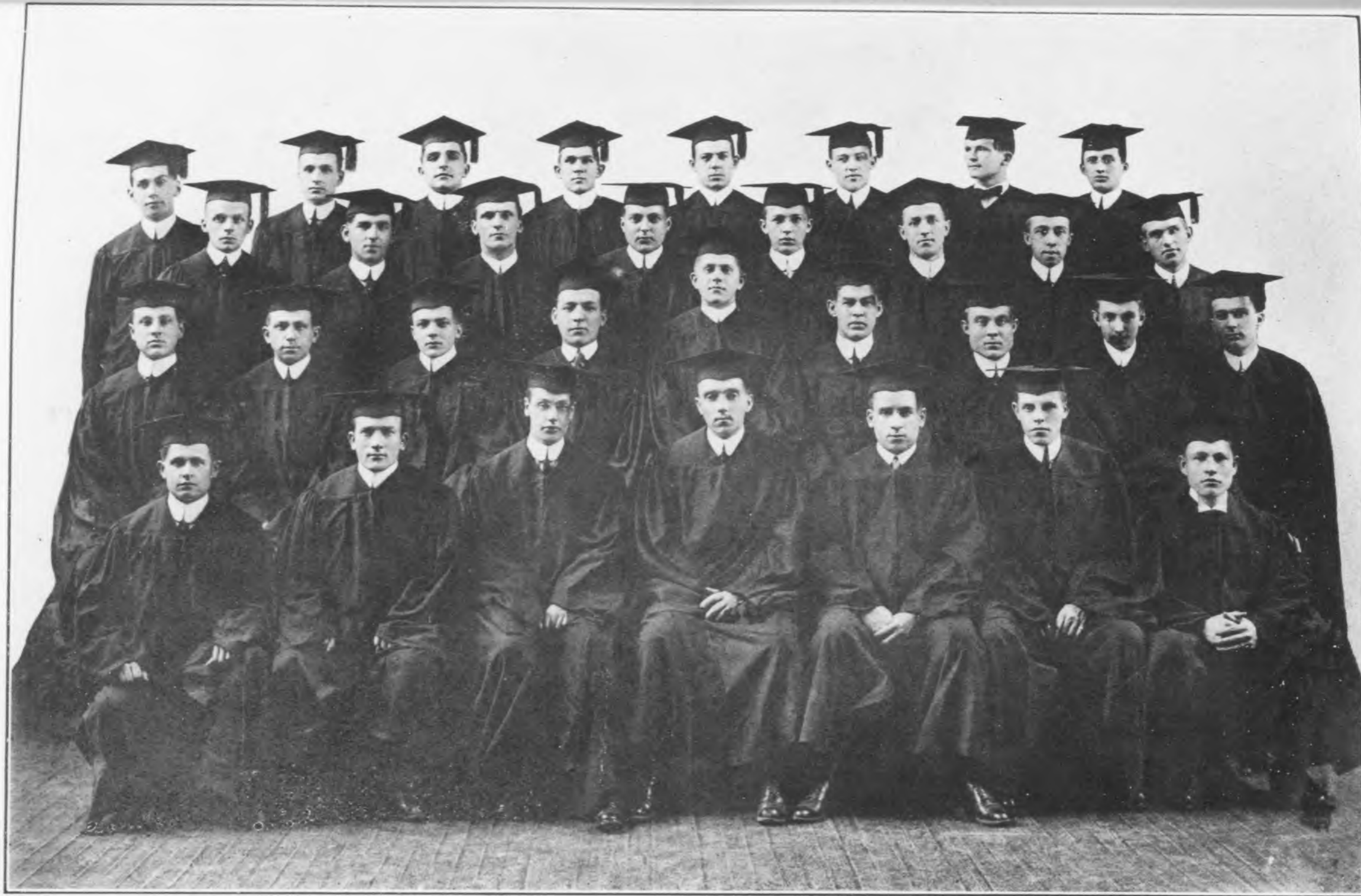
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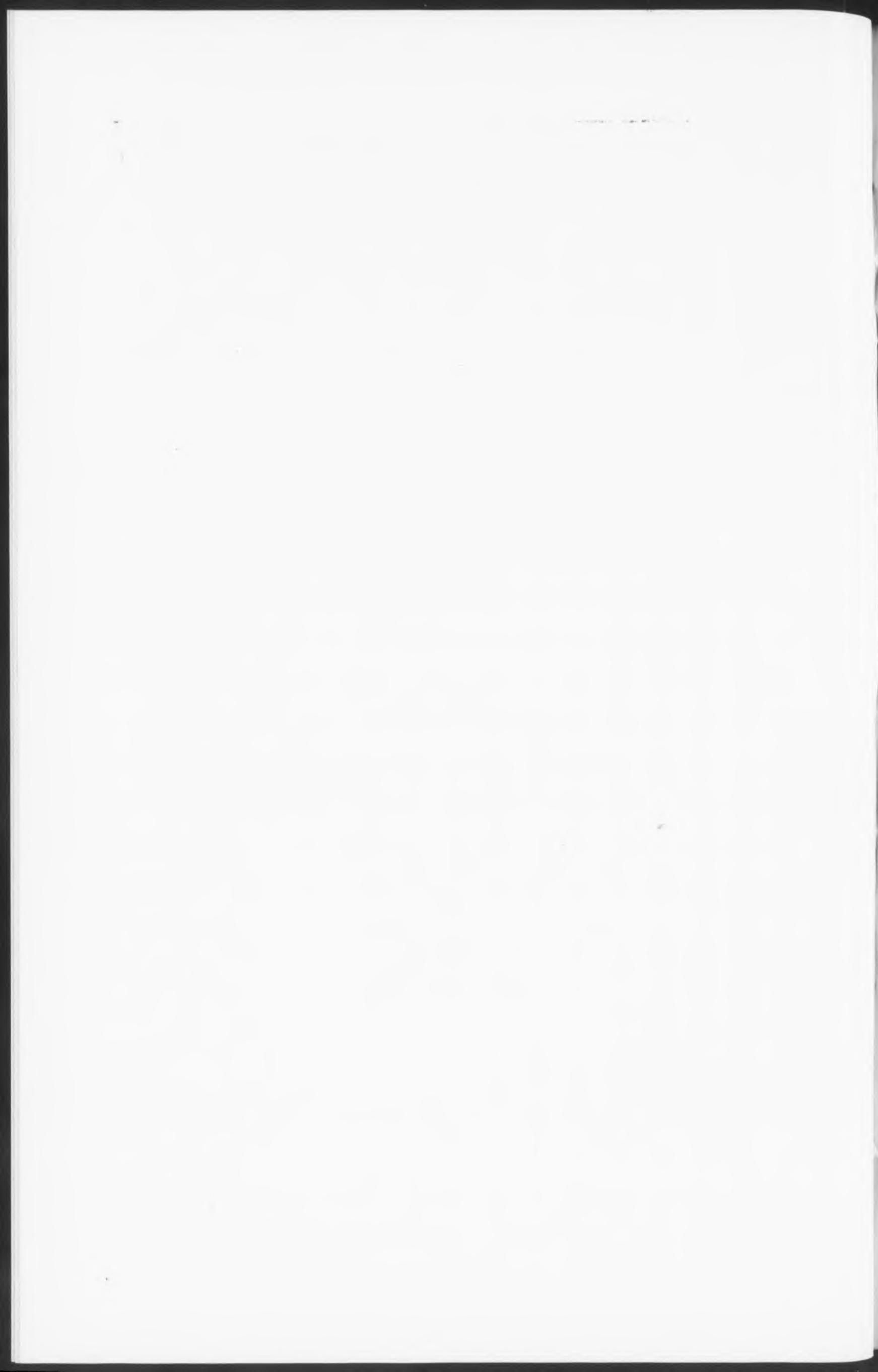
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THE CLASS OF 1913





A Change of Sentiment.

The faces of the three members of the Vigilance Committee of the Pebscottville Presbyterian Church wore a curious look. Their expression was a mixture of shame and determination, and was not indeed a very pleasing one. The white-haired old pastor who had just finished an earnest but evidently useless talk with them left the room where they were assembled, flushed with indignation. The burden of his sixty-odd years, however, lay heavily on him, and indignant though he was, he feared to risk opposing his three most prominent and influential members too strongly lest he should antagonize them.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away, Silas Cleach, known for years as the richest, but meanest man in Pebscottville, rose, and addressing the chair, said:

"Seem's to me ez if some people in this here comoonity hed a mistaken idee of what we are. This here church aint run for the benefit of shiftless mortals. Looks to me ez if they took us all for millionaires. 'Taint no fault of ours that Mary Ann Tupp aint got a house. She ought to be willin' to go to the poorhouse if she aint willin' to spend what money she got after her house was sold for taxes. I for one aint in favor of lettin' her live in the church."

This was a long speech for the generally close-mouthed Silas, and since it rather closely expressed the opinion of the other members of the Committee, the hard-featured old man sat down amid signs of approbation. Joshua Skinner, another of the same stripe as Silas, then expressed his views.

"Exsactly," said he, "why if we let her sleep up there in that balcony, why I bet in a week all the worthless lazy people in town will be wantin' to sleep there too. Besides, if we let her, pretty soon she'd be askin' us to feed her, too, or pay her, or somethin'. And its sacerligious to let people sleep in the Lord's House."

Chairman Ebenezer Slocum followed the loquacious Joshua.

"Yep. And she'd clutter up the whole place with her stuff."

There wouldn't be no settin' down for hairpins etcetery scattered over the place. Besides she'd make it a home for all the stray cats in town, and," he added as an afterthought, "my wife hates cats."

"And Mary Ann is so sot in her ways there's no movin' her," piped in Joshua Skinner again. "Just because we aint got a poor-house in Pebbscottville where she knows the people, she won't go to Ebbetstown poor-house where the others hev to."

"And besides," resumed the ever-practical Silas, "if she'd stay in the Church in winter she'd run up the coal bill somethin' scandalous."

"Thet's right, Si." Chairman Slocum spoke approvingly. "And what kind of a repitation would we get, if the folks of this town found out we'd turned our Church into a boardin'-house? Tell me thet."

"She's too old, too," continued Silas Cleach, "to do much work around this here Church, though I must say she does hev quite a deal of push."

"Well," said Joshua Skinner, "seems to me we hev enough reasons for not doin' this thing. It's sacerligious, and she'd clutter up the Church, and it's give us a bad repitation, and she can't do much work, and she'd cost us a deal of money in coal. Mr. Chairman," he said solemnly, "I move thet we do not grant this here petition to Mary Ann Tupp to sleep in the Church in return for takin' care of it."

"I second it," shouted Silas Cleach.

"All in favor say 'Aye,'" said Chairman Slocum.

"Aye—Aye," came the response.

"Carried. I appoint Mr. Cleach to inform the applicant thet her petition aint been granted, and since there aint no more business the meetin' is adjourned."

Thereupon the Vigilance Committee rose and departed to their respective homes with consciences well-satisfied in the discharge of their duty to the Church and its members. For to the mind of Silas Cleach—and his easily dominated the other two—there was absolutely no sane reason to grant this petition to permit a woman to live in the unused balcony of the Church in return for caring for it. To allow such a condition of affairs would have been to his mind a betrayal of his trust as a member of the Vigilance Committee of the Pebbscottville Presbyterian Church. The Church was well enough cared for. There was no need to have the nuisance or possible expense of a person living in it. To this close-fisted unimaginative old fellow nothing in the whole wide world mattered quite as much as the figures on the "Credit" column of the Church Ledger.

Meanwhile the Reverend Goode, having recognized the futility of arguing with his Vigilance Committee, had gone to call on Mary

Ann Tupp, and, if possible, lighten the refusal which he knew was impending. He found the good old lady, temporarily staying at the home of one of her friends, waiting for the news of the outcome of her application. She was a conscientious soul, and people always had given her the credit of more than earning her board by her work while she lived with her cousin. But now that he had died and the house had been seized for taxes, people suddenly realized that Mary Ann was rapidly becoming too old to do much work, and were therefore unwilling to take her into their homes. Since she had no living relatives, and since a poor-house in a strange town would have been a prison Mary Ann had conceived the idea of living in the Church in return for which she would perform the duties of sexton and general care-taker. When told by the minister of the outcome of her petition, she paled a little but did not seem as much disappointed as he had expected. A curious look passed over her face, which the minister later recalled as one of determination rather than anything else. After expressing his sincere regret he finally left. Mary Ann accompanied him as far as the gate and as he passed down the street she muttered to herself.

"Well, I've always said, 'The Lord helps them ez helps themselves.'" Mebbe I can stay there anyhow even if Silas Cleach and Joshua Skinner do say not."

The next morning the members of the Vigilance Committee received a rude shock. By nine o'clock the news had spread all through the village that during the night Mary Ann Tupp had installed herself in the unused balcony of the Presbyterian Church and defied any attempt to oust her. When Silas Cleach heard the news, his astonishment kept him from saying more than "Well, I vum." The Vigilance Committee assembled immediately for a special meeting. Chairman Slocum after remarking at length on some people's nerve concluded by saying,

"Well, now she's there seems to me it would be a sort a undignified for us to put her out by force, but by Heck, if she makes us use a bit more coal this year than we did last, we'll make her pay every last cent."

"Just so," said Silas Cleach. "But I'm thinking there's nothing to prevent us from using moral persuasion right now. Let's us go over to the Church and try and show her 'the error of her ways' as the Bible puts it and mebbe she'll be too ashamed to stay."

On this excellent advice the Committee adjourned to the Church. Here they found quite a gathering of villagers either endeavoring to persuade Mary Ann to leave her new domicile, or waiting to see the fun when the Vigilance Committee should arrive, as the encounter was sure to be worth witnessing since Mary Ann's tongue had a lash in it despite its owner's usual kindness and gentility.

Silas Cleach opened the debate.

"Now, Mary Ann," he said, as persuasively as he was able, "you cant stay here nohow. Ez the Vigilance Committee of this here Church we'll hev to put you out if you dont go peaceable."

"Well, Silas Cleach, if you dont do any better with me than you did with the Widow Lawton, I dont need to worry about gettin' out for a long time yet, I can tell you."

Silas, red as a beet, relapsed into a painful silence, for Mary Ann had touched his one sore spot—the fact that in years gone by he had once, beguiled by her charms and requests, neglected the collection of rent from a certain widow until she had finally eloped with a young city doctor, leaving Silas unpaid rental for eight months and little else of value to make up the deficit.

Chairman Ebenezer Slocum now assumed the spokesmanship.

"But Mary Ann," he protested amid the snickers occasioned by the previous remarks, "It's a sacerlige for you to sleep here in the Lord's House."

"Ebenezer, it aint any more sacerligious than your sittin' in Church in the summer with your coat off."

Chairman Slocum likewise retired, routed. Joshua Skinner, the loquacious, who had impatiently been awaiting his chance to speak, now advanced.

"But, Mary Ann, just think what people'll say if we let you stay here. Why they'll say we're turnin' this Church into a boardin-house. We'll get an awful repitation."

"Jushua, if people start sayin' anythin' about my bein' here, you just start to talk to me, and I reckon you'll either talk them to a standstill or drown them out—one way or other, sure."

Joshua likewise lowered his colors and in a few minutes the entire Vigilance Committee was in full retreat, much discomfited by the snickering which followed them. As they left Chairman Slocum expressed the general opinion when he said:

"Well, I'm dummed if I help pay any coal bills she makes."

The following Sunday morning the Church was filled to overflowing with people curious to see the effect of a female janitor and sexton. They came expecting some minor changes, of course, but they were utterly unprepared for the entirely different condition of affairs which they discovered. Every pew was scrupulously clean of dust and each rack held its proper number of hymn-books—two things unprecedented in the entire history of the Church. The huge iron stove was polished as it never had been before. The windows had been washed free from every speck of dirt—something which did not at all happen in the hasty biennial cleaning given by the women of the Church. Even the holes in the aisle-strips of carpet, although indeed they still remained, they nevertheless had their frayed and unsightly edges carefully tucked out of sight. The brass pulpit ornaments also shone with a new and accustomed splendor

and each vase held a bouquet of late autumn flowers. What was most remarkable of all, however, was the fact that, although the day was quite chilly, the Church was very comfortably warm. In the past it had always been the rule of the Vigilance Committee never to start a fire until it became absolutely necessary.

That morning Mary Ann received quite a few compliments on the successful entry upon her duties, though many indeed were sceptical as to whether her ardor would continue as time went on, and winked their eyes and waited, unconvinced. The Vigilance Committee on the other hand was deeply chagrined at the turn the affair had taken. Expecting as they did that every member of the congregation would uphold them in their action it came as a distinct shock to see so many evidently siding with Mary Ann. They found comfort in only one thing—the fact that the Church was warm.

"Just wait and see," promised Silas Cleach, as the three left the Church together, "we'll have double the coal bill we had last year."

"Some people acted this morning just as if we hadn't done our duty in the past," said Joshua Skinner, "just because we're not extravagant they say we're not doin' right. This is a mighty unjust world."

As the winter passed the doubting Thomases who had expected Mary Ann to become remiss in her duties, were sadly disappointed. Gradually they became fewer and then of a sudden they vanished altogether. For not a whit did she abate her zealous endeavors. Every nook and corner was kept scrupulously clean and nowhere was dirt allowed to accumulate. Cleanliness and comfort became synonymous with the words "Presbyterian Church." All through the hard winter months Mary Ann cared for the little wooden structure as if it had been a living thing. Her ceaseless activity was a never-failing subject for the town gossip. Even the grocery-store's nightly assemblage spoke of her. In fact it was at one of these meetings that Silas Cleach first experienced a change of feeling toward Mary Ann.

"By Heck," one of the loafers had remarked, "it do beat everything what tremenjous care Mary Ann Tupp takes of that Church."

"You're right," said another, "why yesterday I came along and found her out back choppin' wood for fire so ez not to use the Church coal. I cho—"

"Is thet straight?" interrupted Silas. "Well, I vum."

As time went on and people began to "drop in" to visit Mary Ann and found her almost always at some little task about the Church, they began more and more to sympathize and pity this old woman who labored so earnestly for their own comfort. A gradual change of feeling took place in the members of the congrega-

tion. Doubt and selfish indifference slowly gave way to admiration and sympathy. Even the Vigilance Committee became more kindly disposed to her. Several months of services in a clean comfortable Church had made a wonderful change in the sentiment of the people.

Finally in the spring congregational meeting this change of feeling found expression. Bill after bill was presented and found to be less than in the preceding year, thanks to Mary Ann. Thus many prophecies were definitely disproven and every possible ground for the accusation of extravagance was removed. Finally, when all other business had been transacted, Schulz, the village blacksmith, who had been among the first of Mary Ann's supporters, rose and boomed out in his deep voice:

"Mr. Chairman, I dunno, but seems to me ez if Miss Mary Ann Tupp aint got quite a square deal with us. We all know what she's done here for just 'bein' allowed to live up there in that balcony, so I make a motion that we let her stay here from now on and thet we also pay her a salary of twenty-five dollars a year."

A dozen "seconds" were heard, loudest of which, to everybody's surprise, was that of Silas Cleach. When the question was put a chorus of "Ayes" rose that threatened to lift the roof. Amid the clamor some one suggested that Mary Ann make a speech, and before she fully realized what the commotion was about she was lifted to her feet. She stood a moment or two, blinking, and then she said:

"Well, now, isn't that nice? Now I can patch up them holes in the carpet."

E. R. Heiter '15.

The Slipper Snatcher.

While reading my morning Times at breakfast on the 8th of April, Tuesday, as I remember, I was considerably surprised to see the following interesting news item:—

GIRL'S PUMP TAKEN RIGHT OFF HER FOOT AS SHE CLIMBS SUBWAY STAIRWAYS.

Slipper-Snatcher's Second Visit in Three Days.

After a shopping tour, Miss Eleanor Wakefield, a pretty blonde of twenty, set out, this afternoon, for her home in the Bronx. She rode north to the 159th Street station of the subway and there alighted to transfer to the elevated. It was in the rush-hour and the stairs to the street were crowded. Suddenly, as she neared the top of the stairs, she felt an abrupt pull at her foot and the next moment she found herself minus her right pump.

The crowd behind stopped and saw her poke out one silk-stockinged foot to prove the slipper was gone. From beneath her

skirt the second slipper peeped. It was a patent-leather pump with a plain silver buckle.

With the aid of Officer O'Brien search was made for the lost slipper. It was of no avail. The slipper had been stolen outright. A sympathetic woman said she saw a man stoop down beside Miss Wakefield and then push his way upstairs. In all probability, he was the thief.

Miss Wakefield, accompanied by the gallant O'Brien, hopped, stork-like, to a nearby shoe-store and bought a pair of high, many-buttoned shoes.

She told of a girl friend who had suffered a similar experience, also one of her pumps, in a down-town subway entrance, three days before.

The obliging O'Brien promised to "keep an eye open" for the slipper-snatcher.

This account of an amazingly audacious theft seemed to have a peculiar appeal for me. In fact, so greatly did I wish to know the motive behind the theft, that I decided to see my friend Williams, who was doing detective work of an amateur nature. Knowing that I was fond of anything exciting or mysterious, he often called me in to help him carry out some plan or other that he had conceived while investigating some case. Up to this time, he had been blessed with remarkable success and I hoped that he might satisfy the inordinate desire for further knowledge of the case, that had sprung up within me on reading the newspaper account.

I came to him before he had finished his breakfast and so sat down to another cup of coffee.

"Well, Williams, what do you think of this new mystery?"

"What's that? What are you driving at?"

"Why the morning paper's account of the re-appearance of the slipper-snatcher."

"Slipper-snatcher? What's the idea?"

"Well, read this and find out," and with that I passed him my Times.

As he read the article, I could not but notice the keen, piercing look that had settled on his face from his habit of careful observation of the little things about him. His clear-cut features seemed to me to indicate decision and promptness of action and an air of real intelligence pervaded his entire being. At length, having finished the article, he turned to me and smiled.

"Well," he said, "that looks good! I guess I'll have to look into it. It seems a bit more interesting than that old jewelry theft that Hogan has on his hands. I'll look into this and let you know when you can come in for your share of the excitement. Until then you had better live on hopes of what may turn up. By the way, did you notice how well O'Brien expressed the attitude of the police at large?"

'We'll keep our eyes open.' That's all they ever do and even then, they are usually let astray by something or other and so fail."

When Williams was in his critical mood, I knew I could get no more from him and so left him before long, reminding him of his promise to inform me of any interesting developments.

I spent all the day in my usual, idle way—accomplishing nothing in the morning and no more in the afternoon—and then going to my club in the evening. Here it was that I received word from Williams that I should come at once.

Arriving at his rooms, I asked for an account of his day but could get little out of him. All he said was "I have a pretty good idea that the Hogan jewelry theft will connect with this slipper-snatching case quite closely. You remember the circumstances of that theft, don't you?"

"I heard only a few remarks about it."

"Well, there isn't much to it. Less than a week ago, Hogan says a man came into his store and asked to see his high-priced rubies. He took from his safe a box with quite a number of stones, each wrapped in a paper twist. While showing these, his attention was drawn to something else. His customer left shortly without making any purchase. In the afternoon of the same day, Hogan was showing his rubies to a lady when he noticed a paper twist a little different from the others. Unwrapping it he found that his ruby had been stolen and red glass substituted for it. A close questioning of the clerks revealed nothing. In all probability his morning customer was the thief. As might naturally be expected, altho almost a week has passed, the efforts of the police to locate him have been futile. He is probably so close that they can't see him clearly enuf to recognize him as the man they want."

"That may well be," I said, "but I can't see any connection between the stealing of a ruby from a jeweler and the snatching of a pump from a girl's foot in the subway."

"As a matter of fact, the connection isn't at all clear and, at best, is only a pet theory that I have developed during the day."

"Well, I hope it proves sound," I said. "But what do you want with me?"

"Suppose you rig up as a longshoreman and report for work at the Hamburg-American Line's pier at Hoboken in the morning. This card will get you in. When I come, keep your eyes open. When I give you a signal to run your loaded truck into a certain man and floor him, you do it. Then stand by to lend a hand if I need you. Is that clear?"

"Entirely so," I said. "All right, I'll be there."

Not being able to worm any further information from him, I left for home in order to rest well in preparation for the strenuous work which awaited me, entirely unacquainted with the blissful life of a longshoreman.

I got up earlier than was usual the next morning, and to the great surprise of my janitor, borrowed some of that worthy individual's old clothes to put on at the pier while working. Then I betook myself to Hoboken across the river. Without any trouble, I was set to work to help load the vessel and work it was. More than once, I cursed the friend who had so falsely betrayed me to that awful, back-breaking, palm-blistering labor. However, as the time of sailing drew near, I began to look anxiously for Williams and soon forgot my physical pains.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when I saw him come toward me. As he passed he whispered, "Watch for the signal and then act and act quickly." Thereafter I kept my eyes on him and within a few minutes he made a gesture to me that I should run down a well-built, clean-shaven man with dark, black hair who was coming toward me down the pier, carrying a small grip in his right hand. I loaded a heavy trunk on my truck and when he passed me, pushed after him full tilt. As I went, I gathered force and at top speed I steered the truck for his back. The trunk was heavy, the truck solid and the man only a mortal. So, when I hit him, he fell hard, temporarily unconscious. Williams rushed up, showed his badge to the anxious steamship officials that crowded around, and began a hurried search of the hand-bag. In short order he unearthed a black patent-leather pump with a silver buckle. A cry of triumph escaped his lips. Hastily pulling out a pair of pincers, he ripped off two layers of the heel. To my amazement, in the center of the heel was a hole about three-eighths of an inch deep and in the hole lay a bright-red ruby. The Hogan case had connected with the slipper-snatching mystery. Before long the patrol and the ambulance came and the injured man, now regaining consciousness was taken away. As for me I had had enuf of my work as longshoreman and gladly changed my old clothes for presentable ones and accompanied Williams to his rooms in the city.

As we crossed in the tube, I tried, for a while, to figure out the method of investigation which my friend had employed so successfully. I could not. Finally, turning to him, I said, "Williams, how in the name of heaven did you work it?"

With a smile of satisfaction and amusement he then launched into an account of his previous day's work.

"After you left me Tuesday morning I re-read the article in the Times and concluded that it would not do any harm to call on Miss Wakefield and so I went to the Bronx and soon learned the details of her peculiar experience. She had, it seems, originally purchased her pumps with a girl friend who also bought a pair. Less than a week ago they had taken them back to the shoe-store, which retained a shoe-maker for repair work, in order to have the pumps mended. It was this friend whom she had said had suffered the ex-

perience of having her pump stolen in the subway down town, three days before. As far as any motive for the theft was concerned, she could not conceive of any. I noted the shoe-store, McRobert's, and armed with this information, made further inquiries. Thus far I had concluded that it was not, as the police thought, a maniac with an insane desire for silver shoe-buckles, but a deliberate thief who for some reason was more anxious to get the slipper than its intrinsic value would justify, that had committed the thefts."

"Had you already thought of the idea that the jewel might be in the pump?"

"No, but my next discovery pointed that way. I found that the man who repaired shoes at McRobert's was a former jewel thief who had been up the river two years before serving a term for theft. While there, Schwarz, for that was his name at the time, learned shoe-making and, when he was set free, assumed the name of Feldman, and was employed by McRoberts to do repairing. I immediately concluded that he was the man who was stealing the pumps in the subway and that he must know something which made them of value to him. Since it was not an external feature, it must be something inside, as, for example, in the heel, and no one could know better than the man who repaired them, what it was. I cast about to try to determine the secret of the pumps' value and decided that he must have been up to his old tricks and have stolen the Hogan ruby. Under pressure of suspicion, which he knew would be directed against him, he concealed the jewel in the heel of a pump that he was repairing, thus using his prison-taught trade as a means of aiding his profession.

"But wasn't it foolish to put the jewel in the heel of a slipper that he knew would go out of the shop and would be beyond his recovery?"

"Yes. But here an accident interposed itself. He had planned to conceal the jewel for the day, fearing a personal search by the police. He intended to take it out before leaving in the evening and then make away with it. However, while he was absent from the shop during his dinner hour, Miss Wakefield and her friend, as the clerk told me, came in and seeing the pumps repaired, took them away. Feldman, when he returned and learned of this, realized that his only hope lay in the recovery of the pump with the jewel, but he did not know in whose pump the jewel was. However he succeeded in locating the one girl in a down town subway station and there, as she was going to her business office, he robbed her of the pump on her 'right foot,' for he remembered that it was in this one that he had put the jewel. But he had not the pump with the jewel as he soon learned and so after three days' effort he found the other girl, Miss Wakefield, and, as the newspaper account gives it, took her right pump with the jewel in it. All this I felt quite sure of before the evening of the same day."

"But how did you know he would try to get away to Europe by the Hamburg-American Line this morning?"

"I saw to it that, as he was passing along the street on his way home, a handbill with information of the steamship line was given to him. I knew that he would want to leave the city and would be undecided what to do. For a man in this condition, very little is needed to direct his decision, and I felt sure this would decide his action. I communicated with the Hamburg-American Line officials and learned that he had made arrangements that evening to sail next day. Now, more than ever, I was convinced that my theory was sound. I called you in then to help me get the man and the rest you know. I felt sure he would keep the jewel in the pump as that would be least suspected as a hiding place in case he were searched. Moreover, a man in his position would hesitate about losing sight of the pump and so would carry it with him. It was the logical thing for him to do and I merely followed one clue to its logical end and found another waiting for me."

"Well," I said, as I straightened out a kink in my stiff back, "if you don't make the force some day it will be because the police are blinded by your brilliancy. But what do you think will become of Feldman?"

"Oh, I guess they'll send him up the river long enuf to learn another trade that will be of real, practical value to him in his profession when he gets out again. That's the way they do things here."

H. H. Bagger '15

When Defeat Strengthens Character.

PART ONE.

College Row, with its soothing atmosphere of war, silent friendship, lay cosily near Bexley's campus, almost directly under the streaming rays of the full, laughing moon. Every window along the 'Row' was open, and now and then the festive sounds of the banjo floated out, or a tenor note could be heard far away.

Up in one of the Junior boarding houses a number of students had gathered. The study-lamp was turned low and its green shade threw the corner of the room into mysterious shadows.

"These graveyard nights give me the blues," said one Junior moodily, from the depth of his arm chair.

"And just think, Teddy," added another, blowing a cloud of smoke through the open window into the moonlight, "tomorrow our track meet with Garton will be pulled off and here we are, as dead as doornails."

Pug! puff! puff!—Already the room was thick with smoke.

"Aw, this college is fading," complained another. "We stamp ourselves as loyal sons of Bexley, and here we are, hugging this blame dormitory and feeling like a funeral."

"Well, why don't you start something?"

"Can I blow out the stars? The only fellow that can start anything in Bexley's halls is Jimmie, and he's training."

"Precious little training he's donig," declared Teddy. "He's as wild as a colt. The confounded idiot don't obey the coach. Last night he had a 'spread' over in his room. He downed some few glasses of sizzle water and went to Dreamland all down and out."

"Jimmie has the standard idea of 'Rah, Rah, life,' piped in a lazy little Junior.

"A good time is not going to make a man of him," argued sensible Teddy. "If he can't obey a coach he'll never learn to obey a boss. I'll bet a ham-sandwich he'll wobble in his distance run tomorrow."

"Then cut your ham awhile," returned the little Junior. "Jimmie loves old Bexley too much to let those Garton 'leggers' do what they please with the score."

"Loves Bexley?" said Teddy scornfully. "Why he doesn't realize what school spirit is. He knows that our victory from Garton depends upon his good wind and solid muscles, because Garton about equals us in other events, and still he wastes his sleeping time in dissipation. I'd rather quit than offer a school such rotten love."

"Well, he captured the cup last year."

"Correct!" But ever since he has had too much confidence in his own ability. He thinks his muscles will stand anything he wants them to stand, at any time. He's wrong; that is self-evident. Every good thing must have a good foundation. I'm no pessimist, but I'm afraid that tomorrow spells 'flunk' for Jimmie."

His companions pulled furiously at their pipes and stared savagely down at the carpet. Everything that Teddy had said was true, but no one of those chums wished to believe him. The sudden opening of the corridor door interrupted the dark, brooding silence.

"Hullo, Scotch!" returned the fellows, recognizing the voice his friends through the dense smoke.

"Hullo, Scotch!" returned the fellows, recognizing the voice of Bexley's track captain.

"I thought you were training," said Teddy. "You should be in bed."

"Can't run tomorrow," Scotch answered quickly. "That old spot on my knee is firing up again." Then anxiously: "Is Jimmie here?"

"Guess he's snoring by this time."

"I just dropped from his room. His nest is empty."

"Gehosaphat!" exclaimed Teddy. "It's almost one now. And tomorrow we buck Garton. Where the dickens is he?"

"Ask the moon! I don't know." and Scotch bulked down a lump that rose in his throat as he thought of the humiliation of falling before Garton.

"Victory depends upon him now, sure as guns, since you're all out," continued Teddy. "The wild idiot ought to be strapped down. Come on, we'll dig him out and put him to sleep."

As they started for the door a lively little cheer sounded from some distance down the 'Row.'

"I'll bet that's the rascal now," said Teddy, "doing some serenading on his own hook."

Scotch dived to the window. "Hey, Jimmie!" he shouted. Three figures came dashing up the street, their grotesque shadows struggling after them in the moonlight.

Presently they were clattering up the stairs toward Teddy's room. The door flew open and Jimmie with two chums bounded in with a—"Vex,—Hex,—Bex—ley!"

"Not over their Freshmen foolishness yet," murmured Scotch, disgusted.

"Hello, chummies," sang out Jimmie. "Gad! This smoke is fierce.

"What were you doing?" inquired Captain Scotch in firm tones.

"Well, I wasn't hanging around a smoke-house handing out chunks of gloom all evening," returned Jimmie lightly. "I say, Scotch, you should have been hopping around with us. You know that purity statue over on the campus? well, we dyed it green." Then he noticed the sullenness of his classmates and backed toward the door. "I beg pardon, chummies, if I intruded." His hand fell upon the knob.

"You know you are welcome," said Scotch; "but," he continued sternly, "you are completely ignoring training rules. Tomorrow we meet Garton, the greatest track rival we have, and here you are, drinking, smoking, living on almost no sleep, when we need our best men in their best condition. Can't you see that you are ruining yourself? Can't you understand that you are marring your school's reputation? And why? Simply for the sake of 'getting even' with the faculty because you dislike a few rules."

A rule's a rule, and should be obeyed whether you like it or not." This came from sensible Teddy.

"Come on," said Scotch, taking Jimmie by the arm, "you're going to bed now."

"Guess again!" said Jimmie. "I'm going to take a smoke first," he declared.

"Jimmie Rosney," said Scotch sternly, "you're supposed to be training."

"Let training go sit on a tack," returned Jimmie irritably. "I'm going to enjoy life too." And he began to fill a little pipe he had taken from his pocket.

Scotch's great chest heaved. His jaw squared. With straining nerves he drew the pipe from Jimmie's hand. "For the honor of old Bexley, chummie." His voice trembled a bit.

Jimmie's face grew hot.

There was a brief tense silence.

"Oh,—well,—" he faltered painfully. And Scotch triumphantly hustled him from the room toward his own dormitory

PART TWO.

The noisy buzz of talking suddenly subsided as the announcers took up their positions in front of the rival bleachers, and lifted their monster megaphones to their lips.

"The seventh and last event of the meet," they sang out, "is a two-mile run. This race will decide the contest, as Bexley and Garton have fifty-six points each."

A mighty roar swept the field. From Garton's stand rose a waving mass of crimson pennants; from Bexley's stand a tossing sea of blue ones. Interest was now at high water mark. Every event of the afternoon, from the broad jump to the hammer throw, had been closely contested, and now the deciding event was about to be run.

Suddenly the starter's whistle sounded, and as the runners sauntered to the starting line the hum of the 'rooters' died away. A strained silence seized the field.

This last event was the most interesting of the meet, not only because it would decide the contest, but the 'leggers' themselves, were the chief athletes of the rival teams. Among them were Jimmie, holding the two-mile record, and 'Twigs' Maxwell, captain of the Garton squad. Jimmie's running mates were Dave Speedwell and Sammy Barton, while Maxwell was supported by two of his swiftest men, 'Sky' Tommey and Dan Riley.

"On your mark!" commanded the starter, his pistol above his head. The six boys peeled their sweaters and bent alertly over the starting line.

"Get set!"

Silence.

"Go!" And his pistol exploded with a clear report.

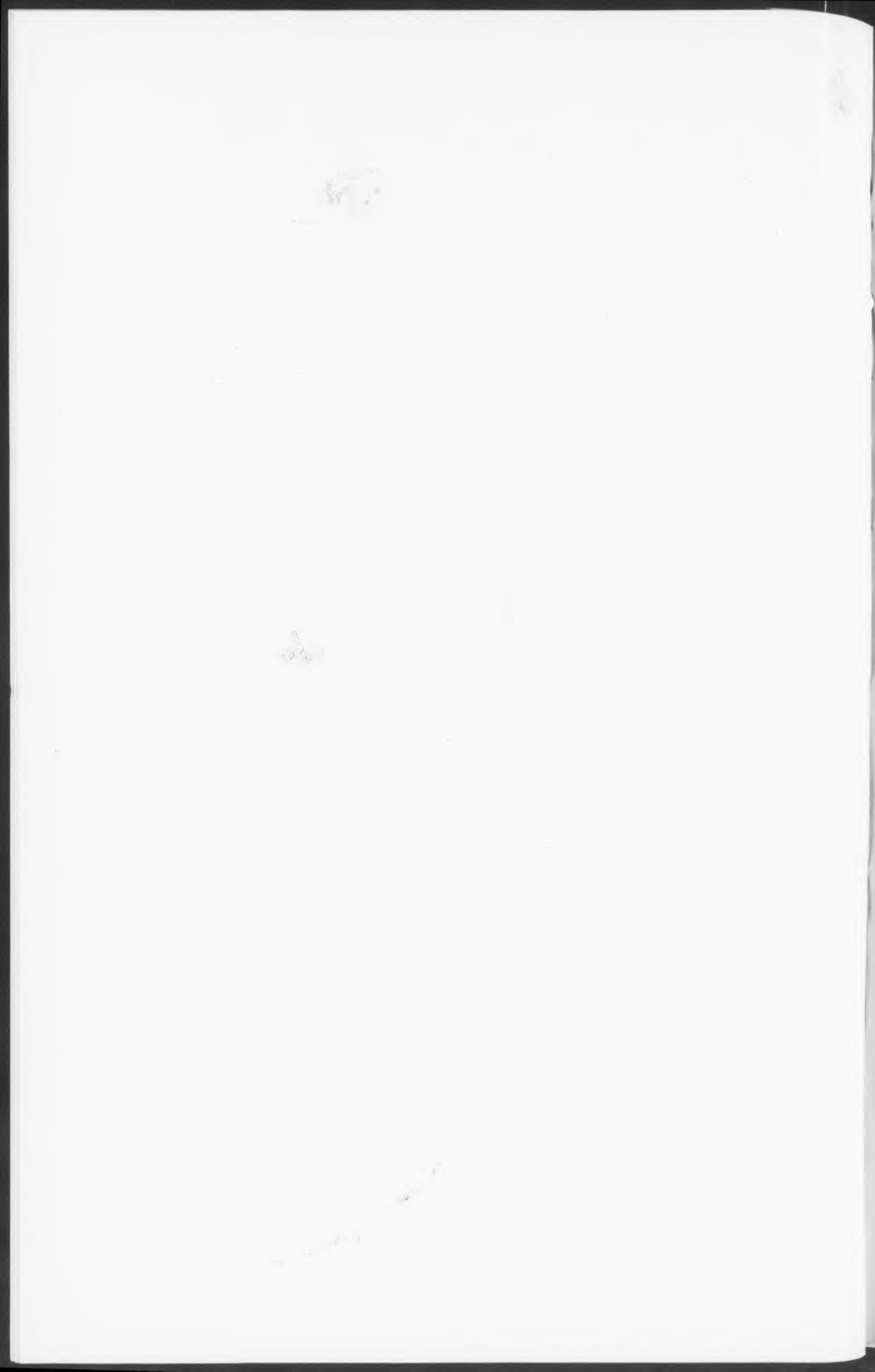
"They're off!" From both the rival bleachers there rose a wave of madly yelling 'rooters,' with colors flying.

The six runners moved evenly down the track, keeping almost abreast for the first few hundred yards. Then a nimble youth in blue shot ahead, and another, clad in crimson, closed in behind him. It was Jimmie, and the one who followed at his heels was 'Twigs' Maxwell, the Garton captain.

They stepped in perfect unison, Jimmie holding his place in good shape. He ran easily, gracefully, while his pursuers struggled desperately to decrease his lead.



THE MUHLENBERG STAFF



"Oh, Jimmie's all right," Bexley's rooters declared confidently. "Rules are all bosh."

But Captain Scotch, as he viewed the race from his position near the judges' stand, only shook his head.

A groan of dismay from Bexley's stand. A cheer of triumph from Garton's throng! 'Twigs' Maxwell, with a spurt, had slipped past Jimmie and he was now leading, with a mile and a half already covered.

With a sickening inward sinking Jimmie felt a numbing sensation that he had never experienced before, attack his whole body. His limbs refused to do his will. He felt as if he was struggling through space with the wild crowd of 'rooters' far, far away.

With a great effort he pulled himself together and, squeezing his pace up another notch, pounded on.

But still 'Twigs' crept away from him. With his brain in a turmoil Jimmie felt another runner come up and pass him. He was failing!

From somewhere, miles away, he heard a groan and a mad yell of triumph, as they rounded into the stretch.

"Bang!"

It was the starter's gun. The last lap had begun.

Desperately Jimmie tried to tear away the blank wall that was looming before his eyes. He must win! He must! Again he tried. All in vain! Dissipation was telling. His limbs were stiff and sore. Tiny fire points began to flash through the mass of darkness in which he was swimming.

Suddenly all was in an uproar around him. What had happened? Had Bexley lost? Desperately he wobbled on. From afar he heard a voice: "Alright chummie!" He gave a feeble, little sprint, then threw up his arms struggling for breath. The next instant he plunged forward and lay in a heap on the track.

"Pop" Scollard, Bexley's head master, was the first to visit Jimmie the next day, after the doctor had departed.

"And how is my boy?" he inquired, meeting Jimmie's hand in a big-fisted clasp.

"Sad, but wiser," returned Jimmie, with a grin. Then seriously: "I'm glad I lost that run."

The professor was silent.

"I know that sounds a bit selfish," said Jimmie, "and as if I lacked school spirit; but that defeat knocked some sense into me." The professor raised his eyebrows a trifle.

"From now on," continued Jimmie, "I'm going to stick to solid advice. And," there was a little gleam in his eyes now, as he drew his figure to its full height, "I'm going to be a man."

C. F. Miller '16.



Athletics

Track

The Penn Relays.

Muhlenberg opened her track season at the 19th Annual Relay Carnival held at the University of Pennsylvania, April 26, 1913, in which her relay team composed almost entirely of new material won fourth place. Earl Loser was the only runner of last year who competed. Vreeland ran the first quarter mile for Muhlenberg and finished in third place. Heuer, in the second quarter, ran an excellent race and finished second. Loser finished the third quarter in the same position. Dietz the last runner, held second place until the hundred yard mark, when he was passed by both St. John's and Gettysburg who won second and third places respectively, the latter just nosing out Muhlenberg. Franklin and Marshall finished first with a lead of about eight yards. It was the fastest quarter mile a relay team from Muhlenberg ever ran. The winning time was 3:33 over against 3:37 2-5 of the preceding year. The weather was ideal and all the events of the day were extremely interesting, especially the exciting dashes and hurdle races.

GETTYSBURG BARELY DEFEATS MUHLENBERG.

The Muhlenberg track team met their old rival collegians from the battlefield town on their own track on May 13, 1913. The Gettysburgians, coming here with the expectation of wiping out the stinging defeat which they received from the Cardinal and Gray in last

year's dual meet, barely realized their expectations in the final score of 65 to 60. Under fair weather conditions, with the track in excellent shape, and a fair crowd present to cheer on the athletes, the Muhlenberg "leggers" broke three records.

Two of the new records were hung up by Rahn who won the two events in which he competed, the broad and high jumps. In the high jump he cleared the bar at five feet and 7 inches, the former record being 5 feet, 3 1-3 inches. He also did three inches better than the former record in the broad jump; leaping 20 feet, 7 inches. Captain Skean created a new mark in the discus throw, bettering his previous mark of 107 feet, 3 inches, by 4 feet, 7 inches, hurling the saucer shaped discus 111 feet, 10 inches. However he did not show his true form in the shot put and hammer throw and these two events were won by visiting athletes, whereas the Muhlenberg supporters had pinned their hopes on Skean or Reisner coming through with both these field events. Reisner was disqualified in the hammer throw, by reason of his inability to keep within the seven foot circle.

It looked like a runaway race for the visitors when they captured firsts in the first five events, but our athletes came back strong in the four succeeding events, Rahn, capturing the high jump, Skean the discus throw, Bucks the two mile run and Rahn the broad jump. There was a good finish in the 220 yard dash and it looked as if Weber was going to win but Kulp breasted the tape several inches ahead of the Muhlenberg runner. Hubbard cleared the bar at 9 feet 9 inches, the winning height, in the pole vault, but his hands took the bar with him. In the vault-off for second place he cleared the bar with ease at that height. Summaries:

100 yard dash—Kulp, Gettysburg, first; Weber, Muhlenberg, second; Schaeffer, Gettysburg, third. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

120 yard hurdles—Mortimer, Gettysburg, first; Miller, Muhlenberg, second; Cook, Muhlenberg, third. Time, 18 seconds.

Shot put—Won by Schaeffer, Gettysburg; Beck, Gettysburg, second; Skean, Muhlenberg, third. Distance 38 feet 8 1-2 inches.

Mile run—Eyler, Gettysburg, first; Dietz, Muhlenberg, second; Witmer, Muhlenberg, third. Time, 4.55.

440 yard dash—Rockel, Gettysburg, first; E. Loser, Muhlenberg, second; Vreeland, Muhlenberg, third. Time, 65 3-5 seconds.

Running high jump—Won by Rahn, Muhlenberg; Niezon, Gettysburg, second; Pee, Gettysburg, third. Height, 5 feet, 7 inches. New Record.

Discus throw—Won by Skean, Muhlenberg; Beck, Gettysburg, second; Schaeffer, Gettysburg, third. Distance, 111 feet, 10 inches. New Record.

2 mile run—Won by Bucks, Muhlenberg; Crouthamel, Muhlenberg, second; Radisisl, Gettysburg, third. Time 10.50.

Broad jump—Won by Rahn, Muhlenberg; Loser, Muhlenberg, second; Pee, Gettysburg, third. Distance, 20 feet, 7 inches. New record.

220 yard dash—Won by Kulp, Gettysburg; Weber, Muhlenberg, second; Heim, Gettysburg, third. Time 24 seconds.

Hammer throw—Won by Nicholas, Gettysburg; Skean, Muhlenberg, second; Reisner and Beck disqualified for stepping out of circle. Distance 115 feet, 2 inches.

220 yard hurdles—Won by Miller, Muhlenberg; Mortimer, Gettysburg, second; Miller, Gettysburg, third. Time 28 seconds.

Pole vault—Miller, Gettysburg, first; Hubbard, Muhlenberg, second; Nixon, Gettysburg, third. Height, 9 feet, 9 inches.

880 yard run—Won by Eyler, Gettysburg; Toebke, Muhlenberg, second; Vreeland, Muhlenberg, third. Time, 2 minutes, 9 3-5 seconds.

INTER-CLASS MEET.

The classes of Muhlenberg college showed great enthusiasm and spirit in their inter-class track meet held May 10, 1913. For several weeks every athlete of the various classes appeared in the track trying his skill and strength in each of the fourteen events. The beautiful cup which was donated by Prof. Reese and which was to become the property of the class winning the highest number of points added still greater life and enthusiasm to the occasion.

The contest was closely fought and during the entire meet the number of points for the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores was very close. The final outcome was not decided between the Seniors and Juniors until the last event which ended with the final score of 37 points for the Seniors; 34 for the Juniors; 32 for the Sophomores, and 23 for the Freshmen. Earl Loser, the star athlete of the Senior class scored 20 points.

MIDDLE STATES INTER-COLLEGIATE TRACK MEET.

The first Middle States Inter-Collegiate track meet held at Lafayette College, Easton, May 17, 1913, was attended by Muhlenberg's entire track team.

This was the first time that most of our men were thrown in real hard competition and met some of the very best athletes in the East, most of whom had wide experience. The showing of our men was creditable, although the number of points scored was small, yet the experience our men acquired cannot be over-estimated.

Weber, our sprinter, who never ran dashes in hard competition, has profited by this meet and has made remarkable strides since the event.

Miller the lively hurdler, who has been up against competition in dual meets, but never in an inter-collegiate meet, qualified in the second heat but lost out in the final by only a few inches.

Skean, the captain, and weight man, was up against a hard proposition and was unable to carry off any points.

Dietz, our reliable one-miler, came up to the standard. Although he finished fourth, yet the mile he traveled was the fastest he ever ran. The winning time of the mile was 4:25.

Rahn, the clever broad and high jumper, carried the crowd when he cleared the bar at a height of 5 feet 7 1-2 inches, winning first place against his sturdy competitor from Swarthmore.

Loser and Vreeland showed up very well in their events but on account of the competition failed to carry any points. Vreeland finished fifth in the half mile.

Hubbard, the pole vaulter, also vaulted beyond his former record and was not able to capture a place.

Bucks, the two miler, who was expected to do a great deal more than he did, fell far below his mark. He did not even run the race at his own record speed. Instead of finishing third as he should have done, had he used his head, he finished fifth, giving the fourth man a hustle after sprinting about three quarters of a lap to overtake him.

The meet was a hummer and undecided until the end. The broad jump enabled Lafayette to come off victorious instead of Swarthmore. Had the Swarthmore athletes won first and third places in the broad jump the meet would have been theirs.

MUHLENBERG LOSES TO LAFAYETTE.

Muhlenberg lost her first dual meet with Lafayette by a score of 65 1-2 to 46 1-2. Considering the strength of the visitors, Muhlenberg made a good showing, winning the shot-put, mile run, broad jump and 880 yard run, besides scoring a tie in the running high jump.

In this event Muhlenberg was unfortunate as Rahn was suffering from a badly sprained ankle, sustained early in the meet. Weber, the lively little sprinter, ran his best race of the season in the 220, finishing in 24 flat. Although the race was given to the Lafayette sprinter, yet Weber deserves the credit of winning. The crowd of spectators both pro and con, were startled when the judges announced "Weber second," and the sympathies all went out to the gritty little runner. Bucks again fell down in his race with the speedy Lafayette two-miler. While Muhlenberg was defeated its athletes broke two records when Skean did 41 feet, 10 inches in the shot-put, and when Vreeland took the 880 yard run in 2:06 1-4.

Easton High School won the inter-city championship mile relay race arranged for the high schools of this section, in connection with the meet. Allentown High finished a close second.

100 yard dash—Lerch, Lafayette, first; Bryce, Lafayette, second. Time, 1.07 seconds.

120-yard hurdles—Maxwell, Lafayette, first; Milier, Muhlenberg, second. Time 17.3 seconds.

Shot-put—Skean, Muhlenberg, first; Beatty, Lafayette, second. Distance 41 feet 10 inches.

One-mile run—Dietz, Muhlenberg, first; Bannerman, Lafayette, second. Time 4:48.

440-yard dash—Landis, Lafayette, first; Meyer, Lafayette, second. Time 53.4 seconds.

Running high jump—Rahn, of Muhlenberg, and McCutcheon, of Lafayette, tied at 5 feet, 5 inches.

Discus throw—Woodward, Lafayette, first; Skean, Muhlenberg, second. Distance, 102 feet, 7 inches.

Two-mile run—Caldwell, Lafayette, first; Bucks, Muhlenberg, second. Time 10:38.

Broad jump—Rahn, Muhlenberg, first; Loser, Muhlenberg, second. Distance, 19 feet 10½ inches.

220-yard dash—Landis, Lafayette, first; Weber, Muhlenberg, second. Time, 24 seconds.

Hammer throw—Woodward, Lafayette, first; Skean, Muhlenberg, second. Distance, 136 feet, 1 inch.

220-yard hurdles—Maxwell, Lafayette, first; Miller, Muhlenberg, second. Time 27 2-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Snyder, Lafayette, first; Hubbard, Muhlenberg, second. Height, 9 feet 9 inches.

880-yard run—Vreeland, Muhlenberg, first; Meyer, Lafayette, second. Time 2.05 4-5.

The Forty-Sixth Annual Commencement.

Sunday, June 8th.

10 A. M. Baccalaureate Services, St. John's Lutheran Church, South Fifth St., Allentown. Sermon by Rev. Dr. J. A. W. Haas.
Monday, June 9th.

8 P. M. Reception to the Senior Class by the President, Dr. Haas.

Tuesday, June 10th.

10 A. M. Junior Oratorical Contest, Lyric Theatre.

2 P. M. Class Day Exercises, College Grove.

8 P. M. College Play, "The House Next Door," in the Lyric Theatre, by the College Dramatic Association.

Wednesday, June 11th.

9 A. M. Reunion of Literary Societies.

11 A. M. Alumni Reunion in the Chapel.

12 M. Alumni Dinner. Address by Dr. N. Wiley Thomas, of Philadelphia.

1.30 P. M. Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

3 P. M. Athletic events.

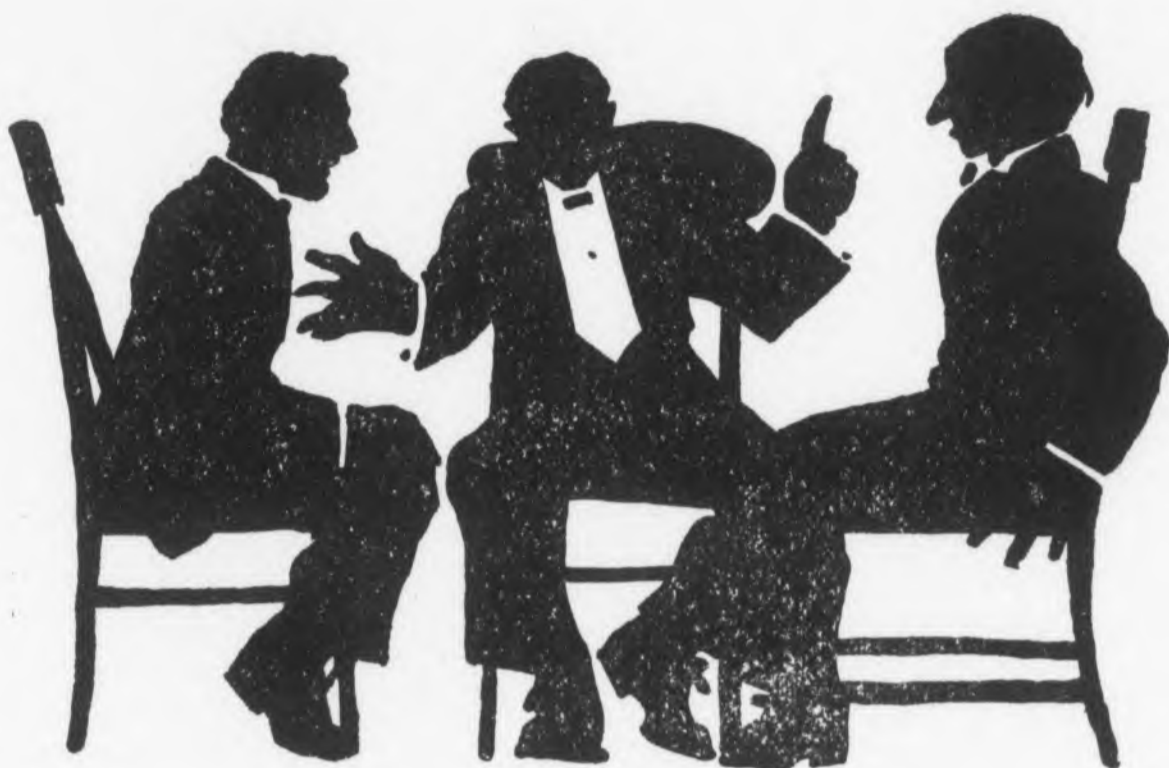
8 P. M. Promenade Concert, College Campus. Music by the Allentown Band.

Thursday, June 12th.

10 A. M. Commencement Exercises at Lyric Theatre. Address by the Hon. Augustus L. Downing, First Asst. Comm. of Education of N. Y. State. Conferring of degrees. Awarding of prizes.

6 P. M. Annual Delta Theta Fraternity Tally-ho Party and Dance.

7 P. M. Annual Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity Tally-ho Party and Dance.



Alumni Notes.

'87. Reuben J. Butz, for many years a leading member of the Lehigh County Bar and Director and Trust Officer of the Lehigh Valley Trust Company, was elected President of the Allentown National Bank, to succeed Lloyd M. Tillman, who resigned some weeks ago. During the interim, the Presidency was temporarily but ably filled by Dr. C. D. Schaeffer, the Vice President of the institution.

Mr. Butz stated that, while he will continue to engage in the practice of law, his first duty would be to the interests of the bank, and that whatever surplus time he will have to spare, will be devoted to his legal business.

The proposed election of Mr. Butz to the Presidency of the bank was a surprise to a great many people, but the announcement of his acceptance of the position was received with the most favorable comment and approbation. The new President assumed his duties at once and will immediately sever his connection as Trust Officer and Director of the Lehigh Valley Trust Company, which he has efficiently served in one capacity or the other for nearly fifteen years.

Mr. Butz is the seventh President of the bank in its 58 years' history, those preceding him being Esaias Rehrig, William Saeger, Charles W. Cooper, Robert E. Wright, C. M. W. Keck and Lloyd Mr. Tillman. The bank has a capital of \$1,000,000, with a surplus of \$450,000 and undivided profits of over \$110,000. It was organized in 1855, being the oldest existing financial institution in the city.

The election of Mr. Butz as President of the bank followed the declination of Edwin Keller, whose name had been mentioned in connection with the position, but who refused to accept the tender. It was, in fact, Mr. Keller who placed Mr. Butz in nomination, first as a director, and then as President. His unanimous election to both positions followed:

Mr. Keller and D. G. Dery were appointed a committee to notify Mr. Butz of his election and they escorted the new President into the meeting of the Board, Vice President Schaeffer making a highly laudatory introductory address. Mr. Butz accepted the honor in an eloquent speech, setting forth in his remarks his policies with reference to the management of the affairs of the institution, which will, as said before, include his undivided attention to his new duties.

Prior to the election of Mr. Butz the Board of Directors declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent., an increase from 3 1-2 per cent. The new rate of dividend, 8 per cent. per annum, represents the division of \$80,000 among the stockholders every year.

Reuben J. Butz was born at Butz Dale, Lehigh County, January 13, 1867, and is, therefore, in the forty-seventh year of his age. His father is Reuben D. Butz, of No. 1016 Hamilton street, a highly respected citizen of Allentown. The new bank President received his preparatory training in the public schools, graduating from the Allentown High School in 1883. He then entered Muhlenberg College, graduating in 1887 with first honors. He then read law in the office of Robert E. Wright, being admitted to the Bar on June 20, 1889. Subsequently he associated himself with his uncle, Samuel A. Butz, in the practice of law, and has been eminently successful, his present list of clients including the Lehigh Valley Transit Company, of which he is general counsel; the Lehigh Valley Light and Power Company, which includes practically all the electric lighting companies between Northampton Heights and Slatington; the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the Empire Steel and Iron Company, the Thomas Iron Company, the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, the Lehigh Valley Shoe Company and many other corporations.

Mr. Butz has had an extensive training in financial matters, having been Trust Officer of the Lehigh Valley Trust Company since March 29, 1900, and a director of the same bank for the past ten years.

He has also given much attention to educational matters, having been for some years a member of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College, of which body he is now President. He is also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Allentown College for Women and was formerly its President.

Mr. Butz is fitted by training and experience for his new position and under his direction the bank is destined to maintain its high place among the financial institutions of the Lehigh Valley.

'93. The new church edifice of St. John's Lutheran congregation at Melrose was recently dedicated. Rev. Charles J. Gable is the pastor. The buildings occupy a site at the corner of Old York Road and Melrose Avenue, in Melrose Park, and include the main place of worship, a church building with a seating capacity of 600, of English design, and built of stone, and the Sunday School Building, a handsome low building, of stone in English design. With the formal occupancy of the new church structure, the congregation will give up the church building in Ogontz, which has been used since the congregation was organized some years ago, the change to Melrose Park section being deemed expedient in view of the development of Melrose, and its location adjacent to Oak Lane, Elkins Park and Ogontz.

'98. Rev. Bernard Repass, of Kimberton, has resigned the pastorate of the Lutheran Church, Upper Pikeland, Chester County, to take effect June 1. Rev. Repass has accepted a call to Charleston, S. C., where he will have charge of a new parish, just being organized, and also attend to work connected with other Lutheran parishes in that city. Rev. Repass has been the pastor at Upper Pikeland the past two years. He is a son of Mrs. and the late Rev. S. A. Repass, who for many years was the pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, this city. He was graduated from Muhlenberg College with the class of 1898. With Mrs. Repass, who was formerly Miss Lena G. Roth, daughter of Mrs. Wm. Roth, of this city, Rev. Repass will leave for Charleston immediately after the time his resignation goes into effect, June 1.

'99. Congressman John Leshner, of the Sixteenth District, has selected Attorney Edward Raker for postmaster at Shamokin from a score of aspirants for the position.

'02. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Lehigh Valley Trust Company, District Attorney Lawrence H. Rupp was elected Trust Officer to succeed Reuben J. Butz, who was elected President of the Allentown National Bank. Mr. Rupp assumed his duties at once having resigned as President of the Penn Counties Trust Company.

'06. Dr. John S. Schneller, of Catasauqua, was recently united in marriage to Miss Kathryn Johnson, of Freeland. They will reside at 432 North Second Street, Catasauqua. The bridegroom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Schneller, of Catasauqua and he is one of the Iron Borough's leading young physicians. He was a member of the Class of 1906, Muhlenberg College and four years later he was graduated from the medical department of the Uni-

versity of Pennsylvania. For a year he was the resident physician at the Allentown hospital, when he opened an office in Catasauqua. The bride is one of Freeland's most popular young women and she has been prominent in social circles in that borough for quite a number of years. She is a graduate of the Training School for Nurses at the Allentown Hospital, having been a student at that institution while Dr. Schneller was stationed there.

'06. Rev. Leidy B. Sterner was installed pastor of the Weissport Lutheran parish. The service took place in St. Matthew's Church, North Weissport. Rev. D. H. Reiter, of Quakertown, the former pastor, delivered the charge to the pastor and conducted the altar service, while Rev. John H. Kuder, President of the Wilkes-Barre Conference, delivered the sermon to the pastor and performed the act of installation. Mr. Sterner is a graduate of Muhlenberg College and the Mt. Airy Seminary and was until recently pastor of the Audenried-Beaver Meadow parish. His new charge consists of three congregations.

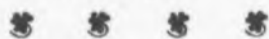
'09. Rev. John S. Albert assumed charge of the Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity in Minneapolis on May 4. He was ordained by the Synod of the Northwest on May 21. He is a graduate of this year of the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary. His address will be :2820 Twenty-eighth Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.

The following were ordained at the recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Ministerium:

'09. Peter N. Wohlsen.

'10. Nathan B. Yerger, George H. Shiery, Karl L. Reisner, Curtis E. Miller, Paul P. Huyett and Elbert E. Landis. Another of those who were ordained is Mr. Walter C. Sandt, who was formerly a student at Muhlenberg; later he attended Haverford College, from which he was graduated with honors.

Miss Alma L. Fritch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Fritch, of Macungie, and Charles M. Appel, the only son of Mrs. R. Tillie Appel, of Allentown, were united in marriage. The bride is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women with the class of 1912, taking a course in music. She is prominently identified with the Glee Club and theatrical affairs. The bridegroom was graduated from the Allentown High School with the class of 1900, attended Muhlenberg and State Colleges, and is now connected with the Penn Counties Trust Company.



Fresh: "What is the matter?"

Soph: "Nothing's the matter with me."

Fresh: "Well, why did you give me that nasty look?"

Soph: "I didn't give it to you; you always had it."

The Muhlenberg

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Assistant Editor-in-Chief	-			Elwood Unangst, '14
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The Manager requests each subscriber to remit their arrearages in order to avoid inconveniences to him in meeting his obligations. The paper will be continued until otherwise notified.

Editorial.

VALE.

When the time comes to write a farewell editorial each succeeding staff seems to have been affected by different emotions. In addition to the trite pleas for mercy, and sincere (?) wishes for success to the scribblers of the following year, some have assumed the gay cheerful demeanor of a convict getting out of jail; others have claimed to feel a heavy depression akin to that of the student with Jewish proclivities who misses three days of a week at the Commons and has to shell out \$3.50 without value received. Another type will protest that they wish the printer could reproduce the tearful splotches which decorate their copy. We scarcely know how to feel; sometimes it has been extremely difficult to collect the proper amount of material and have the paper appear at just the right time; other times we have had too much material and have doubtless offended some Dickens or Thackeray in embryo. Sometimes it has been hard work; others, none at all. So, although we hand over the keys of the little room on the third floor of the Administration Building to our successors with more or less alacrity, we cannot forbear giving the old journal, which has been our care for a few months, an affectionate pat, with the firm conviction that it has been considerably more fun than trouble.

Apropos of the campaign the Lutheran Church is waging for the support of Muhlenberg College, it might be well to point out some of the gifts which the "undergrads" themselves have donated to their alma mater. These things may appear to some to be small accomplishments but the sacrifices made by the students and the spirit engendered by these little acts give us a different viewpoint. Suppose we limit these gifts to those which the Senior Class alone have presented. We feel we can do this without bringing on a small riot in the student body or filling the empty plots in nearby Greenwood with victims of jealousy. In the first place, as Freshmen, the Class of 1913 presented Prof. Fritsch with a series of maps. This led other classes to do likewise. Again, we placed a bowl in the trophy room upon which the scores of succeeding bowl-fights were to be recorded, which to date has not been carried out. Thirdly, the first banner was placed in the Commons by the same class. Fourthly, a picture of Martin Luther, insignificant in itself, was given to Dr. Wackernagel which brought joy to that dear old gentleman's heart. In the Junior year we donated several volumes to the library. A few of these contributions, however, were the result of an impelling motive, Dr. Haas having missed a few of the reference books used in the course in Psychology. As Seniors we accomplished most. A Muhlenberg exhibit was placed in the Capitol building at Harrisburg at no small expense, and a flag pole was erected on the campus at a total cost of about \$375.00. We do not intend to stop at this point, and each man has pledged himself to give to the college the sum of five dollars annually for an indefinite length of time. This money is to form the basis of the proposed Alumni Endowment Fund. After all this self aggrandizement it would be unfair to omit the fact that the other classes are doing and have accomplished big things for Muhlenberg. We leave our sincere wishes for the continuance of the good work to our successors.



TO A SONG SPARROW.

Hail, Song Sparrow, speckled breasted sprite,
 Light near me, sing away my night.
 I know thy bloated ruffled throat
 Is gorged with many a love born note.
 Thy heart is gay in rain or shine:—
 If thou wilt sing, you'll lighten mine.

I thank thee, creature of the air,
 For now my breast, full free from care,
 Has learned to sing and learned to love,
 Because thy song came from above.

F. C. W. '11.

Campus Clippings.

As the Stars and Stripes wave o'er us from the gigantic flag pole, which is a present from the Senior Class, we feel as though the school year is after all too short. School life, even though it may be somewhat monotonous at times, is still the happiest period of our lives. Time alone can tell whether our paths will be rough and rugged, or strewn with roses after these merry college days have passed.

* * * *

Aluminum agents are wondering how much they will make. General agents fear their agents won't work, and the company figures on how much for the company and how little for agents.

* * * *

The straight and narrow path between Greenwood Cemetery and Phoebe Deaconess Home will be paved at last. This will bring Muhlenberg Manor and Cedar Bluffs into the limelight as Allentown's most prominent suburbs.

* * * *

The Lehigh Valley Transit Company is taking the hills from their tracks on Chew Street to increase the speed of the Slatington Limited.

* * * *

Some Ciarla, boys. Don't criticise. Don't knock. Don't kick. Its the best effort of your fellow classmates.

* * * *

The Honored President of Student Council received an official document from Kutztown signed "Trixie."

* * * *

Ruination: Magnetic influences and disturbances discovered by Dr. Bauman in Soph. surveying class.

* * * *

Muhlenberg men are prominent in the leading choirs of the city. St. Michael's is the most fortunate in this direction, having Noble, Heuer and Roderick as soloists.

* * * *

"I told father I could love you more than any girl I've ever met."

"And what did father say?"

"He said to try and meet some more girls."

—Cornell Widow.

We welcome heartily the business men of town to our grounds for their twilight ball games.

§ § § §

Did Hap Nenow's Phillipsburg relay team shine? Yes, they did, but only in the Commons.

§ § § §

Henry J Fry, walking thru town was overheard by one of his fair friends to say: We took a walk tonight, and she never would let me go. Tough luck, one of them is wise now.

§ § § §

Only a few more days and our paths will run far apart. O cruel fate! Joe and Christian must speak their last farewell.

§ § § §

"I would rather imitate and try to be funny than be right in the head." Quite right, Brubaker.

§ § § §

Newly elected Student Body officers for 1913-14 are as follows: President, Elmer L. Leisey; Vice President, Arthur P. Grammes; Secretary, William J. Heilman; Treasurer, Arthur S. Deibert; Cheer Leader, Henry J. Fry; Assistant Cheer Leader, Rube Miller.

The new Student Council consists of the following men: President, Arthur P. Grammes, '14; Vice President, Martin D. Fetherolf, '14; Secretary, William Woerner, '15; Elmer H. Bausch, '14; Charles Seidel, '14; Elmer L. Leisey, '14; Ellwood J. Unangst, '14; Edward H. Stolzenbach, '15; Melvin J. Fried, '15.

§ § § §

Who wins the marathon to Cetronia?

Levi Yiengst, because he knows the road well enough to travel it late at night. Dietz may give him a run for his money.

§ § § §

IMPOSSIBLE STORY BEGINNINGS

Everybody has paid their fence subscriptions.

"Hap" Nenow has not said a word all day.

"I'll give you ten dollars for that suit," said Louey.

"I regret to state that I am unprepared today," said the grind.

"Muhlenberg's baseball team is in fine trim this season," said the Coach.

"That's alright, I won't argue that point," said Bixler.

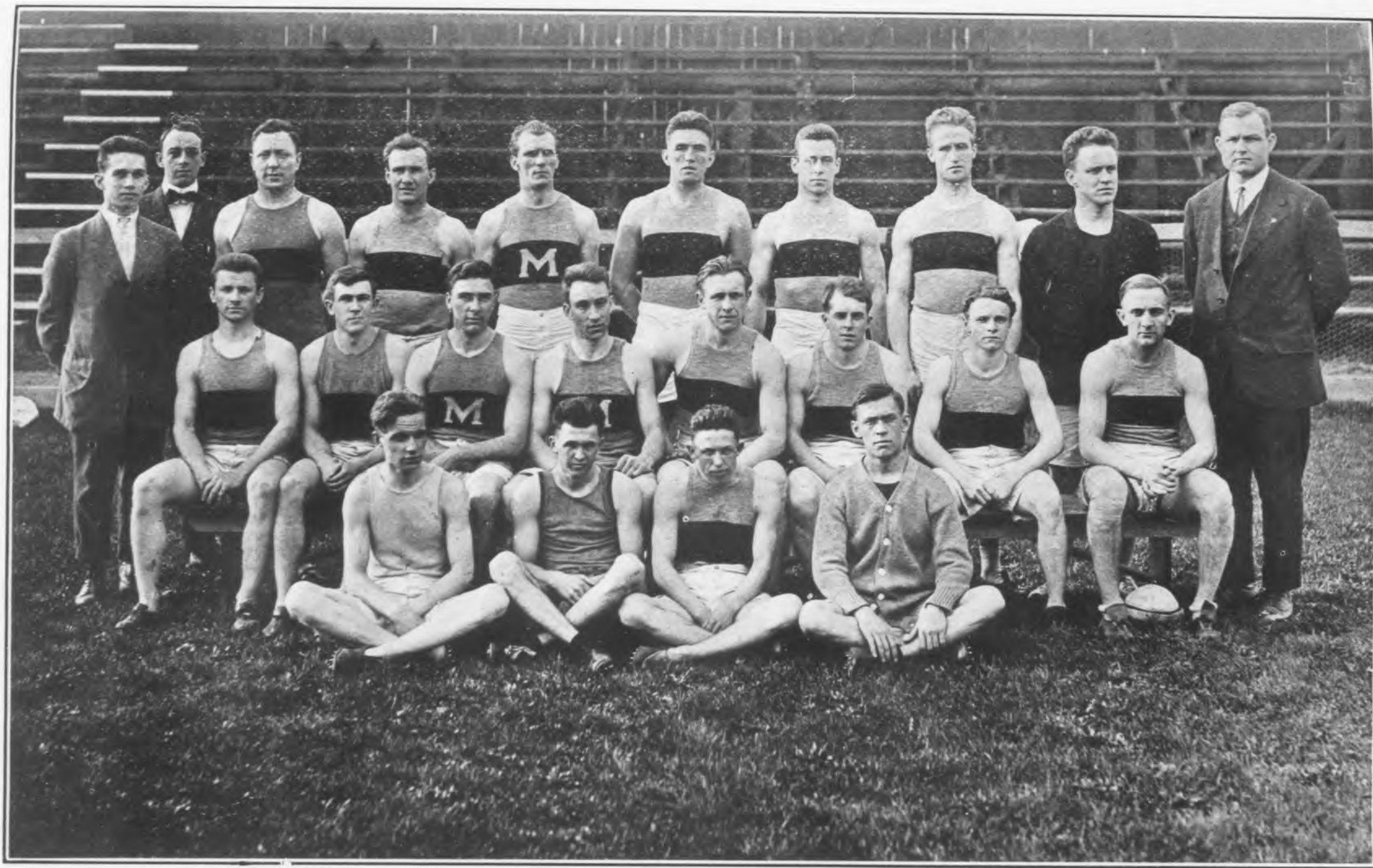
"That is a perfectly satisfactory excuse," said Prof. Horn.

"Muhlenberg beat us fairly," said the F. & M. Coach.

§ § § §

Here's to love and unity,
Dark Corners and opportunity!

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



THE TRACK SQUAD

High justice in the form of the medieval water ordeal is dealt out to trespassers on Muhlenberg campus late at night.

§ § § §

If you have a friend, bring him to Muhlenberg. Tell him of the football team we are going to have. Show him the place and our last year's record and the rest is easy.

§ § § §

We congratulate Dr. Haas on his election to the Presidency of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. That his work in that body may be crowned with the same measure of success that has blessed his labors among us is our sincere wish.

§ § § §

(Prof. Fritch, expatiating in German): "Mr. Brennan, that is in nominative case."

Brennan: "Yes, sir."

Hubbard: "Yes, sir. Don't you ever say "No, sir."

§ § § §

Hotel Allen was the scene of the swellest banquet ever held by a Freshman class on the 6th of May. "The eats" were served in the Allen's finest style and toasts were responded to by the following men: Toastmaster, Harry W. Hepner; "Wise and Otherwise," Homer B. Parker; "Trivialities," John A. Kuder; "Class Athletics," Geo. Brubaker; "The Profs.," John W. Noble; "We Freshmen," Paul Lindenstruth; "Bricks and Diamonds," Prof. S. G. Simpson, M. A.; "The Glee Club Freshmen," Claude F. Miller. The affair ended by singing the Alma Mater with an accompaniment by "Billy" Rapp and "Red" Miller.

§ § § §

Geo. Bixler told the men how and why to put up the flag pole in true Easton style, but "Hap" Nenow knows a guy in Phillipsburg that can go one better.

§ § § §

Disgusted Boarder: If California's action against the Japanese precipitates an international conflict Muhlenberg will have the honor of recording the first death.

§ § § §

"Children, children, what in the world is the matter?"

"We is playin' comic supplement, and Joey won't stand up so 'at I kin hit him on the head with the cuspidor."

§ § § §

One of the social events of the season was the second annual dance of the local chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity on May 22nd, at the Hotel Allen.

We bid our last farewell to the Class of 1913. They leave their title of Seniority with but few blemishes on their school career. In their earnest efforts to further the cause of Muhlenberg, may they be as successful in the future as they have been in the past.

§ § § §

Prof. Simpson (mildly reproving the Freshmen work not handed in): "My! My! My! What will you fellows do when you get to be Seniors if you can't get your work in now?"

Schlechter: Graduate.

§ § § §

Now that track is over, Duck on Davy is taking a prominent place in the college curriculum. The expert duck shots are Matty Richards, Warren Phillips and "Bomb" Sermulin.

§ § § §

After a fitting speech on loyalty, Pop Reese awarded college emblems, class numerals and the acknowledged return of a cup that was presented to Barclay, a former coach of the Muhlenberg football team at the first football banquet ever held at Muhlenberg.

§ § § §

Ko Scotta has an original recipe for making ice cream without using cream. Mrs. Rorer, Mrs. A. B. Scott and the North American please notice.

§ § § §

The Editor bids you all a fond farewell. If he has criticised he wished to be constructive, if he has satirized it was with a friendly feeling, laugh if the joke is on you and get him with a better one.

§ § § §

The editor extends his condolences to Ernest Weber for winning the prettiest race ever seen on the Muhlenberg track in the 220 yd. dash, and pays his compliments to the judges for their decision.

§ § § §

AS RADIANT SPRINGTIME.

As radiant springtime day by day
Unfolds her ever fuller grace,
I note the shade weave o'er my way
Her arching folds of verdant lace.
The fruit trees lose their blossoms fair,
That drowse the nostrils' sentinel,
And churn their sweetness, past compare,
To limpid drops ambrosial.

F. C. W. '11.



Due to the fact that the publication of the "Muhlenberg" has been considerably delayed by unforeseen occurrences, the reviews in this issue will cover the April and May issues of most of our exchanges.

"A New Orleans Murder" in "The Lincolnian" displays too plainly throughout the story that it is only a dream. If you had not expected to make the story the sketch of a dream but had written it as if the affair was real and the dream-conclusion only an after thought, your work would have been more realistic and the secret would have been hidden to the conclusion. The story "Tables Turned" is well written and arranged. Altho the fact that you tell us early in the story that the boys are to impersonate and make the attack has a tendency to kill the interest, you however keep the attention of the reader well. The article "Public Schools for the Public" does not follow one line of thought but ramifies so much that part of the time the reader is undecided whether the article is pro or con vocational schools. However, the closing paragraph leaves me under the impression that it is in favor of it. Your use of statistics is faulty because anybody can bring forth statistics to prove his side as they work going and coming. Your charge that the public schools have done almost nothing in the training of our citizens is a flight of misguided judgment. I would

respectfully ask, where did our citizens, of whom we have at least a few good ones, get their training; picking needles out of a haystack to prevent the hay becoming rust infected.

The soliloquy "An Old House" in the "**Pegasus**" is fine. One finds just such abandoned homes in the nooks of forests in all our rural districts and to build up the life of its inhabitants, as the writer does, is a good drill for the imagination. Your portrayal is one of the finest I have read in quite some time. Just as "An Old House" is strong, the story "A Haunted House Party" is weak. You start out well and just as the interest becomes most intense you explain that the mysterious footsteps are those of three drunkards who had wandered in. Then you take two of them out and leave the other one sitting in a dark corner looking for money. Again we become interested, only to have the boys come in, raise him to a standing position and walk out of the room with him. You were most successful in destroying the interest in your story by your weak explanations.

"Religious Element in Education" in "**The Morning Star**," while we agree with you in the essentials, we are of the opinion that you treat it on too narrow a basis. There are other cults and sects than the one you represent, which bring religion into education but your article gives the impression that only schools of your faith combine the two. I think that is an unfair and unjust presentation and to write an article on this subject, so that it will carry weight, you must not narrow it to sectarianism. The sketch on "Flirtation" is good and we heartily agree with your comments. The description of its signs and effects pictures conditions which are only too true, due to the asinine traits of some of the human species.

In this militant age when the women of one nation demand that malefactors be punished for dynamiting, interfering with mail, etc., and those criminals be deprived of their ballot while the women of a sister nation are using the bomb, hatchet and acid to show men that they are fitted to use the ballot; it gives us great pleasure to read an article putting forth the true qualities of womanhood as does the author of "The Ideal Woman" in "**The Lenorian**." If more women realized that they can give a better service to the nation by giving it homes worth protecting than by smashing windows, starting riots, etc., woman suffrage would be nearer attainment in some nations than it is now. Woman, no more than man, has fulfilled her purpose when she has cast her ballot on election day for a candidate who is known only by hearsay. We recommend this article to the perusal of either a hair-brained militant's or a woman's study and thought. Another writer turns his attention to the portrayal of "The Elements of a True Man," but is not as successful in

his treatise as is the writer mentioned above. You do not have your article arranged systematically and a brief reference to the legend of Opher would have been better than a recital of the tale.

After reading the portrayal of an ideal woman and a true man, the story of the rum-ruined man wrecked by a false woman as portrayed in "The Derelict" in the "Delaware College Review" makes us realize that we are still far from the ideal. The moraizing in the story is too trite to be of any value. The author of "The Haunted Club House" fell into the same error that many writers of the supernatural fall into. First they tell us about many natural factors which might combine to produce an uncanny effect and then tell us about the effect. Why not begin your story with your arrival at the station at Benton and tell us afterwards about the buoy breaking loose? It would make the tale more fascinating. As it is, the reader knows all the time that the noise is only caused by the buoy under the club house.

"International interest" is a very misleading title to the story in the "Sorosis." We began to read, expecting a tiresome treatise on peace, commerce or some other equally dried out subject, but instead we found a very interesting story, involving a love plot of which the hero was only an outside factor. It was very amusing to see the hero being displaced by the Frenchman, after he had run the risk of capture in his effort to save the Turkish maid from becoming one of the main characters in that grand old rag-time melody which has so strong a grasp on the present day American populace, viz., "In My Harem." His final recovery of "The Only One" compensates for his disappointment in being deserted by the lass of the nationality which derived its name from bath towels, in derision, no doubt, on account of their infrequent use.

One of the exchanges which has just come to our table complains that its exchange list is not as numerous as formerly. That fact does not cause us any surprise because that exchange is the most careless, in answering, of all that we have. We consider ourselves very fortunate if we receive a return copy once in two months and their name was taken off the list several times, on the supposition that the paper had gone out of existence, when one of their delayed copies came wandering in. If some of our exchange editors would devote a little more time and energy to sending out their copies and less complaining because other schools, tired of their careless method of conducting their departments, refuse to recognize them on their exchange list they would be a credit to their institutions instead of querulous complaining fops who try to hide their own inefficiency by blaming the other man. Why not devote a little of your time to reviewing stories, essays, etc., which appear in your exchanges, give your honest opinion of them in-

stead of making a few clippings of what the other fellow says about you and let it go at that? If your department shows the results of your work you will have no trouble in getting your exchanges because you will then take pride in your journal and send your return copies out on time.

In this day, when it is customary to use destructive criticism on every existing social institution, when we take the supports away and leave mankind hanging, as it were, in midair with nothing to stand on, it is a pleasure to read a criticism of our conditions which offers a remedy. The writers whose pen produced "Modern Society" in the "College Student" portrays the evils of society with its vice, crime and hypocrisy, giving us a very gloomy picture in his introduction, and then shows us how we can alleviate all of these by a greater love of brother which will not send him to the prison and reformatories, only to emerge besmirched and outcast but will lift him from the vice into which he has fallen. To our mind it would be still better if, instead of devoting all of our energies to helping him when he is down and disregarding him entirely until he is down, we would devote some of our energy to removing the conditions which made it possible for him to fall.

The excitement attending the arrival of any public performance in a small rural district forms the background of the story "Hypnotism in Slocumville" in "The Buff and Blue." While the picture, especially the hypnotism of Caleb Perkins, is somewhat overdrawn, it is partly redeemed again by Caleb being brought back to his natural self just before he marries the Irish washerwoman. The story is humorous in its description of the miserly Caleb, in the account of the love troubles of Billy and Debby, and in the account of the hypnotist's stage chatter and appearance. "One Way to Prepare the Deaf for Practical Life" is a little too broad for its subject. Of course, the preparation of a deaf person corresponds much with that needed for a normal person and in that way we can pardon the broad scope you treat under a narrow heading. We heartily agree with you that a college-bred cobbler who goes back to his last and is a success there, is of more good to humanity than the half hearted professional man who feels that he is out of his place, generally due to the misguided ambitions of a parent who thinks he or she is omniscient.

A good picture of pioneer days in Dakota is given in the "Crescent" by the author of the story "Honyocking." There is an undercurrent of humor which is not of the general forced type which takes stereotyped jokes and puts them in the mouths of the characters but depends on the choice and arrangement of words in his descriptions, while his side remarks form good ornamentation for his descriptions. You show good abilities in your writing and we hope to be able to read more of your tales. "The Value of Man-

ual Training" altho it has good arguments stated in favor of it, is written in a heavy and uninteresting style. We would advise you to cultivate a livelier style, somewhat on the style of the author of "Honyocking" and your productions would be of a much higher standard. It is a misconception to think that to be convincing, an article must be written in a heavy, musty style. You carry much more weight if you slip a bright remark in occasionally and your readers will read much more closely so as not to miss the things interesting, if you write in that manner. Even a funeral oration can be made interesting by a play on words or a slight humorous reference to some local or national affair, so cheer up, you can still acquire an easier style if you will devote some time to its cultivation.

We respectfully call the attention of the above criticized author to the article "Humor as a Reformer" in the April number of the "Midland," especially to the first half of the article where he discusses what humor is. The latter half of your article while it adheres to your text does not amount to much and is too much condensed to bring out your ideas. It would have been much better if you had devoted much more space to your proof of the fact that humor is a reformer and a little bit more humor there might have acted as a reformer and kept the conclusion up to the pace set by your introduction. You no doubt tried to be humorous there and as generally happens at such times, you failed. The editorial on "Why are you going to college" contains much thought that has had no preparation, somewhat on the order of oatmeal before it has been cooked, it is there and is edible but is improved a thousand fold in taste and value by preparation. Better use a steam-boiler (double), overnight on your next editorial. Your remark "and others we hope they are not many, not for economic gain alone but for their own advancement as well as the advancement of others" seems to be out of harmony with your neat paragraph. If a man is to accomplish his full purpose in life he certainly must be willing to advance himself so why do you say you hope there are not many of the type?

A retrospect entitled "Ennobling the Useful" in the "Otterbein Aegis" is written in a pleasing and interesting way. The author is carried back over the history of the art of pottey, weaving, etc., in the life of man, by Athena and tells of her experience in a manner which does not become childish nor fairytalelike in its simplicity. To write in a simple style which is attractive to both old and young is an accomplishment one seldom meets with today. We pick up a so called child book, so silly that the child is not even attracted, or a book for adults so poorly written that it is thrown away in disgust, so frequently that it is a pleasure to read a fairy tale or dream recital

as this article is and find it attractive. The author has good ideas as to the causes which brought about the rise of these arts in their finer developments. The essay "A Menace to the American Church" would better have been entitled "A Menace to the American Nation," because there is no American Church and it is the life of the nation itself that is being threatened by the multiplicity of sects, cults and other erratic "isms" which are establishing their churches in America. Of course, if you mean the Christian Church by your American Church I agree with you in saying that it is being menaced by divers and strange doctrines. Our main fault is that we have confused religious license with religious liberty. I think there should be some control of the religious as well as the physical welfare of the people. The old church and state bugbear has been overdrawn and a state control of the founding, by every inspired saint who is thrown out of a respectable church for a licentious life, of a new religion or call should be prevented, especially when we see the evil results some of these fakirs have accomplished. We are passing laws to protect frogs, lizards, cattle, etc., but we allow the ignorant populace, which does not have the ability to think for itself, to be led to spiritual ruination by some self-inspired saint because if we would want to save them from ruin, we would interfere with their religious liberty and that would be a horrible desecration of our vaunted American justice which is so impartial that it sends an eleven year old boy to penitentiary for ten years for stealing a five cent bottle of soda water, with no chance of pardon, but sends the millionaire rascal to Congress because he was smart enough to steal a railroad or rob the nation of its natural resources. In one case, justice must be done to the man who was robbed and in the second case, it would have been interfering with a free born American millionaire's liberty to send him to the penitentiary.

As is well known to all, the present editor retires from office with this issue. Some of our exchanges may find fault with me for sending out my obituary notices especially after my condemnation of the practice in the last issue, but in defence I would say that it is a well known fact to everyone in any way at all connected with college activities, that the staff always goes out of office with the June issue. Under those conditions, I do not think I am sending out an epoch creating announcement by my first words and will risk the possible displeasure of some of my co-editors.

A person cannot realize the full advantage and pleasures of the duties of an exchange editor unless he has served his term. As the doctor, sitting by the patient's bedside, can tell by the pulse beats the course of the flame of life as it flickers and wavers so the exchange editor, sitting at his lonely desk, can read the flickering and wavering of college life as each pulsation sends another college journal thru his experienced hands. Here he reads an earnest plea

for more college spirit and greater loyalty. Behind this plea he sees a college facing the crisis through which we all pass, when everything is dark and the heart of the true college man bleeds as he sees his indifferent comrades go past, knocking and complaining. Then his eye falls on an editorial which is sending out its frantic appeals for more material, for more co-operation on the part of the staff, for financial support, and his experienced eye sees the first indications of the crisis. He watches the paper closely and in an issue or two later comes the inevitable plea for more college spirit and greater loyalty. Another journal devotes a page or two to a discussion of honor system and its usual accompaniment, dishonesty. Before him is unfolded the same old struggle which he has often seen enacted, the struggle for existence by the ill-prepared who are determined to pass under any conditions. So it passes thru the entire category of college evils and virtues and he realizes, when his alma mater has arrived at her crisis, that other colleges have passed through the same struggle and as the man on the hilltop sees the sunrise before those in the valley, so does the exchange editor see the successful passage of his alma mater through her crisis before his schoolmates see any clearing in the mists ahead.

The editor is in touch with the literary attainments of other colleges and can measure their standards accordingly. It becomes his pleasant duty to praise some and a painful task to condemn others, not thru malice as some colleges think, but because they are below par and he does not, generally, know the writer nor the publishers of the story. Our relation with other editors has been most pleasant and only one editor has found fault with our department and that was only when an adverse criticism was passed on an editorial which, perhaps, may have been the product of his pen and we feel no malice toward our co-worker because it is a hard pill to swallow to find the object of our pride condemned.

We have enjoyed the benefits of a well arranged exchange list, handed down to us by our predecessor, which has brought us in touch with schools and colleges as far west as Dakota, south to Tennessee with Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin as other western representatives. We have but two southern states represented, Delaware, North Carolina and the District of Columbia. New Jersey the only state east of us is represented while from the north New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire send their quota of representatives. We feel that by drawing sixty-five exchanges, which include thirty-six college journals, fourteen preparatory school monthlies, twelve high school publications and three normal school monthlies, twelve high school we are in close touch with the general college activities thruout the eastern part of the United States. We would be pleased to acknowledge each exchange individually but it would be impossible

due to the lack of space, so I take advantage of this opportunity to thank each and every educational institution which has aided us in our work.

We have attempted to follow closely the platform which we announced in the February issue when we first assumed the responsibilities of this office. All our comments have been confined to sins of commission and not those of omission. Sins of omission are often due to overpowering outside conditions which often chafe the editor sorely and it would be rank injustice to accuse him of neglect on that score. We have tried to make our comments beneficial and it is with a feeling of disgust that we read such criticisms as "your cover is not as handsome as the last issue was," or "your type hurts our eyes," or others of that type which we are all familiar with, which show only too plainly that the editor is not devoting any time to his department.

If we have succeeded in calling the attention of any reader to a story or essay which has interested him, if we have given any aid to any one, in any form whatsoever, by means of this department, we feel amply repaid for any labor we have expended. It will be with a feeling of contentment that we will lay aside the pen if we find that our labor has even started a fellow mortal on the upward climb, focusing his eyes on a goal which will eventually make him a benefactor of humanity.

§ § § §

An impediment—She—Did you notice that the groom in the deaf and dumb wedding had an impediment in his speech?

He—No. How's that?

She—The tip of his finger was cut off.—Mich. Gargoyle.

§ § § §

A fellow by the name of Baer, perhaps the original Bear, makes the remark that "A grape fruit is a lemon that had a chance and took advantage of it."—Ex.

§ § § §

First Student: "Why are you preserving those old love letters?"

Second Student: "O, if I should ever be arraigned in court for some offence, they would be a conclusive proof of insanity."

§ § § §

Prof.: "Give an example of an imaginary spehroid."

Student: "A rooster's egg, sir."

§ § § §

Waiter: "We serve an excellent dinner at one dollar and a half per, and a most excellent one at two dollars per."

Hassler: "What's the difference?"

Waiter: "Fifty cents."

Moore: "I say, my man, are the folks upstairs moving?"

Teamsier: "No, sir. We're taking the furniture for a drive."

§ § § §

Freshie: "Say, what part of speech is 'woman'?"

Senior: "Woman, my friend, is no part of speech, she is all of it."—Ex.

§ § § §

She—"Why, it's only six o'clock. I told you to come after supper."

He (modestly)—"That's what I came after."—Dragon.

§ § § §

Ted—Pa, what's a matrimonial bureau.

Dad—It's a bureau, my son, with the drawers packed full of woman's fixings and one man's necktie.—News.

§ § § §

Saintly mothers' lives remind us,
We could do it if we would,
And departing leave behind us
Slipper prints where they did good.

§ § § §

The Boy sat in the chapel,
He did not hear the bell,
And when he reached his Latin class,
His teacher gave him—extra home work.

§ § § §

Talk:—To open and close the mouth rapidly while the bellows in the throat pump out the gas in the brain.

§ § § §

"I wonder who invented the old fashion of strapping the trousers down over the shoes?"

"The fellow whose wife had just given him a pair of Xmas socks."

§ § § §

"Say, did you hear about the new white hope they've got to box Jack Johnson?"

"No, who is he?"

"The undertaker."

§ § § §

Just made tin dollars.

How?

Out of tin, you fool. (Thought it was a misprint, didn't you?)

A farmer went into a store to sell a load of peaches. A traveling man, who was standing by, remarked:

"If you had those peaches in New York you could get \$1.50 instead of 50 cents here."

"Ya-as," the farmer said, "an' if I had a pail of water in Hades I reckon I could get ten cents a glass for it, too."

And the undertaker got on the job.

§ § § §

The firefly is a crazy cuss,
He hasn't any mind;
For he plunges through this universe,
With his headlight on behind.

§ § § §

Tact, like Alexander, cuts the knots it cannot untie, and leads forces to a glorious victory. A practical man not only sees, but seizes the opportunity. There is a certain getting-on quality difficult to describe, but which is the great winner of the prizes of life.

§ § § §

I've found no nameless ocean, no rivulet;
No planet have I brought to light, no asteroid, and yet
The joy of great discovery rolls over me in floods
I've just unearthed a dollar in my last year's duds.

§ § § §

English is a language
And is always going to be;
It started with the Saxons,
And now its got to me.
Latin is a language—
At least, it used to be—
First it killed the Romans,
And now it's killing me.—Ex.

§ § § §

Prof. Beggs—"I am interested in base ball, and so I am going to the library to get "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

§ § § §

"Beer" will disappear from the halls of our institution for the first time in four years.

"Do you know," said the successful merchant pompously, "that I began life a barefoot boy?"

"Well," said the clerk, "I wasn't born with shoes on, either."
—Ex.

* * * *

"Sir, how dare you swear before my wife?"

"How did I know your wife wanted to swear?"—Ex.

* * * *

Many a man argues in a circle and then relies on the slender leg of his own opinion to support this circle.

There are many who speak so long that their audience forget the first part of the speech and consequently it falls flat.

* * * *

Mary had a Thomas cat;
It warbled like Caruso,
A neighbor swung a base-ball bat—
And now it doesn't do so.

* * * *

Sophomores are green,
Freshmen are greener,
You never get wise
Till you are a senior.

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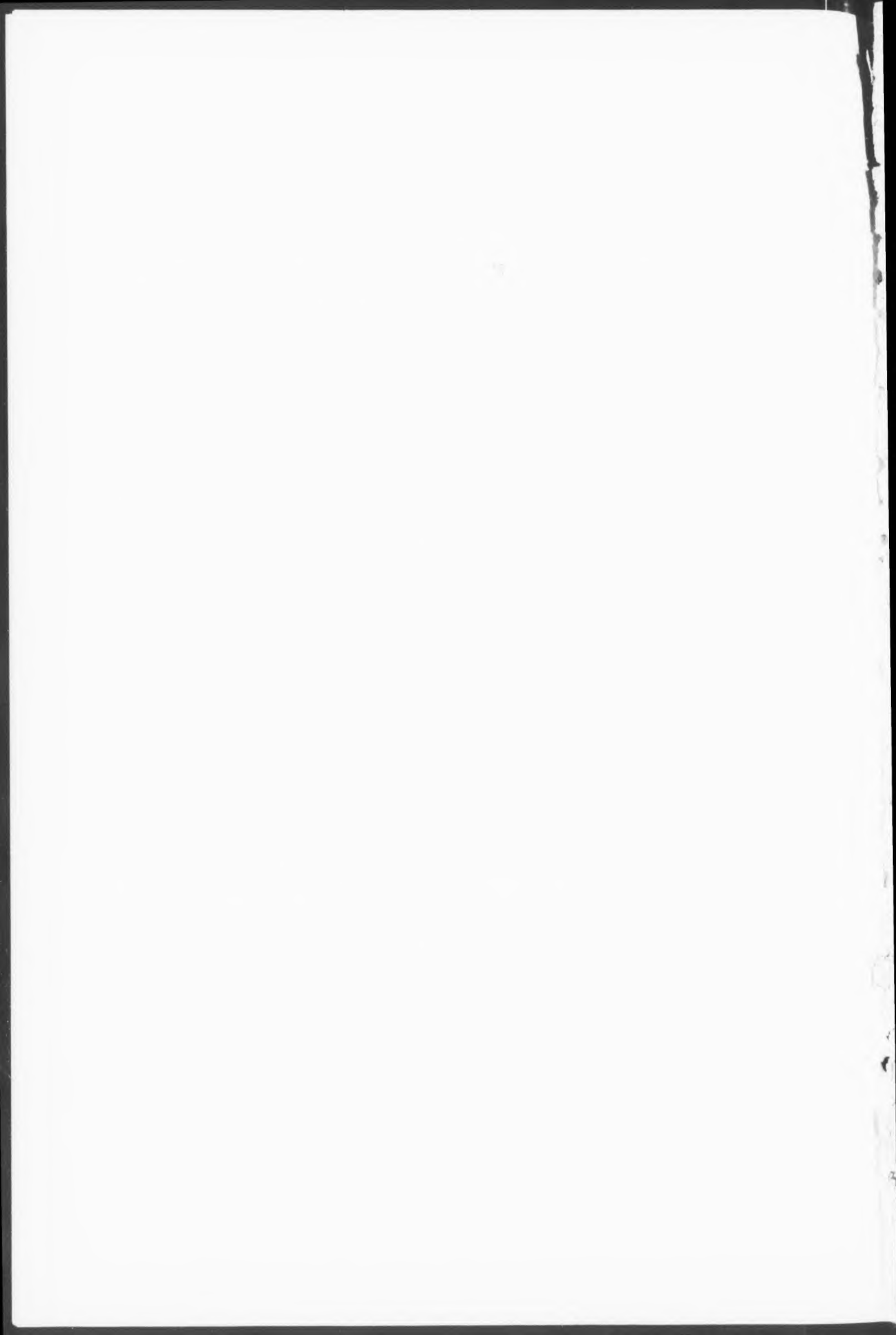
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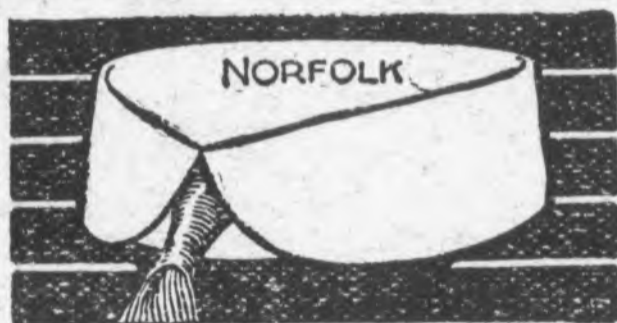
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